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FANNY BURNEY

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Edward Burney

Fanny Burney

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FANNY BURNEY

AT THE COURT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE

BY

CONSTANCE HILL

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLEN G. HILL, AND REPRODUCTIONS OF CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

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Arl H

PREFACE

THIS book, as its title indicates, treats of the Court life of Fanny Burney, covering the period 1786–91, and therefore constitutes a link between my two former works upon the same personage, namely, *The House in St. Martin's Street* and *Juniper Hall.*

Miss Burney's life naturally divides itself into episodes that can be treated of separately; each possessing its own special interest and charm, owing to the marvellous vitality with which the writer has endowed the ever-changing characters of her drama.

When Miss Burney assumed her post as a member of the Royal household, it seemed to all those who valued her writings that as an *author* she was lost to them for ever.

"You have retired from the world to a closet at Court," wrote Horace Walpole, "where, indeed, you will discover mankind, though not disclose it; [for] will it escape your piercing eye . . knowing [as you do] that you have the mirror of truth in your pocket?"

Certainly the new Keeper of the Robes could not disclose her experiences at Court as they occurred; but just fifty years after Walpole had written those words they were disclosed, as we know, and they possess a value for posterity which must outweigh that of any further work of fiction, however clever and amusing. It is indeed through those Court Diaries that "Queen Charlotte and stout King George are better known to us than any other Royal pair mentioned in English history," and that now in the twentieth century we can step back, as it were, into that Palace life of long ago and realise its events as if they were matters of last week's occurrence!

The simplicity and reality of the narrative are largely due to the fact that Miss Burney wrote her Diaries *solely* for the perusal of her most intimate relatives and friends. When absent from these her heart yearned towards them, and to hold converse with them on paper was to her a sort of necessity. On such occasions she was free to give scope to her sentiments of the moment, whether of a tender or of a comic vein, without a thought of the opinion of the outer world.

A comparison drawn by Hannah More between some charming letters she had received and those of Madame de Sevigné might have been made

in the case of Fanny Burney's letters. "There is the same admirable turn of expression," she writes, "the same ease which when imitated is so stiff, and when natural is so full of grace . . . the same art of dignifying subjects in themselves of little moment, but which become amiable and interesting by some *true*, though seemingly *random* and careless, stroke, which shows the hand of a master, but of a master sketching for his amusement, and not finishing for the public. This rage for *finishing* may produce good essays and fine orations, but it makes frigid letters."

I have had the privilege of studying carefully the seven volumes of the *Diary and Letters* in the original MS. They were prepared for publication by Madame d'Arblay herself, at the advanced age of eighty, with the assistance of a favourite niece — Mrs. Barrett (the editor). The only change made in the MS. was to leave out the first and last words of letters, so that the whole might be read in the form of a Diary. As regards the erased passages, they are treated in two ways—some being completely obliterated, others, on the contrary, merely marked for omission by two strokes of the pen. Among these latter there are some amusing scenes, which probably their writer considered too light and trivial to place before the world, but which

have now become interesting as giving further pictures of her daily surroundings at Court, and which, therefore, are introduced into the present volume.

Again, there are passages that throw light on Fanny's more intimate feelings and sentiments, which are also given for the first time. Her "Daddy Crisp," who knew her well, once remarked *à propos* of her constant thought for his comfort when ill : "This, surrounded as you are with everything that is splendid, gay, bright, and happy, shows a heart not of the common sort—not to be changed by a change of situation and circumstances, or the favour and smiles of the world."

The portrait of Fanny Burney, which forms the frontispiece of this work, is taken from the original picture by Edward Burney, now in the possession of the Misses Wauchope (the descendants of Mrs. Barrett). The engraving of it, which appeared in the first edition of the *Diary and Letters* (1842), is very inferior to the picture itself, and I am glad to be able to place before the public a faithful reproduction of that picture.

The portrait was painted in 1782, when *Cecilia* was just published. Fanny herself considered it a flattered likeness, and she endeavoured in vain to persuade her cousin to "magnify the features

and to darken the complexion." But she was so modest about her own personal appearance that it is impossible to know whether she or the artist was the better judge. At any rate, we do know that this picture was chosen by Mrs. Barrett as the presentment for posterity of her beloved aunt.

Before closing this Preface gratitude should be expressed to the descendants of Miss Burney's brothers and sisters who have so kindly furnished me with valuable MSS., portraits, and relics—namely, the family of the late Archdeacon Burney, Mr. Arthur G. Burney, the Misses Wauchope, and Mrs. Chappel.

I should like also to express my indebtedness for permission to reproduce three portraits from the Royal Collection, and to thank the Earl of Portarlington for allowing me to reproduce a miniature of George Prince of Wales by Cosway, now published for the first time.

Graditude should also be expressed to the gentlemen of the Lord Chamberlain's Office (St. James's Palace), and to the inhabitants of The King's Cottage (Kew), Gloucester Hotel (Weymouth), Wollaston House (Dorchester), and of No. 35 Queen Anne Street (Cavendish Square), for so kindly affording my sister facilities for sketching.

The subject of Fanny Burney, now treated of

for the third time, has been found one of ever-increasing interest, while a wider study of the Burney MSS. has served to deepen admiration for the sincerity, singleness of purpose, and purity of character of my heroine.

CONSTANCE HILL.

GROVE COTTAGE, FROGNAL,
HAMPSTEAD,
July 1912.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	FANNY BURNEY'S VISIT TO WINDSOR	3
II.	A ROYAL APPOINTMENT	12
III.	THE NEW KEEPER OF THE ROBES	21
IV.	NEW SCENES AND OLD HAUNTS	32
V.	MUSIC OF THE DAY	45
VI.	AN ESCAPE	52
VII.	A FAMILY FÊTE AND LEARNED LOYALTY	60
VIII.	MODES AND MANNERS	73
IX.	MISS BURNEY'S GUESTS	83
X.	CERBERA	94
XI.	IN THE QUEEN'S DRESSING-ROOM	106
XII.	VISITORS AT WINDSOR	118
XIII.	EVERYTHING DELECTABLE IN THE BLUE WAY	127
XIV.	MORE LONDON PLEASURES	138
XV.	TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS—OPENING DAY	145
XVI.	TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS (*continued*)—BURKE'S ORATION	157
XVII.	SOME GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT	165
XVIII.	A LITERARY SURPRISE	174
XIX.	A REFRESHING VISIT	181

Contents

CHAP.		PAGE
XX.	ROUND THE TEA-TABLE	186
XXI.	ROYAL VISIT TO CHELTENHAM	196
XXII.	LONDON ELEGANCE WITH RURAL DELIGHT	209
XXIII.	MISS BURNEY'S LITTLE PARLOUR	217
XXIV.	FROM CHELTENHAM TO WORCESTER	222
XXV.	ALARM IN THE PALACE	234
XXVI.	A ROYAL SUFFERER	245
XXVII.	HOPE REVIVES	260
XXVIII.	A KING RESTORED	270
XXIX.	A PEOPLE JOYFUL	278
XXX.	ROYAL VISIT TO WEYMOUTH	287
XXXI.	MELPOMENE AND THALIA	302
XXXII.	ROYAL EXCURSIONS	307
XXXIII.	A FRIEND LOST AND A FRIEND REGAINED	315
XXXIV.	NEWS FROM NORFOLK	319
XXXV.	AN IMPENDING CHANGE	325
XXXVI.	FAREWELL TO WINDSOR	334
XXXVII.	FROM COURT TO COTTAGE—CONCLUSION	343

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Portrait of Fanny Burney (*Taken from the original painting by Edward Burney, in the possession of the Misses Wauchope*) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Entrance to the Queen's Lodge 17

Monogram in old wrought iron 20

George III. and family on Windsor Terrace (*From a contemporary painting, now in the Düsseldorf Gallery*) *To face* 24

Princess Sophia (*From the painting by Hoppner in the Royal Collection. With acknowledgments to the "Art Reproduction Company"*) . . . . . *To face* 28

Marquise settee, used by the Royal Family 31

Staircase-landing in the "Prince of Wales's House," Kew . 35

Miss Burney's rooms in St. James's Palace 41

Portrait of Fischer, the hautbois player (*From the painting by Gainsborough in the Royal Collection. With acknowledgments to the "Art Reproduction Company"*) . . . . . *To face* 46

Facsimile of writing by King George III. (reduced) *To face* 48

Handel Commemoration of 1784 in Westminster Abbey (*From a sepia drawing by Edward Burney in the possession of the family of the late Archdeacon Burney*) *To face* 50

List of Illustrations

PAGE

State Sedan chair 51

Lamp, with crown, on St. James's Palace 59

The old Palace, Kew 63

The Chancellor's chair, Sheldonian Theatre . . . 69

A "charming infant" 72

George, Prince of Wales (*From a miniature by Cosway in the possession of the Earl of Portarlington*) . *To face* 78

A fashionable bonnet 82

Princess Mary (*From the painting by Hoppner in the Royal Collection. With acknowledgments to the "Art Reproduction Company"*) . . . . . *To face* 90

Embroidered fire-screen 93

Window in Miss Burney's parlour 101

The Entrance, St. James's Palace 105

Frederick, Duke of York (*From a portrait taken in Germany*) . . . . . *To face* 114

Design on an old fan 117

At the theatre 126

In Mrs. Ord's drawing-room 129

Portrait of Hannah More, by Opie . . . *To face* 134

John Ord's house in Queen Anne Street 139

An argument 144

Portrait of Warren Hastings, by Tilly Kettle . *To face* 148

Facsimile of Miss Burney's ticket of admission to the Trial of Warren Hastings . . . . *To face* 158

The Terrace, Windsor 168

A cornice carved in wood 173

Design on an old chimney-piece 180

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
Louis XV. fan	185
Windsor old bridge	187
A bow of the period	195
Cheltenham High Street (1788)	199
Fauconberg Hall, or Bay's Hill Lodge	206
Travelling trunk	208
Staircase formerly in Bay's Hill Lodge	211
Mrs. Jordan (*in the character of "The Country Girl"*), by Romney	*To face* 214
Sugar-basin and cups	221
Bishop Hurd's Palace, Worcester	227
Old iron work	233
Ornament on a cabinet	244
The Princess Elizabeth's House, Kew	251
Doorway in the "Prince of Wales's House," Kew	253
Medallions on a scarf worn during the rejoicings for the King's recovery (March 1789)	*To face* 268
Hyde Park corner, 1789	273
Enamelled patch-box	277
George III. at Temple Bar, April 23, 1789	*To face* 278
Old Ludgate Hill, from a lithograph by J. Boys	*To face* 280
Dancers	286
High East Street, Dorchester	291
Gloucester House, Weymouth	295
The kitchen, Gloucester House	299
Staircase in Gloucester House	303
Wollaston House, Dorchester	308
The old church, Weymouth	311

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
The "Look-out" on the Nothe	314
Blickling Hall (Garden side)	321
James Boswell, by G. Dance, R.A.	*To face* 330
Ornament over a doorway	342
Staircase by Dr. Burney's rooms	346
Little "Alex," from a silhouette cut by Amelia Lock	353

The design on the binding of this book represents a gold enamelled watch, chain, and seals, presented to Fanny Burney by Queen Charlotte.

FANNY BURNEY

CHAPTER I

FANNY BURNEY'S VISIT TO WINDSOR

It was when staying with her aged friend Mrs. Delany at Windsor in December 1785 that Fanny Burney first saw the King and Queen.

Mrs. Delany had already interested the royal couple in favour of the authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, and on her guest arriving at her house she informed the shy and retiring Fanny that she was to be presented to their Majesties!

"I do beg of you," said Mrs. Delany, "when the Queen or the King speaks to you, not to answer with mere monosyllables. . . . The Queen says there is nothing she loves so much as conversation, and nothing she finds so hard to get. . . . Now as I know she wishes to be acquainted with you, and converse with you, I do really entreat you not to draw back from her, or to stop conversation with only answering Yes or No."

"This was a most tremendous injunction," writes Fanny in her Diary; "however, I could

not but promise her I would do the best I could. . . .

"In the midst of all this the Queen came!

"I heard the thunder at the door, and panic-struck, away flew all my resolutions and agreements, and away after them flew I! I arrived at my own room ere I well knew I had left the drawing-room, quite breathless between the race and the joy of escaping."

Two days later we learn that a Mr. Bernard Dewes and his little girl had been dining at Mrs. Delany's, and that after dinner, the company having assembled in the drawing-room, Fanny was teaching the child some Christmas games, in which the others were joining.

"We were all in the middle of the room," she writes, "and in some confusion, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was opened and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking.

"A ghost could not have scared me more when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P——, turning to Mrs. Delany, exclaimed, 'The King! aunt, the King!'

". . . Every one scampered out of the way! Miss P—— to stand next the door, Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it, his little girl clung to me, and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached and inquired how she did.

" He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here.

" I had now retreated to the wall and purposed gliding softly though speedily out of the room, but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, 'Is that Miss Burney?' and on her answering 'Yes, sir,' he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me.

" A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my retreat.

" ' How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?'

" ' Two days, sir.'

". . . He made a little civil inclination of the head and went back to Mrs. Delany.

" He insisted that she should sit down, though he stood himself, and began to give her an account of the Princess Elizabeth, who was recovering from a severe illness and trying at present James's Powders. She had been blooded, he said, twelve times in the last fortnight, and had lost seventy-five ounces of blood, besides under-

going blistering and other discipline. He spoke of her illness with the strongest emotion.

". . . When the discourse upon health was over, the King went up to the table and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes, but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said—

" 'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?'

" The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

" 'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany; 'at least, she does not tell.'

" 'Oh!' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing! She is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me the whole history of her *Evelina*.' And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book!—he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment! I never can forget his face while I live!

" Then, coming up close to me, he said—

" 'But what?—what?—how was it?'

" 'Sir,' cried I, not well understanding him.

" 'How came you—how happened it?—what?—what?'

" 'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd, idle hours.'

" 'But your publishing—your printing—how was that?'

"'That was only, sir, only because——'

"I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what? what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes that, in the midst of my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

"The *What!* was then repeated with so earnest a look that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered—

"'I thought—sir—it would look well in print!'

"I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made! . . . He laughed very heartily—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out—

"'Very fair, indeed! that's being very fair and honest!'"

The Probationary Odes alluded to, as the reader may remember, were clever skits upon various poets of the day who are supposed to be competing for the vacant Laureateship. One of these poets, a certain Major Scott, is describing a visit to Court, where he finds the heat of the Royal apartments somewhat oppressive. He exclaims—

"Methinks I hear,
In accents clear,
Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear—

'What?—what?—what?
Scott!—Scott!—Scott!
Hot!—hot!—hot!
What?—what?—what?'"

Miss Burney's odd kind of cross-examination on the part of the King was soon resumed, and it continued until a second thundering knock at the hall door announced the advent of the Queen.

Once more Fanny was thrown into a state of perturbation, but the ceremonious curtsey was accomplished in spite of nervousness, and she soon found, to her relief, that her Majesty was both gracious and kindly in manner, and that her conversation was of a much less bewildering order than that of the King.

There is a merry letter from Fanny to her sister Hetty (preserved among the Burney MSS.) in which she gives a mock heroic account of this first interview with the King and Queen. It is dated Dec. 27th, 1785. "So your curiosity is raised," she writes, "to have an account of my proceedings? Well, I will satisfy it this once. . . . I have had a Royal Interview.

"'O! tell me how it was?' you cry; 'tell me who you saw? and how you saw them? and what they said, and what you did? and whether you fainted? or cried? or screamed? or what?'

"Patience, patience, my dear child; you must

know I considered a good while which of those three steps to take; and my first thought was *to faint away*, as that was the thing that had always appeared to me the most delicate and interesting upon all tender occasions. But . . . notwithstanding I had resolved upon this plan, I could not put it in execution! . . . Though the moment I stood before the King, I said to myself, 'This is the time now I'll swoon!' I could not do it! . . . Instead of dropping down, I stood as bolt upright as ever you saw me in your life!

". . . So I changed my purpose, and took a private resolution to only burst into tears. . . . But at the very instant I was preparing myself for being seized with as affecting a blubbering as ever you saw in your life, I was taken as if in downright opposition with an inclination to simper!

". . . So I determined to content myself with having recourse to my voice, and uttering a violent scream! [but] my voice suddenly played me false!

"If these misfortunes do not move your compassion, I shall conclude I have not a refractory part about me more hard-hearted than yourself."

To return to Fanny's Diary. Writing on Dec. 19th, she says: "In the evening while Mrs. Delany, Miss P——, and I were sitting and

working together in the drawing-room, the door opened, and the King entered.

". . . I should mention," she adds, "the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters [of the room]; and next Miss P—— goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the tables and pianoforte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread and butter and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers. . . .

"This, it seems, is a ceremony performed in other places, always by the mistress of the house, but here neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it."

After describing the King's good-natured chat upon various topics, Miss Burney says that the subject of acting and actors was touched upon, when the King, in naming Mrs. Siddons, exclaimed—

"'I am an enthusiast for her, quite an enthusiast. I think there was never any player in my time so excellent—not even Garrick himself; I own it!'

"Then coming close to me, who was silent, he said: 'What? what?' meaning what say you? But I still said nothing; I could not concur where

I thought so differently, and to enter into an argument was quite impossible."

Fanny's enthusiastic admiration for Garrick, both as the marvellous actor and also as the beloved friend of her family, caused her thus courageously to withhold acquiescence in his Majesty's opinion.

"From players the King went to plays," continues the writer, "till at last he came to Shakespeare.

"'Was there ever,' cried he, 'such stuff as great part of Shakespeare?—only, one must not say so! But what think you? What? Is his not sad stuff? What? What?'

"'Yes, indeed! I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellence that——'

"'Oh!' cried he, laughing good-humouredly, 'I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him.'

"Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing and exclaiming—

"'But we should be stoned for saying so!'"

CHAPTER II

A ROYAL APPOINTMENT

FANNY records, during her visit to Mrs. Delany, a long conversation with the Queen upon literary subjects. Her Majesty's gentle and easy manner on this occasion had banished her companion's wonted timidity, and Fanny had both listened and talked with pleasure.

It is evident that the Queen was becoming much interested in the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, and her interest was manifested before long in an unexpected way, namely, by the offer to Miss Burney of a post at Court. This occurred in the month of June 1786. The post, which had recently become vacant, was that of Second Keeper of the Robes, and necessitated immediate attendance on the Queen's person. It was an appointment held in high estimation by ladies of rank and fashion, and was much sought after; but in this instance Queen Charlotte had waived the ordinary etiquette of precedence, and had followed her own inclination in the matter. When

speaking on the subject to Mrs. Delany she remarked: "I was led to think of Miss Burney first by her books—then by seeing her—and then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends—but chiefly, and over all, by your regard for her!"

The Queen's offer was hailed with joy by most of Fanny's relatives and friends, but in the midst of the general jubilee Fanny herself was silent and full of fears. She writes to her intimate friend, Miss Cambridge: "I cannot, even to my father, utter my reluctance; I see him so much delighted at the prospect of an establishment he looks upon as so honourable. . . . It is not from nervousness. I have always and uniformly had a horror of a life of attendance and dependence."

The person commissioned by the Queen to convey the offer of the post to Miss Burney was a Mr. Smelt, a member of the Royal Household and a friend of the Burney family, and it is probable that a remark of his did much to influence Fanny's final decision to accept the offer. "In such a situation," he had said, "so respectfully offered, not solicited, you may have opportunities of serving your particular friends—especially your father—such as scarce any other could afford you."

As soon as the matter was settled, Fanny

wrote to her sister Charlotte (now Mrs. Clement Francis): "'Tis a place of being constantly about the Queen's own person, and assisting in her toilette—a place of much confidence and many comforts; apartments in the palace; a footman kept for me; a coach in common with Mrs. Schwellenberg (the Senior Keeper of the Robes), 200 a year, &c.

"Everybody so violently congratulates me that it seems as if *all* was gain. However, I am glad they are all so pleased. My dear father is in raptures; that is my first comfort. Write to wish him joy, my Charlotte, without a hint to him, or any one but Susan, of my internal reluctance and fears."

Horace Walpole, writing to Dr. Burney on the subject, says—

"You cannot imagine, dear sir, how I rejoice for her sake and yours in the preferment of Miss Burney, which, indeed, is a very generous proceeding on my side, as I fear she will now not stoop—

'. . . from the stately brow
Of Windsor heights to th' expanse below!'

and condescend to visit *the veteran of Strawberry Hill*, tho' he were as *well preserved* as the Newspapers flatter him he is."

After going on to wish Miss Burney as long and as honourable a life in her high station as

that of his cousin, Mrs. Delany, he remarks: "This is still more generous than my former generosity, since I cannot possibly live to be witness to the whole career of her triumphs as I was to her brilliant dawn."

Hannah More writes to a friend: "I was in the very joy of my heart on seeing the other day in the papers that our charming Miss Burney has got an establishment so near the Queen. How I love the Queen for having so wisely chosen!"

And Arthur Young, the old and tried family friend, writes—

"My dear Fanny,—You well know my 'lack-luster' eyes to be dim as an Owl's, yet be assured I have pierced into every News-Paper that came in my way with the glance of an Eagle to discry a certain name always dear to me, in a point of elevation that gives me very great pleasure. I now venture to join the voice of congratulation with equal sincerity, though with less elegance, than you are accustomed to hear or read. . . .

"Everybody I see expresses joy at your good fortune."

In the midst of her preparations for the new life, Fanny writes to her sister Charlotte—

"You may believe how much I am busied. . . . I am now fitting out just as you were, and all the maids and workers suppose I am going to be married, and snigger every time they bring in

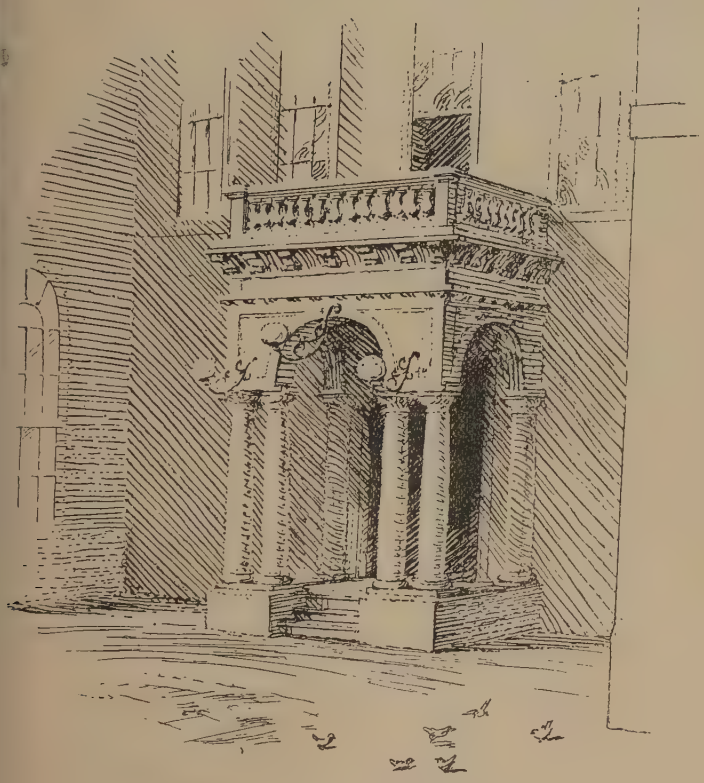
any of my new attire. I do not care to publish the affair till it is made known by authority; so I leave them to their conjectures, and I fancy their greatest wonder is, *who* and *where* is the *sposo;* for they must think it odd he should never appear!"

Among Mrs. Delany's published letters there is one on the subject of Fanny's appointment. It is dated July 5th of this same year.

"An event has taken place lately," she writes to a friend, "which gives me great satisfaction. I am sure you are acquainted with the novel entitled *Cecilia*, much admired for its good sense, variety of character, delicacy of sentiment, &c., &c. There is nothing good, and amiable, and agreeable mentioned in the book that is not possessed by the author of it, Miss Burney. I have been acquainted with her now three years. Her extreme diffidence of herself, notwithstanding her great genius, and the applause she has met with, adds lustre to all her excellences, and all improve on acquaintance. . . . One of the principal ladies that attend the Queen's person as dresser [Mrs. Haggerdorn] is going to retire into her own country, being in too bad a state of health to continue her honourable and delightful employment, for such it must be near such a Queen; and Miss Burney is to be the happy successor, chosen by the Queen without any particular

recommendation from anybody. I believe she comes into waiting next week."

It was on the 17th July that Fanny entered



ENTRANCE TO THE QUEEN'S LODGE

upon her new career. She was accompanied to Windsor by her father and her kind friend, Mrs. Ord. The party alighted at Mrs. Delany's

house, and on Fanny's receiving an intimation that the Queen was ready to receive her, she and her father proceeded on foot to the Queen's Lodge. "My dear father's own courage," she writes, "all failed him in this little step; . . . for as now all was to be given up, I could disguise my trepidation no longer—indeed, I never had disguised, I had only forborne proclaiming it. . . . I heard in his kind voice that he was now really alarmed. . . .

"The Queen was in her dressing-room; Mrs. Schwellenberg was standing behind her; nobody else present. She received me with a most gracious bow of the head, and a smile that was all sweetness. She saw me much agitated, and attributed it, no doubt, to the awe of her presence. O, she little knew my mind had no room in it for feelings of that sort!"

However, the Queen's gracious and tactful reception, and her kindly talk about her new Dresser's own personal interests, somewhat restored Fanny to composure, and she left the presence "with sensations much softened."

There is a letter (preserved among the Burney MSS.) written just two days after her arrival at Windsor. It is addressed jointly to her sister Susan (Mrs. Molesworth Phillips) and to her intimate friend, Mrs. Lock, of Norbury Park, her "beloved Fredy," who were neighbours in Surrey,

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and is endorsed in later years by the writer: "F. B.'s first letter from Windsor Lodge after a Heart-rending Separation from the loved Friends with whom she was no longer to Live."

That letter lies before us. The ink has turned brown with age, but the writing is legible, though not as firm as usual; while several blots (which rarely appear in Fanny's epistles) seem to betray the writer's emotion.

"19 *July* —86.

". . . The *Blow* was struck on Monday," she writes, "and hard it struck, and almost felled me, but I have been gradually recovering from it ever since, and am now almost risen up again. My Susan! my Fredy! it is over, and I must now make myself as happy as I can, and have done, if possible, with regrets.

"Indeed, all is far better than I could have expected or supposed.

". . . Heaven bless you both! my sweetest and most loved Susan and Fredy! My revived spirits sink again as I write these heart-dear names.

"*I will have done.*"

Before parting from her father, Fanny was able to give him comfort. "I omitted nothing I could think of," she writes, "to remove the

uneasiness that this day seemed first to awaken in him. Thank God! I had the fullest success; his hopes and gay expectations were all within call, and they ran back at the first bidding.

"Left to myself," she adds, "I did not dare stop to think, nor look round upon my new abode, nor consider for how long I was taking possession. I rang for my new maid, and immediately dressed for dinner."

CHAPTER III

THE NEW KEEPER OF THE ROBES

When Fanny Burney took up her residence at Windsor as a member of her Majesty's Household, it was in the Queen's or Upper Lodge that her rooms were situated. The Royal Family in those days were unable to live in the Castle on account of its dilapidated condition, though its state-rooms were still used for audiences and concerts.

The Queen's Lodge was a large building standing on the south-east side of the Castle. In it lived the King, the Queen, and the two elder Princesses, together with all their female attendants, while within its grounds stood the Lower Lodge, occupied by the younger members of the Royal Family and their governesses.

"My Windsor apartment," writes Fanny, "is extremely comfortable. I have a large drawing-room, as they call it, which is on the ground floor, as are all the Queen's rooms, and which faces the Castle and the venerable Round Tower,

and opens at the further side from the windows to the Little Park. It is airy, pleasant, clean, and healthy." And Dr. Burney, describing the same apartment, says: "Her sitting-room, which is large and pleasant, is upon the lawn before the Lodge, and has in full view . . . the walk that leads to the terrace, which, of course, is gay and thronged with company."

"My bedroom is small," continues Fanny, "but neat and comfortable; its entrance is only from the drawing-room, and it looks to the garden. These two rooms are delightfully independent of all the rest of the house, and contain everything I can desire for my convenience and comfort."

She had soon "received visits and civilities from the whole female household resident at Windsor." "The Princesses, every one of the lovely six," writes Dr. Burney, "come occasionally upon various pretences to her apartment, with a sweetness of speech and manner that seem almost eager, to show her favour."

Miss Burney thus describes the daily duties of her new position.

"I rise at six o'clock," she writes, "dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait for my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half-hour between them.

"The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This in a morning is always done by her wardrobe woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well. . . . No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me that I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief.

"By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the Princesses, and they all proceed to the King's Chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the Princesses and the King's equerry. . . .

"I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day. I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. My present book is Gilpin's description of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland. It is the most picturesque reading I ever met with; it shows me landscapes of every sort, with tints so bright and lively, I forget I am but reading, and fancy I see them before me, coloured by the hand of Nature.

"At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things and relinquish my book, to make a serious examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business; in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the Court days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the Royal Family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable.

"That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve [or sometimes] a quarter before eleven. . . .

"A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends, so do I. Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspaper during that operation.

"On his departing, the dressing is resumed, and soon finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bedtime.

"It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus

GEORGE III AND HIS FAMILY ON THE TERRACE

set at large, and I have then two hours quite at my own disposal. . . . At five we have dinner; Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly *tête-à-tête*. . . . When we have dined we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock."

The "terracing" refers to King George's well-known custom of walking with his family in procession each evening, when the weather was fine, up and down the Castle Terrace to the gay sounds of a band of music.

The King would walk first with the Queen leaning upon his arm, followed by the youthful Princesses, and their attendants bringing up the rear. The public, who gathered eagerly on these occasions to witness the sight, were honoured sometimes by a friendly nod or a gracious curtsey, while the musicians received from the King upon his retiring a profound bow with the words, "Thank you, gentlemen."

Tea was served for the Keepers of the Robes in the dining or eating-room, as it was usually called.

"I find," writes Fanny, "that it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only

a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and those few are only ladies; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the Queen's presence.

"The Equerry [in chief], whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and, tea over, he conducts [the guests] to the concert-room.

"This is commonly about nine o'clock.

"From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven.

"Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place. . . . Twenty minutes is the customary time spent with the Queen; half-an-hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

"I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed, and to sleep too, believe me; the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head."

Miss Burney was fortunate in having a kind and wise counsellor at Court in Mr. Smelt—a special advantage to her—during these early days of her appointment.

In an unpublished portion of her Diary she says: "Mr. Smelt in his *tête-à-tête* [this evening]

in the most kind and friendly manner gave me a thousand confidential traits of the new people with whom I now so almost exclusively associate. He is *the* person in the world to whose advice I should the most willingly submit with respect to everything that belongs to my present situation, for he unites the most complete Court knowledge with the most unsullied country integrity."[1]

Fanny writes on August 2—

"This morning . . . I was coming from the Queen's room very early when I met the Princess Mary, just arrived from the Lower Lodge ; she was capering upstairs to her elder sisters, but instantly stopped at sight of me, and then, coming up to me, inquired how I did, with all the elegant composure of a woman of maturest age. . . .

"The Queen when she goes to early prayers often leaves me the charge of her little favourite dog, Badine. To-day, after her return, she sent her page for him, and presently after I had a rap again at the door, and the little Princess Sophia entered.

"'Miss Burney,' cried she, curtseying and colouring, 'Mamma has sent me for the little dog's basket.'

"I begged her permission to carry it to the Queen's room, but she would not suffer me, and

[1] Burney MSS.

insisted upon taking it herself, with a mingled modesty and good breeding extremely striking in one so young."

There is a pretty story of this little Princess which was told by the Queen herself to Fanny. A certain Mr. Webb, a Windsor musician who taught the Princesses music, had a strangely repulsive countenance.

"When first he was to come to Sophia," remarked the Queen, "I told her that he had had some accident to disfigure his whole face, by making him an enormous nose, but I desired her to remember this was a misfortune, for which he ought to be pitied, and that she must be sure not to laugh at it, nor stare at it. And she minded this very well, and behaved always very properly. [One day] Lady Cremorne . . . was with Sophia when Mr. Webb came to give her a lesson. As soon as he was named she coloured very red, and ran up to Lady Cremorne and said to her in a whisper, 'Lady Cremorne, Mr. Webb has got a very great nose, but that is only to be pitied, so mind you don't laugh!'"

"This morning," writes Fanny, "a little rap at my room door made me call out, 'Come in!' and who should enter but the Princess Royal!

"I apologised for my familiar admittance by my little expectation of such an honour. She told me she had brought the Queen's snuff-box, to be

PRINCESS SOPHIA
By Hoppner

filled with some snuff which I had been directed to prepare. It is a very fine scented and mild snuff, but requires being moistened from time to time to revive its smell.

"The Princess, with a very sweet smile, insisted upon holding the box while I filled it, and told me she had seen Mrs. Delany at the chapel, and that she was very well; and then she talked on about her with a visible pleasure in having a subject so interesting to me to open upon.

"When the little commission was executed, she took her leave with as elegant a civility of manner as if parting with another king's daughter."

On another occasion when the Princess Royal, accompanied by the little Princess Sophia, came to Miss Burney's room upon a commission of the Queen's, Fanny tells us she had placed chairs for the two whilst she herself remained standing.

"'Pray sit down, too!' cried the Princess Royal; 'I beg you will, Miss Burney.'

"I resisted a little; but she would not hear me, insisting, with the most obliging earnestness, upon carrying her point."

Well has it been observed by a great writer of these Princesses that "they were most kind, loving, and lady-like," and "were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them."

In striking contrast to their attractive manners

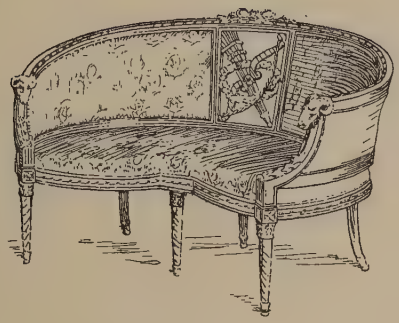
in this Court life stands out the coarse and unfeeling conduct of Miss Burney's coadjutrix, Mrs. Schwellenberg. This lady looked upon a nearness to the Queen's person as her sole prerogative, and was jealous of any one who was permitted to share this privilege. Her jealousy, acting upon a violent temper and a vulgar mind, produced behaviour that was singularly repulsive in a daily companion. Happily, however, Fanny's keen sense of humour came to her aid in this trial, and she has drawn such a portrait of this petty tyrant, with all the ludicrous accompaniments of uncouth manners and broken English, as can never be forgotten.

Miss Burney's being a well-known writer of fiction was no recommendation to the illiterate mind of her coadjutrix. One day a gentleman had come to the Queen's Lodge, at Mrs. Schwellenberg's request, to read aloud to her. On his noticing that the authoress of *Evelina* was present, he remarked, "What book is it to be, ma'am? Something interesting, I hope!"

"No," cried she, "I won't have nothing what you call novels, what you call romances, what you call histories—I might not read such what you call stuff—not I!"

Most of Fanny's journal-letters of this period are addressed to her sister, Susan Phillips; and Susan, in her replies, takes the precaution of

giving pseudonyms to the leading characters of the narrative. These, for the most part, Fanny herself adopted. Thus in the original MS. we find that Mrs. Schwellenberg goes by the name of Cerbera!



CHAPTER IV

NEW SCENES AND OLD HAUNTS

THE first week of Miss Burney's life at Windsor was hardly concluded when the Royal Family and their suite removed to Kew.

The Kew Palace of those days no longer exists, having been pulled down in 1802. It faced the Jacobean house, called the Prince of Wales's House, or the Royal Nurseries, and now known as the present Kew Palace. It was a long white building with a pedimented centre and low wings, surmounted by stone balustrades. A courtyard lay between it and the Prince of Wales's House, whilst at the back there extended large and beautiful grounds.

Writing on her arrival at the Palace, Fanny says: "I have two rooms there, both small and up two pair of stairs, but tidy and comfortable enough. Indeed, all the apartments, but the King's and Queen's and one of Mrs. Schwellenberg's, are small, dark, and old fashioned. There are stairs in every passage and passages to every

closet. I lost myself continually only in passing from my own room to the Queen's.

"Just as I got upstairs, I heard the King's voice. I slipped into my room; but he saw me, and following, said—

"'What? is Miss Burney taking possession?'

"And then he walked round the room, as if to see if it were comfortable for me, and smiling very good-humouredly, walked out again. . . .

"When I went to the Queen before dinner, the little Princess Amelia was with her, and, though shy of me at first, we afterwards made a very pleasant acquaintance. She is a most lovely little thing, just three years old, and full of sense, spirit, and playful prettiness, yet decorous and dignified when called upon to appear *en princesse* to any strangers.

"[Presently] the Queen desired me to take her by the hand and carry her downstairs to the King, who was waiting for her in the garden. She trusted herself to me with a grave and examining look, and showed me, for I knew it not, the way. The King, who dotes upon her, seemed good-humouredly pleased to see me bring her. He took her little hand and led her away."

Fanny enjoyed the quiet life at Kew. "The Royal Family," she writes, "are here always in so very retired a way that they live as the simplest country gentlefolks. The King has

not even an equerry with him [in his rides], nor the Queen anybody to attend her when she goes her airings."

"The gardens," we are told by a contemporary of Miss Burney's, "were thrown open to the public on certain days of the week by the King's command. The Green on those days was covered with carriages, more than £300 being often taken [in tolls] at the bridge on such occasions."

That particular bridge has given place to a new structure, but the Green itself can be little altered since then, for it still retains an old-world appearance. The quaint church of classic architecture, with its cupola and its arched windows, is of eighteenth-century date, while many of the houses that border the Green, by their appearance, and even by their very names, recall the reign of George III.

"Parties came up by water," continues the writer, "with bands of music to the ait opposite the Prince of Wales's house, [where] their Majesties were to be seen at the windows talking to their friends, and the Royal children [below] amusing themselves in their own gardens. The whole was a scene of enchantment and delight. Royalty living amongst their subjects to give pleasure and to do good."[1]

[1] See Mrs. Papendiek's *Journals of the Court and Private Life in the Time of Queen Charlotte.*

STAIRCASE LANDING IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOUSE
(RIVER SIDE)

There is a rustic cottage still to be seen at the Richmond end of the Gardens that bears the name of the "Queen's Cottage." It formed a pleasant summer retreat for Queen Charlotte. Here she and her children could enjoy many a country pastime at their ease. An aviary adjoined the cottage in former days, where the children used to feed their pet birds.

The Royal Family paid frequent visits to Kew—the King being partial to the place from having passed his childhood there in much happiness.

Miss Burney writes again thence on November 4th. "This morning when I attended the Queen she asked me if I should like to go and see my father [who was staying] at Chesington? and then gave orders immediately for a chaise to be ready without delay; 'and there is no need you should hurry yourself,' she added, 'for it will do perfectly well if you are back to dinner; when I dress I will send for Miss Planta.

"'. . . The first thing I thought of this morning when I woke,' said she, 'and when I saw the sun shining in upon my bed, was that this would be a fine morning for Miss Burney to go and see her father.'

"I thanked her very much," says Fanny, "and she seemed quite delighted to give me this gratification."

Chesington Hall was the home of Fanny's

beloved "Daddy Crisp," and those who may have read the *House in St. Martin's Street* will recall the many happy gatherings of the Burney family within its walls. Mr. Crisp had died in 1783, leaving a great blank behind him, especially in the heart of his *Fannikin*, but his friends, Mrs. Hamilton and her niece, the uncouth but warm-hearted Kitty Cooke, were still living in the old home, and were eager to welcome its former visitors.

Fanny continues: "My breakfast was short, the chaise was soon ready, and forth I sallied for dear—once how dear!—old Chesington!

". . . John rode on to open the gates; the gardener met him, and I believe surprise was never greater than he carried into the house with my name. Out ran dear Kitty Cooke, whose honestly affectionate reception touched me very much. 'Oh,' cried she, 'had our best friend lived to see this day, when you came to poor old Chesington from Court!'

". . . Mrs. James Burney next, all astonishment, and our dear James himself, all incredulity, at the report carried before me, came out. . . . My dearest father was already gone to town; but I had had much reason to expect I should miss him, and therefore I could not be surprised.

"Poor Mrs. Hamilton had been ill, and still kept her room, and was so much overcome by her

surprise that she could not refrain from crying, repeatedly declaring she had never thought to see me more.

"I left them with great reluctance. I had no time to walk in the garden—no heart to ascend the little mount, and see how Norbury hills and woods looked from it!"

Writing from Kew on July 27th, Miss Burney says: "This being a Court day we went to town. The Queen dresses her head at Kew, and puts on her drawing-room apparel at St. James's. Her new attendant dresses all at Kew except tippet and long ruffles; which she carries in paper to save from dusty roads.

"Mrs. Schwellenberg, Miss Planta, and myself went [to St. James's Palace] about an hour before the King and Queen. . . .

"Mine are two small rooms newly and handsomely furnished, one of which has a view of the Park over the stable-yard, and the other only of the passage to the Park from St. James's Street.

"I had now the great satisfaction to find that there was a private staircase, from that same passage that leads straight up to my apartments, and also that I may appoint any friend to meet me in them on the Court days. I hope never to be there again without making use of this privilege."

We have been enabled from the foregoing description to identify Miss Burney's rooms in St. James's Palace. The three conditions mentioned are all fulfilled, we find, in "two small rooms" on the second storey of the south-western corner of the Palace buildings, now occupied by the offices of the Lord Chamberlain.

From the windows of the first room we have the "view of the Park over the stable-yard." But that view was wider in Fanny's day, as a modest picturesque building called Godolphin House, which stood on the left, has been replaced by the large heavy structure of Stafford House.

The "stable-yard" exists now only in name, but in former times there were loose boxes for the horses behind an arched corridor that adjuts upon the "passage"; and even at the present time the stable hooks are to be seen upon the inner wall of that corridor.

The windows of the second room look down, as described, on to the "passage to the Park from St. James's Street," and in that "passage" is the entrance to "the private staircase that led straight up" to Miss Burney's apartments.

It is true that some of these conditions are fulfilled in the duplicate rooms on the first floor; but as regards "the view of the Park," only a small glimpse can be obtained from the lower storey.

MISS BURNEY'S ROOMS IN ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Miss Burney's rooms, both in themselves and from their situation, are very pleasant. The folding-doors, which connect them, are of later date than the building, but they afford a pretty view of the further room, which takes a graceful curve, the corner of the edifice being rounded off.

Writing from St. James's Palace a few months later, Fanny says: "At night . . . I ventured to hint my wishes that her Majesty would deign to look in at my apartment in its new state; for all is quite renovated there since poor Mrs. Haggerdorn's departure.

"[On the following morning] I was preparing to journey back to Windsor, when Mrs. Thielky came to inquire if I was alone; and immediately disappearing, her place was supplied by the Queen, who, with the three eldest Princesses, came to visit my new fitted apartment. I showed everything off to the best advantage, and they were all much pleased with my content."

The state-rooms in St. James's Palace were the same in George the Third's day as they are now, and were therefore very far from Miss Burney's apartments. On the occasion of a grand ball for the Queen's birthday which Fanny was invited to witness, she had great difficulty in finding her way back to her rooms. She had been desired to leave the fête after the two first country-dances, so as to be ready to attend her

Majesty, who wished to retire early; but when she reached the hall neither her official sedan-chair nor her footman were to be found.

"What to do I knew not," she writes; "though I was still in a part of the Palace, it was separated by many courts, avenues, passages, and alleys from the Queen's or my own apartments; and though I had so lately passed them, I could not remember the way, nor could I have walked, dressed as I then was, even if I had had a servant." [At last a hired chair being produced] "I got in," she continues, "but what a situation! I found the men had both been drinking the Queen's health till they knew not what they said, and could with difficulty stand. They lifted me up," she writes, "and though I called in a most terrible fright to be let out, they carried me down the steps."

In this dilemma, a kindly gentleman, who had also been waiting in the hall, came to her assistance; and with his help, first in controlling the men, and, finally, as her sole guide, for the chair had to be abandoned, she at length safely reached her part of the buildings.

CHAPTER V

MUSIC OF THE DAY

KING GEORGE'S love of music opened out a source of much pleasure and refreshment to the new Keeper of the Robes. A concert, she tells us, was given by his command every evening whilst the Court was at Windsor.

"Imagine, my Susan," writes Fanny to her sister, "what a charm to my ears ensued on the opening of this evening's concert when the sweet-flowing, melting, celestial notes of Fischer's hautbois reached them! It made the evening pass so soothingly I could listen to nothing else."

Fischer had been a prominent performer in the great Handel commemoration of 1784, which was celebrated in Westminster Abbey. The King has expressed his high opinion of his musical powers in a document, now in the possession of the Burney family. It is in the King's own handwriting, and was sent by him, together with a second document, also in his own handwriting,

to Dr. Burney, when Dr. Burney was writing a *History of the Commemoration.*

King George writes: "It seems but just as well as natural in mentioning the fourth Hautbois Concerto in the fourth day performance of Handel's commemoration to take notice of the exquisite taste and propriety Mr. Fischer exhibited in the solo parts, which must convince his hearers that his excellence does not consist alone in performing his own compositions, and that his tones perfectly filled the stupendous building where the excellent Concerto was performed."

Beneath this paragraph Dr. Burney has made the following note—

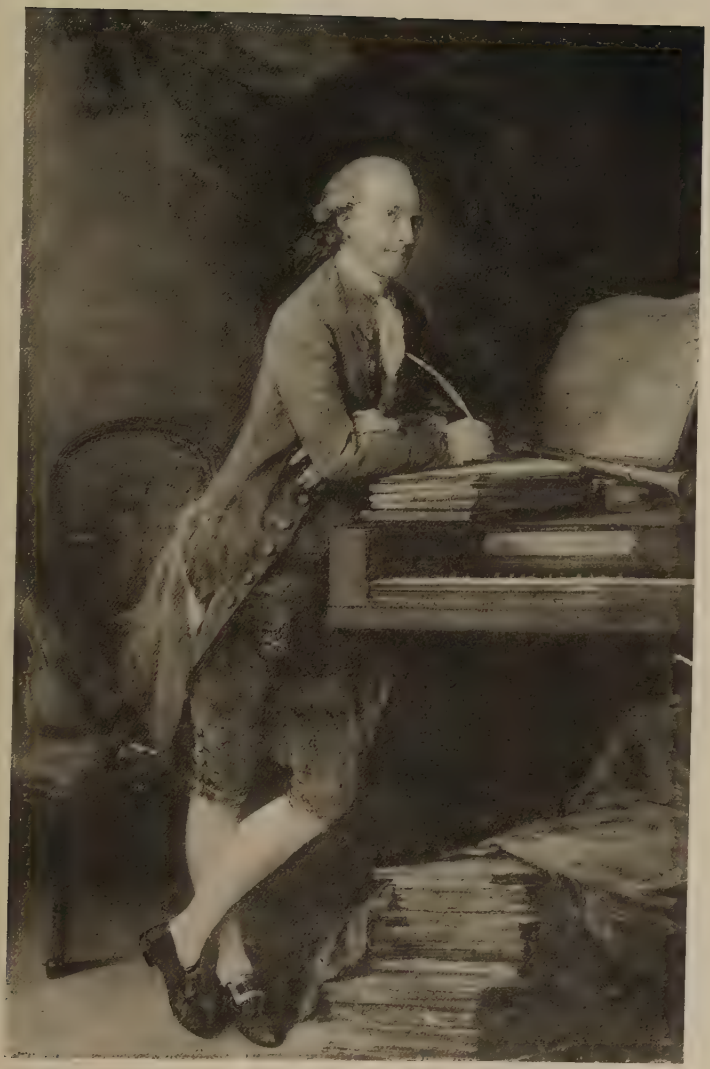
"1784, Aug^{t}. Written by the King and enclosed with some MS. sheets which his Majesty had perused of the acc^{t} of Handel's Jubilee.—C. B."[1]

Perhaps the reader may remember Gainsborough's fine portrait of Fischer which used to hang some years ago at Hampton Court. It now hangs in Buckingham Palace, but we have been permitted to reproduce it in this volume.

The second autograph document of the King's, alluded to, concerns a certain chorus in the *Messiah*, and is so interesting that we have given it in facsimile. It is as follows—

"Dr. Burney seems to forget the great merit

[1] Burney MSS.



JOHANNA CHRISTIAN FISCHER
By Gainsborough

of the choral fugue 'He trusted in God,' by asserting that the words would admit of no particular strokes of passion. Now the real truth is that the words contain a manifest *presumption* and *impertinence* which Handel has in the most masterly manner taken advantage of, and he was so conscious of the merit of that movement that whenever desired to sit down to the harpsichord, if not instantly inclined to play, he used to take this subject, which ever sate his imagination to work, and made him produce wonderful fine capriccios."

"Written by his Majesty King George III., while I was writing the acc[t] of the *Messiah* Performance in commemoration of Handel. July 1784—C. B."

The King's appreciation of the great master's genius has proved a boon to posterity, for it made Handel's masterpieces widely known and loved at a time when royal patronage was especially valuable, and it secured for them thenceforward, as we all know, the highest place of honour in all our great national functions.

There is a pretty story told of George III., when a child, in connection with Handel. The composer was improvising one day upon the organ when the boy, having crept up unobserved, was standing behind him in fixed and rapt

attention. On Handel's turning round and seeing the expression upon his face he patted the child's head, saying, in his broken English: "Goot boy, goot boy, you sal care for my fame when I am dead."

Dr. Burney's account of the Handel commemoration was enriched by his nephew Edward Burney's contributing two excellent sepia drawings for illustrations, representing the interior of Westminster Abbey as it appeared on that memorable occasion.

In one of these drawings (reproduced in this volume) will be seen the state-boxes, erected for the King and Queen and their suites. These were all dressed in Court gala attire, while the performers themselves, we are told, appeared, the ladies in silk gowns and the gentlemen "in bags and swords."

Speaking of the wonderful manner in which the enormous body of musicians were under the control of the conductor, Dr. Burney says: "The totality of sound seemed to proceed from one voice and one instrument." And he goes on to say: "Nothing will perhaps more astonish veteran musicians than to be informed that there was but one *general rehearsal* for each day's performance; an undisputable proof of the high state of cultivation to which practical music is at present arrived in this country; for if good per-

Page 57. the performance of the Messiah

Dr Burney seems to forget the great merit of the Choral fugue He trusted in God by asserting that the words were admitted no particular strokes of passion, now the real truth is that the words contain a manifest presumption and impertinence which Handel has in the most masterly manner taken advantage of and he was so conscious of the merit of that movement that when ever desired to sit down to the Harpsichord if not instantly inclined to play He used to take this subject which ever set his imagination at work and made him produce a wonderful fine Capriccio

written by his Majesty King George III.d
while I was writing the acct. of the Messiah
Performance in Commemoration of Handel
July 1784. C. B.

FACSIMILE REDUCED IN SIZE

formers had not been found ready made, a dozen rehearsals would not have been sufficient to make them so."

The effect produced by the Dead March in *Saul* as described by one of the listeners seems to have been marvellous.[1] "To endeavour to represent the funeral as coming from a distance," she writes, "the music began *pianissimo*, gradually increasing in loudness as the procession was supposed to come nearer. . . . When the funeral was supposed to be in sight, it being that of a king, the whole company rose, and the orchestra worked up to a *fortissimo*, and so grand was the illusion that handkerchiefs were in requisition. Then as it appeared to pass on we were all seated again, and the orchestra had so practised that the sound of the instruments seemed to die away in the air."

The principal female singer on this great occasion was Madame Mara, a German lady recently arrived in England, who possessed a wonderful voice both as to compass and quality. The same member of the audience just quoted thus writes of her singing: "In the fine anthem, 'O sing unto the Lord,' she had to take the C second line, and hold it for four bars, while the chorus falls in, above which her voice sounded distinctly. Fischer, in the greatest excitement,

[1] See Journals of Mrs. Papendiek.

said [afterwards]: 'Her voice was louder than my oboe. I heard it!'"

In the sketch of Handel's *Life*, which precedes the account of the Commemoration, Dr. Burney gives some personal recollections of the great Master, a few of which we are tempted to give here.

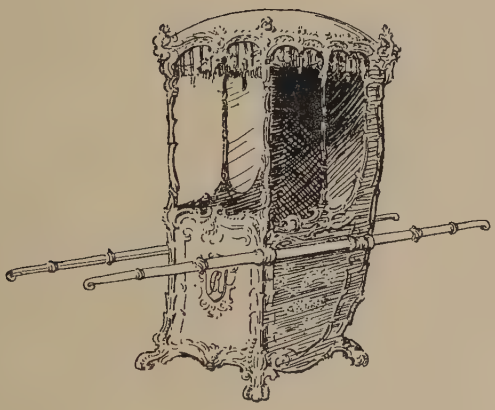
Dr. Burney used often to meet Handel at the house of Madame Frasi, a noted soprano singer of the period. "One day in the year 1748," he tells us, "Handel brought in his pocket the duet in *Judas Maccabæus*, 'From these dread Scenes.' He sat down to the harpsichord to give her and me the time of it. While he sung her part, I hummed, at sight, the second over his shoulder, in which he encouraged me by desiring that I would sing out. But unfortunately something went wrong, and Handel, with his usual impetuosity, grew violent: a circumstance very terrific to a young musician. At length, however, recovering from my fright, I ventured to say, that I fancied there was a mistake in the writing, which, upon examining, Handel discovered to be the case; and then instantly, with the greatest good-humour and humility, said, 'I pec your barton—I am a very odd tog;—Meishter Schmitt[1] is to plame.'"

Dr. Burney remarks: "Handel's general look

[1] Handel's amanuensis.

HANDEL COMMEMORATION OF 1784 IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
By E. Burney

was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good-humour beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other."



CHAPTER VI

AN ESCAPE

EARLY in the month of August (1786) the quiet life at Court was suddenly broken in upon by a startling event.

Fanny Burney writes on the evening of the 2nd instant: "I went into my own room for my cloak, and as usual found Madame La Fite waiting for me. She was all emotion — she seized my hand,—'Have you heard?—*O mon Dieu!—O le bon Roi!* O Miss Burney!—what an horreur!'

"I was very much startled, but soon ceased to wonder at her perturbation; she had been in the room with the Princess Elizabeth and there heard . . . that an attempt had just been made upon the life of the King.

"I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. . . . Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only. . . . No information [had] arrived here of the matter.

"The Queen had the two eldest Princesses,

the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Charlotte Bertie, with her when the King came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said, 'Here I am! safe and well, as you see! but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!'

". . . The Queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her; . . . the two Princesses were for a while in the same state. . . . The King with the gayest good-humour did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern, that had any one but himself been the hero would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

". . . His carriage had just stopped at the garden-door of St. James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently-dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up and had the usual superscription, 'For the King's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the King bent forward to take it, she drew from it with her left hand a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart! . . . The King started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before

he had time to prevent her; and at that moment one of the attendants wrenched the knife from her hand!

"Had he not been endowed with very singular presence of mind," continues Miss Burney (in an unpublished letter), "he had been certainly *wounded* at least . . . and he had the instantaneous humanity, in the midst of his first surprise and horror, to rescue the assassin from the enraged people, and to call to them to spare her for he was safe. . . .

"For one awful moment," exclaims Fanny, "what a scene of domestic misery—what a rush of public calamity was impending! . . .

"The true courage, the calm intrepidity that has been shown upon this occasion by the King, must have struck even his most malignant enemies with admiration. Neither fear nor resentment have for a moment got possession of him; he will listen therefore to no future precautions, because he feels satisfied it was a casualty, and will never again occur; and his whole mind is free from anger, because he has not a doubt but that the poor wretch was unconscious of the deed.

"This calmness, however, has been all his own; the rest of the House has been in unceasing trepidation. The Queen, though possessed of wonderful command over herself, has been

wholly overpowered with the shock, and all the poor Princesses are struck with affright and sadness.

"Without one guard or any attendant but the usual equerry last night, in defiance of bad weather, the King was firm to show himself upon the terrace. . . . The poor Queen and Princesses, with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, accompanied him, and again the same this morning to early prayers." [1]

The name of the assassin was Margaret Nicholson. She was proved on examination to be insane; but Mrs. Schwellenberg, we are told, was firmly of opinion that her action was the result of some latent conspiracy, and this notion she pressed upon the mind of the unhappy Queen. Fortunately succeeding events dispelled the suspicion.

Miss Burney writes in her Diary on August 4th—

"At her toilette before dinner the Queen had her newspapers as usual, and she read aloud, while her hair was dressing, several interesting articles concerning the attack, the noble humanity of the King, his presence of mind, and the blessing to the whole nation arising from his preservation. The spirit of loyalty, warmth, and zeal with which all the newspapers are just now filled

[1] Burney MSS.

seemed extremely gratifying to her. . . . But suddenly coming upon a paragraph beginning with the words of the Coronation Anthem, 'Long live the King! May the King live for ever!' her tears flowed so fast that they blinded her, and to hear her read such words was so extremely affecting that I was obliged to steal behind her chair to hide myself. . . . The Queen, however, read on, dispersing her tears as she could, and always smiling through them when the praise, not the danger, drew them forth."

There was, indeed, a widespread burst of loyalty and affection for the King, and rejoicings throughout the kingdom at his delivery.

It is curious to contrast all this with the feelings of indignation prevailing, so recently and so justly, against him in America. But yet George III. had acted towards the American colonies in strict accordance with what he deemed to be his sacred duty. His view of the case was not, as we all know, the enlightened view of a great statesman, but it was that of a conscientious man who, with a limited vision, endeavoured to do what he held to be right. And finally, when the contest was over and the Americans had won their independence, the King, like a typical Englishman, could face his defeat frankly, and could receive cordially John Adam, one of the founders of the new Republic, and its first Envoy to the British Court.

John Adam himself has left us a record of the memorable interview which took place in St. James's Palace on the 1st of June 1785,[1] and which we should like to quote here: "It was his happy mission," he said, "to convey to his Majesty the hearty and unanimous desire of the people of the United States of America, that in future there might exist the most friendly and liberal agreement between them and his Majesty's subjects . . . and he should think himself the happiest of men if, by his good offices, he could recommend his country to the favour of his Majesty, and in any way conduce to restore that mutual esteem, good-nature, confidence, and affection which ought to unite people of the same language, religion, and blood."

The King listened to him with a close and dignified attention, not unattended by emotion, and his voice was tremulous when he thanked the Envoy for his courtesy and consideration, and expressed the pleasure he felt in receiving the assurances of the friendly dispositions of the United States. "I wish you, Sir, to believe," he continued, "and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty which I owed to my people. . . . I was the last to consent to the

[1] See Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III.*

separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

Lord Eldon has recorded a remark of the King's when, on another occasion, he stood out mistakenly against public opinion. On being asked to give his consent to Roman Catholic Emancipation, he exclaimed: "I can give up my crown, and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage. I can lay my head on a block and lose my life; but I can *not* break my Coronation Oath."

And yet in 1780, when the Roman Catholics were suffering from outrage at the hands of the Lord George Gordon rioters, it was the King who, in the midst of the general panic, came to their assistance. And later on, when he learnt of the havoc wrought in the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, it was he who presented a new organ to that chapel costing three hundred pounds.

George III. was ever ready to reward those of his subjects who manifested a high sense of duty. An historian of his reign tells us that one day at Windsor when the King was standing in conversation with his son, the Duke of York, and some friends, he happened to rest his arm upon

a sun-dial which forms a prominent feature upon the terrace: "The circumstance attracting the attention of the sentinel on duty, the man, though acquainted with the King's person, unhesitatingly walked up to him, and having intimated that the dial was placed under his especial protection, desired his Majesty to move away." The order was promptly obeyed by the King, who not only spoke to those about him in terms of high praise of the man's conduct, but the same day sent a message to the Colonel of his regiment, desiring that he might be rewarded in such manner as the rules of military service would admit.

CHAPTER VII

A FAMILY FÊTE AND LEARNED LOYALTY

Fanny Burney writes in her Diary on August 7th, 1786: "This has been the first cheerful day since the memorable and alarming attack [on the King] of the 2nd of August. It was the birthday of the little Princess Amelia; and the fondness of the whole family for that lovely child, and her own infantine enjoyment of the honours paid her, have revived the spirits of the whole house.

"The manner of keeping the birthdays here is very simple. All the Royal Family are new dressed; so—at least so they appear—are all their attendants. . . . If the weather is fine, all the family walk upon the terrace, which is crowded with people of distinction. . . .

"[This] evening, for the first time since my arrival, I went upon the terrace, under the wing and protection of my dear Mrs. Delany, who was tempted to walk there herself, in order to pay her respects on the little Princess's birthday.

She was carried in her [sedan] chair to the foot of the steps which the Royal Family descend from their gallery [in] the Royal Chapel. . . .

"It was really a mighty pretty procession. The little Princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and a fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted in the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she passed, for all the terracers stand up against the walls to make a clear passage for the Royal Family the moment they come in sight. . . . Then followed the King and Queen, no less delighted themselves with the joy of their little darling. The Princess Royal, leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, followed at a little distance. . . . Next the Princess Augusta, holding by the Duchess of Ancaster; and next the Princess Elizabeth, holding by Lady Charlotte Bertie. . . . Then followed the Princess Mary with Miss Goldsworthy, and the Princess Sophia with Mademoiselle Montmoulin and Miss Planta; then General Budé and the Duke of Montagu; and lastly, Major Price, who, as equerry, always brings up the rear, walks at a distance from the group, and keeps off all crowd from the Royal Family.

"On sight of Mrs. Delany, the King instantly stopped to speak to her. The Queen, of course

and the little Princess, and all the rest, stood still in their ranks. They talked a good deal with the sweet old lady, during which time the King once or twice addressed himself to me. . . .

"The little Princess went up to Mrs. Delany, of whom she is very fond, and behaved like a little angel to her; she then, with a look of inquiry and recollection, slowly of her own accord, came behind Mrs. Delany, to look at me. 'I am afraid,' said I in a whisper, 'your Royal Highness does not remember me?'

"What think you was her answer? An arch little smile and a nearer approach, with her lips pouted out to kiss me. I could not resist so innocent an invitation; but the moment I had accepted it, I was half afraid it might seem, in so public a place, an improper liberty; however, there was no help for it. She then took my fan, and having looked at it on both sides, gravely returned it to me, saying, 'O! a brown fan!'

"The King and Queen then bid her curtsey to Mrs. Delany, which she did most gracefully, and they all moved on."

A great writer, commenting on this scene, remarks: "One sees it; the band playing its old music, the sun shining on the happy loyal crowd, and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright green sward; the Royal standard drooping from the

THE OLD PALACE

great tower yonder; as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles."

The little Princess Amelia became very fond of Fanny Burney, in whose parlour she had many a game of play. We have seen, among the Burney relics, a tiny ivory box in the shape of an egg, that was given by the child about this time to her kind friend. Within the box there is a minute slip of paper with the following words in Fanny's handwriting—

"Gift to F. B., with a sponge of sweet odour, of the lovely Princess Amelia, then 3 years old."

On August 8th, being the day after the birthday procession, Fanny writes in her Diary: "An exceeding pretty scene was exhibited today to their Majesties. We came, as usual, on every alternate Tuesday to Kew. . . . Kew Green was quite filled with all the inhabitants of the place—the lame, old, blind, sick, and infants, who all assembled, dressed in their Sunday garb, to line the sides of the roads through which their Majesties passed. A band of musicians [was] arranged in the front, who began 'God save the King!' the moment they came upon the Green, and finished it with loud huzzas. . . .

"This testimony of loyal satisfaction in the King's safe return, after the attempted assassina-

tion, affected the Queen to tears. Nor were they shed alone, for almost everybody's flowed that witnessed the scene. The Queen, in speaking of it afterwards, said, 'I shall always love little Kew for this!'"

The King's safety had been celebrated in various ways throughout the country. The last ceremony took place in Oxford, when the King and Queen visited the Sheldonian Theatre to receive a congratulatory address from the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Miss Burney describes the imposing scene, at which she was present, on August 13, in the following letter to Dr. Burney, the whole of which is unpublished except a short paragraph, indicated by brackets.

"O how I wished to have seen my dearest father," she writes, "among all the good fat doctors who followed the Vice-Chancellor with the address!

"It was one of the prettiest and most interesting ceremonies I ever saw. We proceeded in procession to the theatre, at the door of which the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquis of Blandford, and Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline Spencer waited to receive their Majesties with the Vice-Chancellor, professors, doctors, presidents, and all sort of gownsmen then in Oxford. The King and Queen then proceeded

to the Divinity School,[1] I think it is called ; they walked, attended by the Vice-Chancellor, across the area and ascended some steps, when the King, his hat on, sat down in the Chancellor's seat. His aide-de-camp, General Harcourt, at his side, his equerry, Major Price, just below him, and Lord Harcourt, officiating as Lord of the Bed-chamber, behind him. Then the Queen, handed by Colonel Digby, her Vice-Chamberlain, took a place on the left side, a little below the King, the Princess Royal and Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth sitting on the same form.

"The whole theatre was already filled in its circular rows of boxes with well-dressed people. Not a creature admitted after the King's suite.

"Behind the Queen stood Lady Harcourt as Lady of the Bed-chamber. Behind the Princess Royal stood the Duchess of Ancaster. Colonel Digby stood on his Majesty's left side.

"Next in rank, on the other side of the theatre, stood the Duchess of Marlborough, then the three daughters of Dukes, Ladies Elizabeth and Caroline Spencer, and Lady Charlotte Bertie, who made very pretty and becoming companions to the three Princesses.

"The two Miss Vernons, Lady Harcourt's sisters . . . stood next, and then myself and

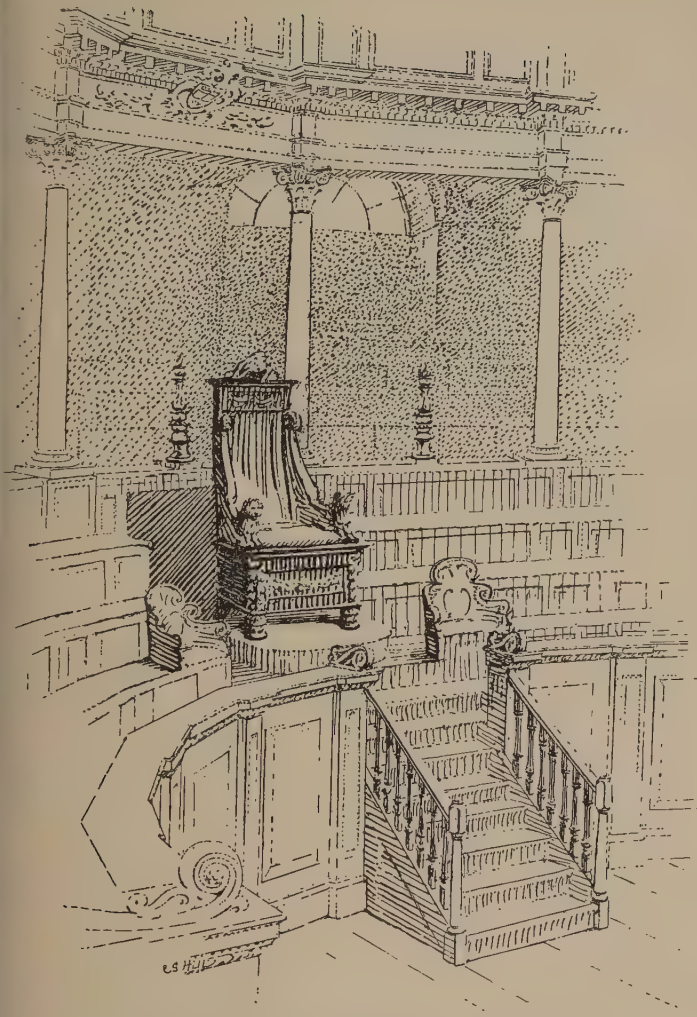
[1] The procession would pass the Divinity School, but the ceremony took place in the Sheldonian Theatre.

Miss Planta. The Duke of Marlbro' and his son mingled with the King's suite.

"All being thus arranged, the area below us was next filled with masters of colleges, professors, doctors, and *the like*, all in their proper robes, and then the Vice-Chancellor, standing foremost, alone and at the foot of the steps leading to the King, [began the address of the University, to thank his Majesty for this second visit, and to congratulate him, and the nation, on his late escape from assassination. He read it in an audible and distinct voice, and on its conclusion an address was suddenly made to the Queen expressive of much concern for her late distress, and the highest and most profound veneration of her amiable and exalted character].

"It would be hard to describe the effect of this *apostrophe* at the moment—it struck everybody with surprise and pleasure, it filled the Queen's eyes with tears, which she dispersed as well as she could in the most gratifying smiles, but the eyes of almost every one present caught the infection; and the three Princesses, the moment their father's danger was mentioned, wept with but little control.

"The King then read his answer, and admirably, in a cheery, fine-toned voice, quite free from the hesitation that accompanies his speech.



THE CHANCELLOR'S CHAIR, SHELDONIAN THEATRE

But though the *response* had been prepared at Nuneham, when he came to the passage that thanks them for their attention to the Queen, the sight of her and of her children, all visibly much affected, made his own voice falter, and that single and most interesting sentence was read so low that, near as I was, I could not hear it.

"When he had done, he rose and took off his hat, and *all the doctors* bowed. He then descended the steps, followed by his aide-de-camps, his equerry, the Dukes, the Marquis, and Lord Harcourt; and then the Vice-Chancellor approached, knelt, and kissed his hand; all the doctors, one by one, advanced, were named, and did the same. But when poor Dr. Hayes came forward, he was so unconscionably fat and heavy, and had so much difficulty to kneel and so much more still to arise, that it raised a general buzz throughout the theatre. He really looked as if dressed up and stuffed for a Falstaff. I admired much to see the King, the only person who kept his countenance upon the doctor's plumping down before him.

"Another extremely gracious consideration in the King was his descending the steps for the ceremony instead of making *all the doctors* come up and then go downstairs backwards, as they must else have done; and then poor

Dr. Hayes would have rolled head over heels inevitably."[1]

The Sheldonian Theatre is unchanged since Fanny penned the foregoing letter. The "circular rows of boxes" she speaks of are formed by the deep recesses of the windows in the great curved end of the hall, in which are ranged seats rising one above another. The Chancellor's imposing chair of dark oak, with its heavy carvings, is the same occupied by George III., and the small backed-seat, where Queen Charlotte took her place just below him, is still to be seen adjoining the form upon which the three Princesses sat, so that any imaginative visitor to the place can picture to himself the whole scene.

[1] Burney MSS.

CHAPTER VIII

MODES AND MANNERS

One of Miss Burney's contemporaries during her life at Court was a certain Mrs. Papendiek, whose husband and father both held Court appointments, the latter, a Monsieur Albert, having accompanied the Queen from Germany in 1761.

Mrs. Papendiek's *Journals*, published about five-and-twenty years ago, contain many interesting and amusing details of the Court life, as well as of the domestic life of the day, that serve as a pleasant accompaniment to Miss Burney's narrative.

Mrs. Papendiek, when describing the houses of persons of moderate means, says—

"Rooms were very plainly furnished, all ornaments being put into cases or closets, and only brought out upon occasions."

But we must remember that the panelled walls, the polished floors, the chairs of delicate design, and the cabinets or "cases" containing daintily

coloured china, would give much beauty to those "plainly furnished rooms."

"Not much silver," she tells us, "was kept out in daily use. Silver forks were only used by the nobility and foreign ambassadors. Forks [in ordinary use] had still only three prongs, so knives were made with broad ends for eating peas in summer, and the same of a smaller size for catching up the juice of a fruit pie, dessert spoons being quite unknown in our rank. . . .

". . . Dinners were still at two o'clock, or for company at three. Of soups we only had gravy clear, or with vegetables cut small swimming at the top. White soup was used for ball suppers, but a white dinner soup, or mock turtle, had only found its way down as far as the Lord Mayor's table, real turtle being dressed only as a ragout, never as a soup. . . . Of fish, in winter cod and smelts was a choice dish; in summer, salmon, salmon trout, mackerel, &c. . . .

"The next course [was] ordinarily joints of beef, mutton, calf's head, &c., . . . or a knuckle of veal with a gammon of bacon, ham being a very expensive luxury, and only used for gala dinners.

"Company puddings were lemon, potato, ground rice, pancakes, fritters, &c. Then cheese as now, but macaroni and other savoury dishes were not then introduced. Malt liquor, cider,

and perry were the ordinary drinks at dinner, and port and Madeira were put upon the table afterwards with a trifling dessert. If the gentlemen assembled wished to make a drinking bout, which often was the case, it began after supper."

Mrs. Papendiek tells us that it was the custom in her father, M. Albert's, establishment at Windsor to keep open house on the occasions of Royal anniversaries. "On the Queen's birthday," she says, "a turkey, with many other good things, was always put upon the table at three o'clock to remain till five. On the King's birthday a goose and peas, with various etceteras, also at three o'clock. Then tea and coffee, cakes, wines, and niceties according to the season."

Writing of the price of food in the year 1788, she says, that "upon an average meat was 5d. a lb.; bread 4d. or 5d. a quartern loaf; eggs in spring, 16 or 18 for 4d.; fowls in summer and autumn 1s. 6d. a pair; loaf sugar 7d. a lb.; wages seven or eight guineas, and £1 for tea or beer. Washing always done at home, and everything ironed, as mangles then cost £25.

"Very few of the rank I am speaking of," she adds, "kept more than two female servants. The housemaid could assist the lady [in her toilet], for a hairdresser was employed either by the quarter for daily dressing, or on particular occasions."

It was only for gala occasions, it seems, that

Mrs. Papendiek employed a hairdresser, and she mentions one named Head, who was evidently a noted man in his profession, as arranging her head with his "inimitable dressing."

Another contemporary of Miss Burney's—a Mrs. Mary Frampton—whose *Journals* have also been published, has described the fashionable mode of dressing the hair at the period of which we are writing.

"At that time," she says, "everybody wore powder and pomatum, [and] a large triangular thing called a cushion, to which the hair was frizzed up with three or four enormous curls on each side. The higher the pyramid of hair, gauze, feathers, and other ornaments was carried, the more fashionable it was thought, and such was the labour employed to rear the fabric that night-caps were made in proportion to it [while] immensely long black pins, double and single [held all together] ready for the next day. I think I remember hearing," she adds, "that twenty-four large pins were by no means an unusual number to go to bed with on your head!"

It is curious that the toilet apparatus belonging to this period of extravagant fashions should be models of elegance and refined taste. As witness the beautiful inlaid dressing-tables of that date, with their graceful china pots and salvers,

the delicate patch-boxes of ivory and blue enamel, or of Chelsea ware; and again the exquisite fans, painted and gilded on chicken skin or silk, which at the present time may be imitated, but can never be equalled in beauty.

Mrs. Frampton, in speaking of the style of ladies' dress, remarks: "The perfection of figure according to the then fashion was the smallness of the circumference into which your unfortunate waist could be compressed, and many a poor girl hurt her health very materially by trying to rival the Duchess of Rutland, who was said to squeeze herself to the size of an orange and a half.

"Small hoops were worn in a morning, and larger for dress [occasions]. Sacques were in common use. . . . My sister," she says, "was married in a white lute-string [a lustrous silk]. My mother was in a very dark blue silk, called after the famous opera dancer, an 'Old Vestris blue,' trimmed with spotted muslin."

Another strange name for the colour of a dress was the "Emperor's Eye"—"a most brilliant tint," we are told, "of knife steel."

Mrs. Papendiek, who was married in the year 1783, at the age of seventeen, mentions some of the articles that formed her wedding trousseau. Among these were "caps, appropriate for dress and for daily wear . . . for in those days," she remarks, "no head of my age was uncovered."

She mentions "aprons." These aprons were evidently for dress use, being made of the finest gauze with lace trimmings, of which we possess a specimen. They formed an elegant decoration for the front of the petticoat.

Mrs. Papendiek tells us that the ladies' dancing-shoes had diamond buckles, but no sandals. She was present at a Court ball in 1785 when the Princess Royal, who was very shy, danced for the first time in public. "After making her curtsey, and retreating a few steps, off came her Royal Highness's shoe! The Master of the Ceremonies instantly replaced it; and as her partner, the Prince of Wales, held her hand by way of support in the most graceful manner, as if to lead her back to her place, the accident caused as little bustle as possible." The Princess's timidity made her often ill at ease. "The Prince, on the contrary, showed an elegance indescribable in everything that he did before the public, whether in dancing, music, or what not."

Artificial flowers were much used at this period. The learned Mrs. Carter, writing to a friend a few years earlier, says: "Perhaps you may think it a singular phenomenon in the present winter that the macaroni gentlemen wear artificial nosegays."

Mrs. Papendiek does not give us any full description of the attire of the gentlemen of her

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES
By R. Cosway

time; but we have but to look at the portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others to realise it fully for ourselves.

We know well how in all modern gala assemblies the black coats subdue and mar the effect of the ladies' gay-coloured dresses, but in the period of which we are writing this was by no means the case. The gentlemen, in their coats of rich hues, embroidered waistcoats, knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoe-buckles, lace ruffles, and powdered hair—with their swords dangling at their sides—added greatly to the general effect, and enhanced especially the picturesqueness of the minuets, the gavottes, or the country dances.

Queen Charlotte's jewellery is described as being very magnificent. Her famous set of pearls, considered to be the finest in Europe, were alone valued at £150,000. It was noticed, however, that the Queen never assumed her ornaments save when the King took part in the ceremonial.[1] On other occasions, while her Court ladies were often blazing in diamonds, she was conspicuous for her comparatively simple attire.

One day when Miss Burney was attending upon the Queen, her Majesty talked confidentially to her on the subject of dress.

"She told me," writes Fanny, "how well she had liked at first her jewels and ornaments as

[1] See *Good Queen Charlotte*, by Percy Fitzgerald.

Queen. 'But how soon,' cried she, 'was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week—a fortnight at most—and to return no more! I thought, at first, I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, and the fear of losing them—believe me, ma'am, in a fortnight's time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more!'"

It seems that about this time a simple morning garment, which Fanny calls her "dimity great-coat," had come into use. "The great-coats," she writes, "are highly in favour [here] from the quickness with which they enable the Queen to finish her toilette, [so] that she sings their praise with fresh warmth every time she is allowed to wear them, archly saying to me, with most expressive eyes, 'If I could write—if I could write!—how I would compose upon a great-coat! I wish I were a poetess that I might make a song upon it. I do think something very pretty might be said about it.'

"These hints she has given me continually . . . till, at last, she one day, in putting on this favourite dress, half gravely said: 'I really take it a little ill you won't write something upon these great-coats!'"

Thus urged, Fanny "scribbled a few stanzas,

copied them fairly out," and put them in her pocket. One morning, "just as the Queen was quitting her dressing-room," she writes, "I got behind her, and suddenly blurted out—'Your Majesty's goodness to me, ma'am, makes me venture to own that there is a command which I received some time ago, and which I have made some attempt to execute.'

"She turned round with great quickness,—'The great-coat!' she cried; 'is it that?'

"I was glad to be so soon understood, and took it from my pocket-book—but holding it a little back, as she offered to take it—

"'For your Majesty alone!' I cried; 'I must entreat that it may meet no other eyes.'

"She gave me a ready promise, took it with an alacrity, and walked off."

The following are four of the verses—

THE GREAT-COAT

THRICE-HONOUR'D Robe! couldst thou espy
The form that deigns to show thy worth;
Hear the mild voice, view the arch eye
That call thy panegyric forth;

Wouldst thou not swell with vain delight?
With proud expansion sail along?
And deem thyself more grand and bright
Than aught that lives in ancient song?

. . . . . .

Fanny Burney

The garb of state she inly scorn'd,
  Glad from its trappings to be freed ;
She saw thee humble, unadorn'd,
  Quick of attire, a child of speed.
. . . . .
She views thee with a mental eye,
  And from thee draws this moral end :
Since hours are register'd on high,
  The friend of time is Virtue's friend.

CHAPTER IX

MISS BURNEY'S GUESTS

One of Miss Burney's functions at Windsor, in the absence of Mrs. Schwellenberg (which occurred frequently) was to receive the equerries-in-waiting each evening at about nine o'clock at her tea-table. They were often accompanied by guests, specially invited by the King or Queen, and the tea was served in the eating-room, a large apartment on the ground floor of the Queen's Lodge.

A certain Colonel Goldsworthy—a wag of the Court—often brought much entertainment into these gatherings. One day he gave Miss Burney a comical account of his duties as equerry.

"After all one's labours, riding, and walking, and standing, and bowing," he exclaimed, "what a life it is! Well, it's honour! that's one comfort; it's all honour! royal honour! . . . How do you like it, ma'am? though it's hardly fair to ask you yet, because you know almost nothing of the joys of this sort of life. But wait till November

and December, and then you'll get a pretty taste of them! Running along these cold passages, then bursting into rooms fit to bake you, and then again into all these agreeable puffs! Bless us! I believe in my heart there's wind enough in these passages to carry a man-of-war! . . ."

"Mere healthy breezes," cried Miss Burney, and she assured him she did not fear them.

"Stay till Christmas," continued the Colonel, with a threatening air, "only stay till then and let's see what you'll say to them. . . . One thing, however, pray let me caution you about—don't go to early prayers in November; if you do, that will completely kill you. . . . When the Princesses, used to it as they are, get regularly knocked up, off they drop one by one—first the Queen deserts us, then Princess Elizabeth is done for; then Princess Royal begins coughing; then Princess Augusta gets the snuffles; and all the four attendants, my sister at the head, drop off one after another like so many snuffs of candles; till at last, dwindle, dwindle, dwindle—not a soul goes to the chapel but the King, the parson, and myself; and there we three freeze it out together!

". . . You won't have the hunting, to be sure. . . . After all the riding, the trotting, the galloping, the leaping, the—with your favour, ladies, I beg pardon, I was going to say a strange word, but the—the perspiration—and—and all that—

after being wet through over head and soused through under feet, and popped into ditches, and jerked over gates, what lives we do lead! . . . Well, after all this fagging away like mad from eight in the morning to five or six in the afternoon, home we come, looking like so many drowned rats, with not a dry thread about us, nor a morsel within us—sore to the very bone, and forced to smile all the time! and then, after all this, what do you think follows? 'Here, Goldsworthy,' cries his Majesty. 'Sir,' says I, smiling agreeably, with the rheumatism just creeping all over me; but still expecting something a little comfortable, I wait patiently to know his gracious pleasure, and then, 'Here, Goldsworthy, I say!' he cries, 'will you have a little barley-water?' Barley-water in such a plight as that! Fine compensation for a wet jacket, truly!—barley-water! I never heard of such a thing in my life! barley-water after a whole day's hard hunting!"

"And, pray, did you drink it?" asked Fanny.

"I drink it?—drink barley-water? No, no; not come to that neither. But there it was, sure enough! in a jug fit for a sick-room. . . . And 'Here, Goldsworthy,' says his Majesty, 'here's the barley-water!'"

"And did the King drink it himself?"

"Yes, God bless his Majesty! but I was too

humble a servant to do the same as the King!"

It is told elsewhere of King George that it was a common practice with him, after breakfasting at Windsor, to mount his horse and ride the whole way to Buckingham House. Thence he would proceed to St. James's Palace to hold a levee—a long and tedious affair—to be followed by a meeting of the Privy Council. The business of the day over, he would take a hurried cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter as his only refreshment before again mounting his horse and returning in the evening to Windsor.

It seems that one day, when Mrs. Delany was complimenting the King on his abstemious habits, he stopped her, exclaiming, "No, no, 'tis no virtue; I only prefer eating plain and little to growing diseased and infirm."

The King used to ride for some hours every day, unaccompanied, in the country around Windsor, and he took pleasure in greeting the various people he passed on the road with a kindly word of salutation. He would stop to chat with the plough-boys and shepherds, and sometimes pay a visit to the cottagers' wives. On one occasion, we are told, he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with

an enclosure of money and a note written by the royal pencil—"Five guineas to buy a jack."

Towards the end of December 1786, Dr. Burney went to Windsor to spend a few days with Mrs. Delany. Fanny writes, on the 29th instant—

"At three o'clock our dearest Padre arrived—well, gay, and sweet—and we spent near two hours wholly alone, and truly happy.

"At dinner the party was enlarged by the presence of Mrs. Delany and Mr. Smelt; to these were added the lovely and lively Miss P[ort], the gentle Madlle. Montmoulin, and the friendly Miss Planta. My dear father was the principal object to all, and he seemed to enjoy himself and to be enjoyed throughout.

"We returned to my own apartments to our coffee, and then came the King for Mrs. Delany, and not for that solely, though ostensibly, for his behaviour to my father proved his desire to see and converse with him.

"He began immediately upon musical matters, and entered into a discourse upon them with the most animated wish of both hearing and communicating his sentiments, and my dear father was perfectly ready to meet his advances. No one at all used to the Court etiquettes could have seen him without smiling. . . . Highly gratified by the openness and good-humour of the King, he was all energy and spirit. While the rest,

retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle in which the King alone moves, this dear father came forward into it himself, and wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, followed the King when he moved away, and came forward to meet his steps when he moved back. . . .

"This vivacity and this nature evidently pleased the King, . . . and his stay in the room, which I believe was an hour, and the perfect good-humour with which he received as well as returned the sprightly and informal sallies of my father, were proofs the most convincing of his approbation."

On another occasion when Dr. Burney was at Windsor, Fanny had asked him "to snatch at any possible opportunity" of expressing to the Queen his gratitude for her kind consideration, at all times, for his daughter's comfort. An opportunity soon offered when both the King and Queen had come into Fanny's room on purpose to call upon Dr. Burney. "My father had planned his speech," she writes, "and was quite elevated with the prospect of making it. . . . Nevertheless, no sooner did the King touch upon that dangerous string, the 'History of Music,' than all else was forgotten! Away flew the speech—the Queen herself was present in vain—eagerly and warmly he began an account of his

progress and an enumeration of his materials, and out from his pockets came a couple of dirty books, which he had lately picked up at an immense price at a sale, and which, in showing to the King, he said were equally scarce and valuable, and added with energy, 'I would not take fifty pounds for that!' Just as if he had said—little as he meant such meaning—'Don't hope for it in your own collection!'

"On another evening, after coffee, the sweet Princess Amelia was brought by the King himself to fetch Mrs. Delany. . . .

"Sportively pointing to my father, the King whispered her—

"'Do you know who that is?'

"'No.'

"'Is it Miss Burney's papa?'

"'No!'

"'Why not? is he too young?'

"'Yes!'

"This mightily entertained the King, who repeated it to my father as a compliment to his youthful looks.

"The little Princess then, taking Mrs. Delany by the hand, pulled her on. 'Come, Mrs. Delany, come to mamma; *take care*, Mrs. Delany! Papa, come and take care of Mrs. Delany down the steps!—don't you come alone, Mrs. Delany!' and away they all went, though the King turned

round and said, 'And who shall we leave to take care of Miss Burney?'

"'Why—that!' cried she comically, and pointing to my father."

One day the little Princess Amelia was brought to Miss Burney's parlour for consolation, as she had burnt one of her fingers with some hot sealing-wax and was in great pain. A remedy being applied, the King watched the abatement of the child's pain with much satisfaction.

"'She wanted to come to you,' said he, 'very much!—she would not be denied. Miss Burney is now the first in favour with her.'"

Among those who held posts as teachers to the royal children was "the gentle Mdlle. Montmoulin," who instructed them in the art of embroidery.

"She is one of the best and finest work-women to be met with," writes Miss Burney. "She has taught the little Princesses a thousand ingenious uses of the needle."

It so happens that the family of the present writer possesses a beautiful specimen of embroidery worked by an ancestor, who was a pupil of this same Mdlle. Montmoulin. The design is elegant, and the mixture of the flowers of three seasons, with a predominating tulip, suggests a Dutch original; while the graceful ribbon, which confines the stems, suggests French influence.

PRINCESS MARY
By Hoptner

These are worked in silks upon a black satin ground and mounted on an antique fire-screen. The colours, both of the flowers and of a butterfly that hovers over them, are apparently as fresh as when the group was wrought by a young hand a hundred and thirty years ago.

Miss Burney writes from St. James's Palace early in January 1787: "The Queen makes a New Year's gift annually to all her household; I mean all of the upper class. Mine was very elegant: a complete set of very beautiful white and gold china for tea, and a coffee-pot, teapot, cream jug, and milk jug of silver, in forms remarkably pretty."

We have seen a tea service of the period, probably much like that described, which was presented by George the Third's daughters to a favourite lady of the Court, who bequeathed them to a member of our family. The service, including a tiny tea-caddy, is of silver gilt, but is quite unlike the glaring modern style of such gilding. It has the appearance rather of a silver set with a faint flush of golden light upon it.

Writing again from St. James's Palace later on Miss Burney speaks of the celebration of the King's birthday on the 4th June.

"The Queen wore a very beautiful dress," she says, "of a new manufacture of worked muslin, thin, fine, and clear as the chambery gauze. I

attended her from the blue closet, in which she dresses, through the rooms that lead to the breakfast apartment. In one of these, while she stopped for her hairdresser to finish her head-dress, the King joined her. She spoke to him in German, and he kissed her hand.

"The three elder Princesses came in soon after they all went up to their royal father, who kissed them very affectionately. . . . The door was thrown open to the breakfast-room, which is a noble apartment, fitted up with some of Vandyke's best works; and the instant the King, who led the way, entered, I was surprised by a sudden sound of music, and found that a band of musicians were stationed there to welcome him. The Princesses followed, but the Princess Elizabeth turned round to me to say she could hardly bear the music. It was the first morning of her coming down to breakfast for many months, as she has had that repast in her own room ever since her dangerous illness. The music overcame her, she said, more than the dressing, more than the early rising, more than the whole of the hurry and fatigue.

"Princess Augusta came back to cheer and counsel her. . . . A lively 'How d'ye do, Miss Burney? I hope you are quite well now?' from the sweet Princess Mary, who was entering the ante-room, made me turn from her two charming

sisters; she passed on to the breakfast, soon followed by Princess Sophia and a train of their governesses. . . . I had then the pleasure to see little Princess Amelia with Mrs. Cheveley, who brought up the rear. Never in tale or fable were there six sister Princesses more lovely."

CHAPTER X

CERBERA

In Miss Burney's life at Court, amidst much that was amiable and attractive, there was one serious drawback that we have already glanced at, namely, the behaviour of her coadjutrix—Mrs. Schwellenberg.

That lady beheld Miss Burney's growing popularity with a jealous eye, and her temper, at all times violent, and now soured by ill-health, made her such a companion as it must have been a true penance to live with.

It is interesting, in view of the erroneous opinions held by some modern writers concerning Mrs. Schwellenberg's treatment of Miss Burney, to turn to the contemporary *Journals* of Mrs. Papendiek for an unbiassed estimate of Mrs. Schwellenberg's character.

Mrs. Papendiek calls that lady "a shrewd, ambitious woman," and she tells us that from first arriving in England with the young Queen in 1761 she had steadily advanced her own

interests and grasped at more and more power. "She was to be styled 'Madame,' as a distinction from her companion, Mrs. Haggerdorn," writes Mrs. Papendiek; "her apartments were to join those of the Queen, and no one was to be admitted to her Majesty's presence without first having been introduced to Madame. . . . By imperceptible degrees Madame brought herself to the head of the wardrobe department. . . . She no longer dressed the Queen, but stood by while others performed the task.

"My father," remarks the writer, "was a silent observer of what was going on, and greatly regretted it, fearing the consequences. [Indeed] what my father expected did occur within a few years. The strides of Madame were too great. The King desired that she should be dismissed, and return to Germany upon an allowance suitable to her position in that country. [But] finding that this intention made the Queen uneasy . . . the King revoked his determination upon certain conditions," one being that Mrs. Schwellenberg "should share the labours of her place equally with her companion [Mrs. Haggerdorn], and infringe upon no regulations unconnected with her immediate appointment." The Queen was hurt, "and, I fear," adds Mrs. Papendiek, "that at times through life the overbearing disposition of this woman did disturb the harmony of this

[Royal] circle, although this check given her did in some measure put her on her guard."

Miss Burney, as the reader will remember, held the post vacated by Mrs. Haggerdorn, but, unlike that lady, she was much younger than Mrs. Schwellenberg, and also was quite new to her position at Court. These circumstances were at once taken advantage of by Mrs. Schwellenberg, who assumed from the first a dictatorial attitude towards Fanny, and who endeavoured also to get much personal attendance from her for which she had no claim whatever.

Fanny writes, soon after assuming her post at Court: "At the second toilette to-day Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left the dressing-room before me, called out at the door, 'Miss Bernar, when you have done from the Queen, come to my room.'

"There was something more peremptory in the order than was quite pleasant to me, and I rather dryly answered, 'Very well, Mrs. Schwellenberg.'

".The Queen was uncommonly sweet and gracious in her manner after this lady's departure, and kept me with her some time after she was dressed. . . .

"When I went to Mrs. Schwellenberg, she said, 'You might know I had something to say to you by my calling you before the Queen.' She then

proceeded to a long prelude which I could but ill comprehend, save that it conveyed much of obligation on my part and favour on hers." This preamble ushered in the information that the Queen was about to go upon an excursion, and that Miss Burney would probably go with her; and then Mrs. Schwellenberg abruptly remarked, "You are to have a gown."

"I stared and drew back," writes Fanny, "with a look so undisguised of wonder and displeasure [that] she thought it time . . . to name her authority. . . . 'The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says you are not rich,' &c.

"There was something in the manner of this quite intolerable to me; and I hastily interrupted her with saying, 'I have two new gowns by me, and therefore do not require another.'

". . . The highest surprise sat upon her brow; she had imagined that a gown—that any present—would have been caught at with obsequious avidity, but indeed she was mistaken.

"Seeing the wonder and displeasure now hers, I calmly added, 'The Queen is very good, and I am very sensible of her Majesty's graciousness; but there is not, in this instance, the least occasion for it.'

"'Miss Bernar,' cried she quite angrily, 'I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown,

you must be humble, thankful, when you are Duchess of Ancaster.'

"She then enumerated various ladies to whom her Majesty had made the same present, many of them of the first distinction and all, she said, great secrets. . . . When she had finished her list of secret ladies, I told her I must beg to speak to the Queen and make my own acknowledgments for her gracious intention.

"This she positively forbid, and said it must only pass through her hands. 'When I give you the gown,' she added, 'I will tell you when you may make your curtsey. . . .'

"How little did the sweet Queen imagine," remarks Fanny, "that this her first mark of favour should be so offered me as to raise in me my first spirit of resistance! How differently would she have executed her own commission herself! To avoid exciting jealousy was, I doubt not, her motive for employing another."

A little while after this occurrence, Fanny writes in her Diary: "The Queen received one morning from Stoke some of the most beautiful double violets I ever saw; they were with other flowers, very fine, but too powerful (in scent) for her, and she desired me to carry them into another room. But stopping me as I was going, she took out three little bunches of the violets

and said, 'This you shall send to Mrs. Delany; this I will keep; and this—take for yourself?'

"I quite longed to tell her how much more I valued such a gift, presented by her own hand, than the richest tabby[1] in the world by a deputy!"

Fanny has already mentioned her evening *tête-à-têtes* with Mrs. Schwellenberg between the hour of supper and her being called to her duties for the Queen at bedtime. This was usually a period of about two hours, which the crabbed temper of her companion made a most trying time. In an unpublished portion of her Diary Fanny writes: "My dear Mrs. Delany stayed till supper-time—and then—I finished my evening, as usual, by the severest duty of my station!—above stairs."

But Fanny, in spite of all her trials, could pity her coadjutrix for bodily suffering. Writing in her Diary soon after the episode of the gown had occurred, she says—

"At night this poor woman was so ill, so lost for want of her party at cards, and so frightened with apprehensions of the return of some dreadful spasmodic complaints . . . that I was induced to do a thing . . . against which I had resolved to struggle unrelentingly. This

[1] Tabby, a kind of wrought silk, perhaps of Indian or Persian origin. See Richardson's Dictionary.

was to play at cards with her. She had frequently given me broad hints of desiring me to learn; but I had openly declared I disliked cards and never wished nor meant to learn a single game. However to-night's sufferings conquered me, and I proposed it myself. The offer was plumply accepted, and Miss Planta was sent for to help to teach me. Irksome enough is this compliance, but while I stand firm in points of honour, I must content myself to relinquish those of inclination."

The card-playing in George the Third's Court was happily for amusement only. On ascending his throne, the King had found that gambling prevailed to a terrible extent in the Royal Palaces, and after attempting in vain to put a stop to it by persuasion, he decreed in 1765 that it should cease altogether.

Mrs. Schwellenberg's tyrannical behaviour as a travelling companion was specially hard to bear, for in a long journey by coach the inmates were not only closely packed together, but escape was impossible. Unfortunately for Miss Burney these journeys were constantly recurring, as the Court was continually moving from Windsor to London and from London to Kew.

Fanny writes in her Diary, on a bitterly cold day towards the end of November 1787: "I

had a terrible journey indeed to town; Mrs. Schwellenberg finding it expedient to have the glass down on my side, whence there blew in

WINDOW IN MISS BURNEY'S PARLOUR

a sharp wind, which so painfully attacked my eyes that they were inflamed even before we arrived in town, [and] before the evening I grew

so ill that I could not propose going to Chelsea [to see Charles], lest I should be utterly unfitted for Thursday's drawing-room.

"The next day, however, I received a consolation that has been some ease to my mind ever since. My dear father spent the evening with me, and was so incensed at the state of my eyes, which were now as piteous to behold as to feel, and at the relation of their usage, that he charged me, another time, to draw up my glass in defiance of all opposition, and to abide by all consequences, since my place was wholly immaterial when put in competition with my health.

"The next day, when we assembled to return to Windsor, Mr. de Luc was in real consternation at sight of my eyes; and I saw an indignant glance at my coadjutrix that could scarce content itself without being understood. . . . Some business of Mrs. Schwellenberg's [however] occasioned a delay of the journey, and we all retreated back, and when I returned to my room, Miller, the old head-housemaid, came to me, with a little neat tin saucepan in her hand, saying, 'Pray, ma'am, use this for your eyes; 'tis milk and butter, *such as I used to make for Mrs. Haggerdorn* when she travelled in the winter with Mrs. Schwellenberg.'

"Good Heaven! I really shuddered when she added that all the poor woman's misfortunes

with her eyes, which, from inflammation after inflammation, grew nearly blind, were attributed by her to these journeys, in which she was forced to have the glass down at her side in all weathers, and frequently the glasses behind her also. . . . Goter[1] told me afterwards that all the servants in the house had remarked *I was going just the same way!*

"Miss Planta presently ran into my room to say she had hopes we should travel without this amiable being; and she had left me but a moment when Mrs. Stainforth succeeded her, exclaiming, 'O, for Heaven's sake, don't leave her behind; for Heaven's sake, Miss Burney, take her with you!'

"'Twas impossible not to laugh at these opposite interests, both from the agony of fear, breaking through all restraint.

"Soon after, however, we all assembled again and got into the coach. Mr. de Luc, who was my *vis-à-vis*, instantly pulled up the glass.

"'Put down that glass!' was the immediate order.

"He affected not to hear her, and began conversing. She raged quite tremendously, calling aloud to be obeyed without delay. He looked compassionately at me and shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'But, ma'am——'

[1] Miss Burney's maid.

"'Do it, Mr. de Luc, when I tell you! I will have it! When you been too cold you might bear it!'

"'It is not for me, ma'am, but poor Miss Burney.'

"'O, poor Miss Burney might bear it the same! Put it down, Mr. de Luc! without, I will get out! Put it down when I tell you! It is my coach! I will have it selfs! I might go alone in it, or with one, or with what you call nobody, when I please!'

"Frightened for good Mr. de Luc, and the more for being much obliged to him, I now interfered, and begged him to let down the glass. Very reluctantly he complied, and I leant back in the coach, and held up my muff to my eyes.

"What a journey ensued! To see that face when lighted up with fury is a sight for horror! I was glad to exclude it by my muff. . . .

"When we were about half-way we stopped to water the horses. Mr. de Luc then again pulled up the glass as if from absence [of mind]. A voice of fury exclaimed, 'Let it down! without, I won't go!'

"[On the window being let down, she exclaimed to her companion]—

"'You might bear it when you like it! What did the poor Haggerdorn bear it! when the blood was all running down from her eyes!'

". . . . [On reaching Windsor, Miss Planta came to my room], bringing me some eye-water, and telling me she had 'Never so longed to beat anybody in her life; and yet, I assure you,' she added, 'everybody remarks that Mrs. Schwellenberg behaves altogether better to you than to anybody!'

"O, Heavens!"

CHAPTER XI

IN THE QUEEN'S DRESSING-ROOM

Miss Burney's position at Court gave her early access to new publications of interest, which invariably made their first appearance in the Royal circle.

One day she speaks of reading aloud to her Majesty Rousseau's *Letters on Botany*, translated by Martin: "I was extremely pleased," she says, "as far as I proceeded, and the Queen said I shall read a letter or two of it every day while we remain at Windsor." [1]

The Queen would often talk at her ease with Miss Burney upon literary matters, while her hair was being elaborately dressed by her coiffeur, or sometimes she would herself read aloud passages from favourite books. She was methodical in all her arrangements, and strongly disapproved of any waste of time. "I am always quarrelling with time," she remarked one day; "it is so short to do something, and so long to do nothing."

[1] Burney MSS.

In the Queen's Dressing-room

Writing in the autumn of 1786 Fanny says—

"About this time the Queen one day, taking up a book, said, 'Now don't answer what I am going to ask if you have any objection to it. This book, I have been told, contains the character of Mrs. Montagu?'

"It was the *Observer*;[1] I could not deny it, and she opened at the account of Vanessa, and read it out to me, stopping upon every new name for a key from me. I could give it to but very few. Mrs. Wright the wax-modeller, Dr. Johnson, and I have forgot what others; but when she came to a complimentary passage [concerning] a *young lady with an Arcadian air*, to whom Vanessa says, 'My dear, I am in your third volume,' she looked towards me with an archness that did not make me feel very pale, as she added, 'Who is meant by that?' I truly answered I knew not.

"How infinitely severe a criticism is this Vanessa upon Mrs. Montagu!" continues Miss Burney; "I think it a very injurious attack in Mr. Cumberland; for whatever may be Mrs. Montagu's foibles . . . as a member of society she is magnificently useful. This and much more to the purpose I said to her Majesty, defending her as well as I was able from this illiberal assault. The Queen was very ready to hear

[1] By Richard Cumberland.

me and to concur in thinking such usage very cruel. She told me that the character of Hume was also given under another fictitious name, and of Lord Sackville."

After reading the work, which was in three volumes, Fanny remarks: "I am heartily averse to any work of any species that contains such hard personalities; and I think the *Observer*, besides, little more than a compilation from some classic scholar's commonplace book; for all that is not personal is criticism on Greek authors and customs."

Mr. Cumberland was notoriously jealous of those of his contemporary writers who had become popular, and when Sheridan's play of *The Critic* made its appearance in 1779, the public at once recognised him as the prototype of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

A comical scene between Mr. Cumberland and Mrs. Thrale is given in an early volume of the *Diary and Letters;* when that lady recounted to him with mischievous satisfaction some details concerning the extraordinary success of *Evelina* on its first appearance.

"'Johnson says nothing like it has appeared for years!' she said.

"'So,' cried he, biting his lips, and moving uneasily in his chair; 'so, so!'

"'Yes,' continued she, 'and Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds told Mr. Thrale he would give fifty pounds to know the author!'

"'So, so—ah, vastly well!' cried he, putting his hand on his forehead.

"'Nay,' added she, 'Burke himself sat up all night to finish it!'

"'Oh, vastly well,' he said, 'this will do for anything!' with a tone as much as to say, 'Pray no more!'"

On one occasion the Queen mentioned Cowper's poem of *The Task*, observing that it contained "one of the most just compliments to the King, without extravagance and without coldness, that could be paid him."

Upon the book being produced, "she took it into her own hands," writes Fanny, "to look for the passage, and then read it aloud herself, looking at me as she proceeded to observe and draw from me what I thought of it."

The passage alluded to occurs in the "Winter Morning Walk."

It is as follows—

"We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The King who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free;
But, recollecting still, that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be
And King in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;

May exercise amiss his proper powers,
And covet more than freemen choose to grant!
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the State,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you.
. . . . . .
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought."

One day the Queen's literary tastes brought Fanny into a comical predicament. It was on the occasion of her Majesty's suddenly asking for the loan of Dr. Burney's *German Tour*,[1] a work written some years earlier, and in which, as his daughter knew, there was much freedom of criticism upon German ways and modes of thought.

"O! all those *hundert tausend sacrements!*" exclaims Fanny, when writing to her father. "How I did start! I felt all within hubble bubble round me, as if whirled by a wheel. I made no answer. I could not get out a word."

[1] *The Present State of Music in Germany*, by Charles Burney, Mus.D., F.R.S., published 1773–75.

In the Queen's Dressing-room

On the Queen remarking that she wished to lend the book to the Princess Elizabeth, Fanny continues: "This a little revived me. I had fancied it was to look for some passage herself, and immediately concluded it must be that upon German Genius! and thus, thought I, 'tis all over with us for ever!

". . . Surprised, I am sure, at [my] unwillingness, the Queen said that 'the greatest care should be taken of [the book], and she would answer for no injury coming to it if I would lend it.'

"Quite ashamed of this misapprehension of my reluctance, I said I would go and see if I had brought it to Windsor or not; and away I ran.

"It then occurred to me that it would be best to take this opportunity to mention your *Pentimento*, fairly and openly, and your intention, upon a future edition, to correct some of the severities, which you regretted. I therefore took back the book—out of breath, both with fear and consciousness. . . .

"I . . . gathered courage now to say, 'Ma'am, this is a set my father was preparing for some amendment; as he wrote in haste, and with the very recent impression of much personal suffering and ill-usage on his journey, and therefore he now thinks he was led to some rash declarations and opinions which he is earnest to correct.'

"I was ready to clap myself for this speech the moment I had got it out.

"The Queen smiled with much approbation of the design, and said most good-humouredly, 'Indeed, it is but true, that travelling in Germany is very bad and provoking.' . . .

"She then opened at Frankfort, and read about the street musicians aloud, and was going on in a tone of pleasure when the King entered! Not to interrupt the Queen, he spoke to me: 'What are you about? What have you got there?'

"I was now in a worse twitter than ever. I hemmed and hawed, but the Queen stopped reading, and answered, ''Tis her father's *Tour;* I wish Elizabeth to read it, and my set is at Kew.'

"'O!' cried he, 'mine is here.'

". . . He sat down and took up a volume.

"I now, in the best way I could, forced out a repetition of the same speech I made before.

"The Queen, turning over to another place, said, 'Here are marks with a pencil!'

"'Yes, ma'am,' cried I in a horrid hurry, 'those are only of places to be altered; but my father would be very sorry your Majesty should look at what he gives up himself.'

"She felt this, and turned from the paragraph.

"The King, looking very wickedly droll indeed, and eyeing me to see how I took it, turned over his volume with great rapidity, calling out, 'Why, I can't find a mark! where are they all?'

"'The marked places, sir,' said I, 'are just what—I would not have you find—I meant,' —but though I stopped, I saw he understood me, for he laughed very expressively, and still watching me looked on, and I expected every minute he would meet with that terrible sentence. . . .

"Here there was an interruption, and in a few minutes they both went to the concert-room.

"[The books were sent to the Princess Elizabeth], but a most ridiculous mistake followed; the Princess told Miss Planta she was going to read Dr. Burney's *German Tour*, 'and I am quite delighted,' she added, 'that I have Miss Burney's set, with all the marks of her favourite passages!'"

In the spring of 1787 Fanny fell ill of a fever, through which she was devotedly nursed by her sisters and her intimate friend Mrs. Lock, who came by turns to Windsor for that purpose. The illness, happily, was not of long duration, but an incident occurred during it which we are tempted to mention.

While Fanny's sister Susan (Mrs. Phillips) was

in attendance, she heard one day a gentle rap at the bedroom door, and on opening it found to her great surprise that the visitor was no other than Queen Charlotte! "The Queen was alone," writes Susan to her father, "and, stepping a little way from the door, [she] made a motion for me to come forward, saying in a low voice, 'Don't disturb your sister, Mrs. Phillips—let me speak to *you*.'

"Her Majesty began by inquiring minutely into the state of our poor Fanny's health, and after I had answered all her questions as well as I could, 'she cannot think,' said she, 'of moving to-morrow—she could not stir, poor thing.'

". . . After this she made particular inquiries after every one of my dear father's children, not forgetting Sally, whom she called 'the little Swiss girl.' I was really surprised to find her Majesty so *accurately informed*, and that she remembered so well all the answers our Fanny must have made to former inquiries. . . . She then spoke, and made me speak to her with a degree of ease and of comfort which I could not have conceived to have been possible. After, I believe, half-an-hour, she rose and said, 'Well now, I will go—you will tell your sister I called upon her; I am very sorry she is *not* better'; and at the door she stopped to say, 'You should walk out. . . . You will otherwise find these rooms quite too close for

FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK
From a portrait taken in Germany

you.' I spoke my humble thanks as well as I was able, and with a very sweet smile and condescending *bend* she left me."[1]

Before Miss Burney had been long an inmate of the Palace it had become evident to her that in the midst of the peaceful and united life of the royal couple there was a secret trial that pressed sorely upon them. This trial was caused by the conduct of their first-born—the Prince of Wales.

Writing in November 1786, Fanny remarks: "I was much touched with a sort of unconscious confidence with which the Queen relieved her mind. She asked me my opinion of a paper in the *Tatler* which I did not recollect; and when she was dressed and seated in her sitting-room, she made me give her the book and read to me this paper. It is an account of a young man of a good heart and sweet disposition who is allured by pleasure into a libertine life, which he pursues by habit but with constant remorse and ceaseless shame and unhappiness.

"It was impossible for me to miss her object: all the mother was in her voice while she read it, and her glistening eyes told the application made throughout."

It sometimes happened, however, that the Prince, moved by his better feelings, would make

[1] See original letter given in Appendix to vol. ii. of Austin Dobson's edition of the *Diary and Letters*.

overtures to obtain his father's forgiveness. Such an event occurred in the spring of 1787, and Miss Burney writes: "How I rejoiced at the public reconciliation with the Prince of Wales, which had taken place during my illness!"

George III.'s second son, the Duke of York, to whom he was devotedly attached, had been residing for a long period in Germany. Fanny writes on August 2nd—

"To-day, after a seven years' absence, arrived the Duke of York. I saw him alight from his carriage with an eagerness, a vivacity, that assured me of the affectionate joy with which he returned to his country and family. But the joy of his excellent father!—O that there is no describing! It was the glee of the first youth—nay, of ardent and innocent infancy—so pure it seemed, so warm, so open, so unmixed!

"Softer joy was the Queen's—mild, equal, and touching; while all the Princesses were in one universal rapture.

". . . To have the pleasure of seeing the Royal Family in this happy assemblage, I accompanied Miss P—— on the Terrace. It was indeed an affecting sight to view the general content; but that of the King went to my very heart, so delighted he looked—so proud of his son—so benevolently pleased that every one should witness his satisfaction.

In the Queen's Dressing-room

"The Terrace was very full; all Windsor and its neighbourhood poured in upon it, to see the Prince whose whole demeanour seemed promising to merit his flattering reception; gay, yet grateful—modest, yet unembarrassed.

". . . . Early the next morning arrived the Prince of Wales, who had travelled all night from Brighthelmstone. The day was a day of complete happiness to the whole of the Royal Family; the King was in one transport of delight, unceasing, invariable; and though the newly-arrived Duke was its source and support, the kindness of his heart extended and expanded to his Eldest Born, whom he seemed ready again to take to his paternal breast."

CHAPTER XII

VISITORS AT WINDSOR

During the early period of her Court life Miss Burney was continually being introduced to fresh people, and she was often sorely perplexed as to whether she should or should not accept their offers to call upon her at the Queen's Lodge—the rules of etiquette being very difficult to master.

"Madame la Fite called this morning," she writes in September 1786, "to tell me she must take no denial in forming me a new acquaintance—Madame de la Roche, a German by birth, but married to a Frenchman;—an authoress, a woman of talents and distinction, a character highly celebrated. . . . 'She dies with eagerness to see you,' she added in French, 'and I have invited her to Windsor, where I have told her I have no other feast prepared for her but to show her Dr. Herschel and Miss Burney.'

"'. . . She had already,' she said, 'written to Madame de la Roche to come the next day, and

if I would not meet her, she "must be covered with disgrace."'

"Accordingly I went, and arrived before Madame de la Roche. Poor Madame la Fite received me in transport; and I soon witnessed another transport, at least equal, to Madame de la Roche, which happily was returned by the same warmth; and it was not till after a thousand embraces, and the most ardent professions—'*Ma digne amie! est-il possible?—te vois-je?*' &c.—that I discovered they had never met before in their lives!—they had corresponded, but no more!

"This somewhat lessened my surprise when my turn arrived; for no sooner was I named than all the *embrassades* were transferred to me—'*La digne Miss Borni!—l'auteur de 'Cecile'?—d' 'Evelina'?—Non, ce n'est pas possible!—Suis-je si heureuse?—Oui, je la vois à ses yeux!—Ah, que de bonheur!*'"

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of other visitors, "But Madame de la Roche told me," continues Fanny, "that she had been only three days in England, and had yet made but a beginning of seeing *les spectacles*, and *les gens célèbres*;—and what do you think was the first, and as yet sole spectacle to which she had been carried?—Bedlam!—And who the first, and as yet only *homme célèbre* she had seen—Lord

George Gordon!—whom she called *le fameux* George Gordon, and with whom she had dined in company with Count Cagliostro!"

Fanny continues on the following Sunday: "At the chapel this morning Madame la Fite placed Madame de la Roche between herself and me, and proposed bringing her to the Lodge to return my visit. . . . I was much chagrined at such a proposal, but had no means of declining it as it was made across Madame de la Roche herself.

"Accordingly, at about two o'clock, when I came from the Queen, I found them both in possession of my room, and Madame la Fite occupied in examining my books. . . .

"As soon as we were seated, Madame la Fite began with assuring me, aloud, of the 'conquest' I had made of Madame de la Roche, and appealed to that lady for the truth of what she said. Madame de la Roche answered her by rising and throwing her arms about me, and kissing my cheeks from side to side repeatedly.

"Madame la Fite, as soon as this was over and we had resumed our seats, opened the next subject by saying Madame de la Roche had read and adored *Cecilia*. . . .

"'*O, oui, oui!*' cried her friend, '*mais la vrai Cecile, c'est Miss Borni! charmante Miss Borni! digne, douce et aimable!* Coom to me arms! *que je vous embrasse mille fois!*'"

After this ceremony had been performed, the lady, urged by her friend, recounted some tender reminiscences of her youth, when, it seems, the German poet Wieland had been in love with her.

"Madame de la Roche, then rising and fixing her eyes, filled with tears, on my face, while she held both my hands, in the most melting accents exclaimed, '*Miss Borni! la plus chère, la plus digne des Anglaises! dites moi—m'aimez-vous?*'

"I answered as well as I could, but what I said was not very positive.

"Madame la Fite came to us and desired we might make a trio of friendship, which should bind us to one another for life. Then they both embraced me, and both wept for joyful fondness!"

Writing on the 14th August 1787, Miss Burney speaks of the arrival at Windsor of two new equerries to the Duke of York, who were introduced to her at the tea-table by the names of Bunbury and Crawfurd.

"I was very curious to know," she says, "if this was *the* Bunbury; and I conjectured it could be no other. . . . I whispered my inquiry to Colonel Gwynn as soon as I found an opportunity, and heard, 'Yes—'tis Harry Bunbury, sure enough!'

"So now we may be all caricatured at his

leisure! . . . A man with such a turn, and with talents so inimitable in displaying it, was rather a dangerous character to be brought within a Court!"

On the following day Mrs. Siddons came to Windsor, by command of the Queen, to read a play to the Royal Family. Miss Burney was desired to receive her on her arrival. She had hitherto only met Mrs. Siddons in large assemblies, and had never before conversed with her. She found her "the Heroine of a Trajedy—sublime, elevated, and solemn. In face and person truly noble and commanding," but "in manners quiet and stiff, and in conversation formal."

The play chosen was *The Provoked Husband*. "I should very much have liked to have heard it," remarks Fanny.

At the tea-table that evening were the Duke of Montagu, Generals Grenville and Budé, Colonels Goldsworthy and Gwynn, and Messrs. Crawfurd and Bunbury.

"My sole conversation," writes Fanny, "was with Mr. Bunbury, who drew a chair next to mine, and chatted incessantly, with great good-humour, and an avidity to discuss the subjects he started, which were all concerning plays and players, Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, Le Tessier and Shakespeare—these were fruitful

themes, and descanted upon with great warmth and animation.

". . . Presently the voice of the Duke of York was heard calling aloud for Colonel Goldsworthy. Off he ran. Mr. Bunbury laughed, but declared he would not take the hint. The Reading was about to commence. 'What,' cried he, 'if I lose the beginning? I think I know it pretty well by heart!—"*Why did I marry?*"' And then he began to spout and act and rattle away with all his might, till the same voice called out, 'Bunbury! you'll be too late!' and off he flew, leaving his tea untasted, so eager had he been in discourse."

Miss Burney speaks of a certain Mr. Jacob Bryant coming to dine with her one day, who was known as the author of a learned and voluminous work upon mythology.

"Very soon after [dinner]," she writes, "came the King, who entered into a gay disquisition with Mr. Bryant upon his school achievements, to which he answered with a readiness and simplicity highly entertaining.

"'You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant,' said the King; 'but, pray, for what were you most famous at school?'

"We all expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear him answer his—Latin Exercises; but no such thing!

"'Cudgelling, sir. I was most famous for that.'

"While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularise his feats; though, unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble, little frame whence issued the proclamation of his prowess, you can but very inadequately judge the comic effect of his big talk.

"'Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, sir.'

"The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail.

"'And there's another man, sir, a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon of the Temple—I broke his head, too, sir. I don't know if he remembers it. . . .'

"The converse went on in the same style, and the King was so much entertained by Mr. Bryant that he stayed almost the whole evening."

Miss Burney's connection with the Court gave her many an opportunity, when in town, of visiting the theatre. She writes in March 1787: "About this time I went to a play which surely I may live long enough and never forget. It was *Seduction*, a very clever piece, but containing a dreadful picture of vice and dissipation in high life, written by Mr. Miles Andrews, with an epilogue—oh, such an epilogue! I was listening to it with uncommon attention, from a compliment paid in it to Mrs. Montagu, among other

female writers ; but imagine what became of my attention when I suddenly was struck with these lines, or something like them—

'And oft let soft *Cecilia* win your praise,
While Reason guides the clue in Fanny's maze.'[1]

"To hear, wholly unprepared, such lines in a theatre—seated in a Royal box—and with the whole Royal Family and their suite immediately opposite me, was it not a singular circumstance? To describe my embarrassment would be impossible. My whole head was leaning forward, my opera-glass in my hand, examining Miss Farren, who spoke the epilogue. Instantly I shrunk back, so astonished and so ashamed of my public situation, that I was almost ready to take to my heels and run, for it seemed as if I were there purposely in that conspicuous place—

'To list attentive to my own applause.'

"The King immediately raised his opera-glass to look at me, laughing heartily ; the Queen's presently took the same direction ; all the Princesses looked up, and all the attendants and all the maids of honour! . . . I sat as far back as I could, and kept my fan against the exposed profile for the rest of the night, never once leaning forward nor using my glass.

[1] This is the correct version of the lines. See Austin Dobson's edition of the *Diary and Letters*.

"None of the Royal Family spoke to me upon this matter till a few days after [when] the Queen could not forbear saying, 'I hope, Miss Burney, you minded the epilogue the other night?'

"And the King very comically said, 'I took a peep at you! I could not help that. I wanted to see how you looked when your father first discovered your writing—and now I think I know!'"

CHAPTER XIII

EVERYTHING DELECTABLE IN THE BLUE WAY

WHENEVER the Court made a lengthened sojourn in town, Fanny Burney had opportunities of visiting her family and her many friends.

Horace Walpole writes to Hannah More in June 1787—

"The last time I saw her before I left London, Miss Burney passed the evening [in Clarges Street] looking quite recovered and well, and so cheerful and agreeable that the Court seems only to have improved the ease of her manner, instead of stamping more reserve on it, as I feared. But what slight graces it can give will not compensate to us and the world for the loss of her company and her writings."

This shows that what Fanny had hoped would come to pass in the course of time had already done so. In December 1786 she wrote in an unpublished portion of her Diary: "Though I try, as bound in common sense, to cast aside my unfortunate shyness when I have company to

receive as my own guests, I cannot so well succeed as to draw out anybody that is not forward to come forth; at least not in a large party. Practice, however, will mend all this, so I do not much heed it."

Fanny writes in her Diary towards the end of January 1788: "My kind Mrs. Ord settled Thursday se'night for an assembly at her house of my old friends, purposely to indulge me with once again seeing them in a body"; and later on she writes, "I must finish my account of this month by my own assembly at my dear Mrs. Ord's."

Before giving Miss Burney's description of this gathering, we should like to introduce the reader to the house of John Ord, Master-in-Chancery, and Mrs. Ord.

Miss Burney tells us that the house was situated in Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, a district that bordered on the country in those days, when meadows stretched far away between it and the distant heights of Hampstead and Highgate. These meadows adjoined the New Road, now called the Marylebone Road; and in a contemporary map we find marked "Bilson's Farm," the "Mary-le-bone pond," and the "Cow-sheds."

We have been able, by careful investigation, to identify Mrs. Ord's house in Queen Anne

IN MRS. ORD'S DRAWING-ROOM

Street. Its present number is 35. A Queen Anne pediment surmounts the entrance, and above projects a long balcony with graceful iron-work.

Happily the interior of this house is but little changed since Mrs. Ord's day. We have ascended its broad, winding staircase, and have entered its two lofty drawing-rooms, opening into each other, with their tall sashed windows looking back and front. In the larger room there is an elegantly-carved marble chimney-piece. Here it was that Mrs. Ord received her guests, and here Hannah More tells us she used to meet "everything delectable in the Blue way."

Miss Burney, writing of "her own assembly," says: "I passed through the friendly hands of Miss Ord to the most cordial ones of Mrs. Garrick, who frankly embraced me, saying, 'Do I see you once more before I *tie*, my *tear little spark?* for your father is my *flame* all my life, and you are a little *spark* of that flame!' . . .

"Then came Mr. Pepys. He spoke to me instantly of the *Streatham Letters*.[1] He is in an agony as to his own fate, but said there could be no doubt of my faring well. . . .

"We were interrupted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I was quite glad to see him, and we began chat-

[1] Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, then on the eve of publication.

ting with all our old spirit, and he quite raved against my present life of confinement and the invisibility it had occasioned, &c., &c.

"The approach of Mrs. Porteus stopped this. . . . She came to inquire whether, now she saw I really was not wholly immured, there was any chance of a more intimate cultivation of an acquaintance long begun, but stopped in its first progress.

"Her Bishop, whom I had not seen since his preferment from Chester to London, joined us, and most good-naturedly entered into a discourse upon my health.

"I was next called to Mrs. Montagu, who was behind with no one in kind speeches, and who insisted upon making me a visit at the Queen's house, and would take no denial to my fixing my own time, whenever I was at leisure, and sending her word; and she promised to put off any and every engagement for that purpose.

"I could make no other return to such civility but to desire to postpone it till my dear Mr. and Mrs. Locke came to town and could meet her.

"Mrs. Boscawen was my next little *tête-à-tête* but I had only begun it when Mr. Cambridge came to my side.

"'I can't get a word,' cried he, with a most forlorn look, 'and yet I came on purpose.'

"I thanked him, and felt such a real pleasure

in his sight, from old and never-varying regard, that I began to listen to him with my usual satisfaction, . . . and we were proceeding a little in the old way when I saw Mrs. Pepys leaning forward to hear us, and then Lady Rothes, who also seemed all attention to Mr. Cambridge and his conversation.

"The sweet Lady Mulgrave came for only a few words, not to take me, she said, from older claimants; the good and wise Mrs. Carter expressed herself with equal kindness and goodness on our once more meeting; Miss P——, looking beautiful as a little angel, only advanced to shake hands and say, '*I* can see you another time, so I won't be unreasonable now.'

"Mr. Smelt, who came from Kew for this party, made me the same speech, and no more; and I had time for nothing beyond a 'How do you do,' with Mr. Langton, *his* Lady Rothes, Mr. Ball, Mr. Cholmley, Lord Mulgrave, Sir Lucas Pepys, and Lady Herries.

"Then up came Mrs. Chapone, and after most cordially shaking hands with me, 'But I hope,' she cried, 'you are not always to appear only as a comet, to be stared at, and then vanish! If you are, let me beg at least to be brushed by your tail, and not hear you have disappeared before my telescope is ready for looking at you!'

"When at last I was able to sit down, after a

short conference with every one, it was next to Mr. Walpole, who had secured me a place by his side; and with him was my longest conversation, for he was in high spirits, polite, ingenious, entertaining, quaint, and original.

"But all was so short!—so short!—I was forced to return home so soon! 'Twas, however, a very great regale to me, and the sight of so much kindness, preserved so entire after so long an absence, warmed my whole heart with pleasure and satisfaction.

"My dearest father brought me home."

On another occasion Fanny writes: "I made a visit to Mrs. Ord, and met Miss More, Miss Cholmley, Mr. Smelt, Captain Phillips, and my father; a very sweet party and sweet evening."

In one of Hannah More's letters, dated March 1787, we find mention made of meeting Fanny in society. Miss More had evidently been confined to the house previously by some indisposition.

"The first day I went out," she writes, "I had an invitation to Lady Amherst's and another to *the Vesey*, to meet Mr. Smelt and Miss Burney. I deserted the Peeress, and was rewarded for my democracy with a very pleasant and a very *little* party."

Among the Burney MSS. there is a pretty little note of invitation from this same lady to

HANNAH MORE
By Opie

Dr. Burney, which we should like to introduce here. It is dated from Mrs. Garrick's house in the Adelphi, where Miss More was then staying.

"If Dr. Burney has a mind to prove himself a *preux chevalier*, he will not refuse to accept a challenge to dine with four females next Saturday at four o'clock at Mrs. Garrick's—Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Carter, the only strangers. The ladies will be grievously disappointed if he does not come; and as he is to be the only knight, he may depend on being exceedingly caressed; and what, perhaps, will not be the least tempting part of the engagement, he shall have full liberty to run away when he pleases.

ADELPHI,
Wednesday morning, 27."

A propos of Miss Burney's return to the interesting literary society of London, we are tempted to quote a few lines from Hannah More's poem, entitled *The Bas Bleu* which had a great success in its day and was highly praised by Dr. Johnson.

In order to explain the allusions, we would remind the reader that the Blue-Stocking Club generally met at the house of Mrs. Vesey, one of its founders; and that a distinctive feature of its gatherings was the absence of all card-playing.

We would add that Mrs. Vesey was the first

person who had the courage to break up the formal circle in which ladies were wont to sit at social meetings—thus enabling the company to converse at their ease.

THE BAS BLEU

OR CONVERSATION

. . . . . .

Long was Society o'errun
By Whist, that desolating Hun;
Long did Quadrille despotic sit,
That vandal of colloquial wit;
And Conversation's setting light
Lay half obscured in Gothic night.
At length the mental shades decline,
Colloquial wit begins to shine;
Genius prevails and Conversation
Emerges into *Reformation.*
The vanquished triple crown to you,
Boscawen sage, bright Montagu,
Divided fell;—your cares in haste
Rescued the ravaged realm of Taste,
For polish'd Walpole showed the way
How wit may be both learn'd and gay;
And Carter taught the female train
The deeply wise are never vain;
And she who Shakespeare's wrongs redrest
Proved that the brightest are the best.

. . . . . .

We pass the pleasures, vast and various,
Of Routs not social, but gregarious.

. . . . . .

And pleased to gentler scenes retreat,
Where Conversation holds her seat;

See Vesey's plastic genius make
A circle every figure take.

. . . . . .

The enchantress mov'd her wand and spoke,
Her potent wand the circle broke,
The social spirits hover round
And bless the liberated ground.

. . . . . .

Hail, Conversation, heav'nly fair,
Thou bliss of life and balm of care,
Still may thy gentle reign extend
And taste with wit and science blend.

The reader will no doubt recognise the allusion to Mrs. Montagu and her *Essay on Shakespeare*. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, "the deeply wise," was also the deeply learned. Dr. Johnson, speaking one day of some celebrated scholar, said that "he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter." On another occasion he remarked: "A man is in general better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks Greek;" but added, "My old friend, Mrs. Carter, could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus." And, joining her name with those of Hannah More and Fanny Burney, said, "Three such women are not to be found."

CHAPTER XIV

MORE LONDON PLEASURES

Miss Burney writes from St. James's Palace: "I had the satisfaction of settling to accompany Mrs. Ord to the oratorios during their whole six performances."

These oratorios, it seems, were given both at the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, the orchestra being placed upon the stage.

Of one of these performances Miss Burney writes: "The evening proved to me an exceedingly good one. I sat between Mrs. Ord and Mr. Smelt, and my dear father came to me by every pause and opportunity. The oratorio was *Athaliah*, and I liked it much."

Fanny's sister, Susan Phillips, made occasional visits to London; and in some unpublished journal-letters of hers we get further glimpses of the friends and acquaintances that Fanny has been describing.

"I went to Mrs. Ord's," she writes one day; "as soon as my name was spoken by the ser-

vant, I heard it repeated in a voice of kind exultation by Mrs. Ord, and, turning to two ladies who seemed just leaving the room, I heard her say, '*Miss Burney's* sister.' I immediately perceived by her tone of voice and manner, not only

JOHN ORD'S HOUSE IN QUEEN ANNE STREET

of *whom* they had been speaking, but *how* that dear person had been used amongst them.

"I recollected Mrs. Garrick and Miss More. Mrs. Ord took both my hands in hers, [and] the idea of her sick son, and her kind reception really affected me, and my voice was probably not the *harsher* for what was passing in my mind.

"Mrs. Garrick, before I had uttered three words, turned smilingly to Miss More, and cried

out, 'How like!—*de voice!*' Mrs. Ord upon this made far too flattering a speech, natural enough perhaps to occur on such an occasion, but it made me ashamed, and Miss More was so good as to say they knew Mrs. Phillips already *very well by name.* . . .

"Mrs. Ord made immediate inquiries after my dearest Fanny, and Mrs. Garrick stood smilingly attentive to my answers, and then, kindly taking my hand as she was leaving, said, 'I must, if you please, since I cannot with Miss Burney herself—shake hands *with her likeness.*'"[1]

We hear, both from Fanny and Susan, of happy musical evenings spent in the home of their eldest sister Esther, who with her husband Charles Rousseau Burney and their children lived in Titchfield Street, Covent Garden. Both husband and wife were accomplished musicians, and their duets on two harpsichords—known in society as "the matrimonial duets"—were famous.

"I went to a charming concert," writes Fanny, "in Titchfield Street. The Whardes, Pielliars, and Montellanis composed the musical group, with themselves and Edward. How delightfully they played! How great a regale such music and such performances are to my ears!"

Susan Phillips, writing of one of these concerts, says: "Mr. Burney played admirably a

[1] Burney MSS.

capriccio . . . the prettiest thing, I think, he ever composed, and a duet with his dear wife, who played likewise a very fine lesson by Kozelach, and who never played better. . . . After a quartette, Esther played a new and exquisite sonata of Haydn's."[1]

One day Susan writes to her sister Fanny: "I dined in St. Martin's Street with my dear father, &c., and after tea Esther called on me with her little Fanny . . . and we went to Le Tessier's. He read *l'Indigent* — a charming piece of Le Mercier's, and the first in which I ever heard him — and read it exquisitely. I wished very much to have heard him again and again, but engagements flowed in so fast as to render it impossible.

"I had a very nice short conversation with him after the performance, in which he inquired with much devotion of manner after my dearest Fanny, and lamented he now never had the honour of seeing her. I told him it was considered by *her* a great loss, and he seemed much pleased and flattered to think he was at all remembered."[2]

Le Tessier was a celebrated reader and reciter of comedies. Fanny writes of hearing him (a few years earlier): "To-night he charmed me more than ever by *Le Roi à la Chasse*. His

[1] Burney MSS. [2] *Ibid.*

talents are truly wonderful, and I have never, but from Garrick and Pacchierotti, received equal pleasure in public."

Fanny met many old acquaintances during her visits to London at the house of her brother-in-law, Charles Rousseau Burney. After attending one of these gatherings she writes: "Mrs. North was there, and almost demolished and quite confounded me with mingled kindness and reproaches, compliments and reproofs — for she thinks me a voluntary deserter of her and her house.

"I saw poor Merlin also, modestly in a corner, and I was sorry I had no opportunity, for the crowd of company, to speak to him. I know he will say of me *He is amazed I should like to be so proud!* And, indeed, Pride is but a sorry quality for me, whom he has so liberally invested with immortal honours; for you may remember his styling me the *First Goddess of Wisdom.* How many *second* and *third* goddesses he thinks there may be I know not."[1]

The name of John Joseph Merlin, a Frenchman, often occurs in the "Diaries" of an earlier period than that of which we are writing. He had an extraordinary inventive genius. He was a maker of harpsichords by profession, and he invented much of the mechanism that

[1] Burney MSS.

was developed in the modern piano. On the early square piano introduced into the background of Gainsborough's portrait of Fischer, the hautboy-player, the reader will find the name of Merlin.

For himself, he was a kind-hearted but very eccentric person, who afforded the Burneys much amusement. In an unpublished letter to Mrs. Thrale, written from St. Martin's Street in 1781 or 1782, Fanny says—

"Merlin has been here, and he has not a little diverted me by his comments upon his Streatham visit. He admired Miss Owen very much, [but] Mrs. Thrale [he said] confused him by a *douce réprimande* that he had not *accomplished his promise, that is*, of marrying; but, indeed, he could not help giving her that offence, because whenever he thought of the ladies he always forgot his mechanics, so that after seeing so polite a lady as Miss Owen he could not get *no* sleep at nights, which made him resolve never to think of them, *that is*, *no* more."[1]

And Mrs. Thrale, writing to Fanny, says: "Merlin has been here to tune the pianos. He told Mrs. Davenant and me that he had thoughts of inventing a particular mill to grind old ladies young, as he was so prodigiously fond of their company. I suppose he thought we should bring

[1] Burney MSS.

grist. Was that the way to put people in *tune?* I asked him."

Among Merlin's ingenious inventions was the wheeled-chair for invalids, which is still in use and still bears his name. The Burneys once met the inventor at a fancy dress ball, to which he had gone disguised as an invalid in one of his own chairs!

"I made a visit to Mrs. Vesey," writes Fanny one day, "when I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Walpole, who had come from Strawberry Hill purposely. . . . He was very civil and very entertaining."

CHAPTER XV

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

OPENING DAY

THIS great and unique State trial commenced its sittings in Westminster Hall on February 13, 1788. Macaulay has described the scene; and we would give a few passages from his account before introducing Miss Burney's contemporary narrative.

"There have been spectacles," he writes, "more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold . . . than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected in one spot and in one hour. . . . Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries,

to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations, living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

"The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus. . . . Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords . . . walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. . . . The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the Realm, by the great dignitaries and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries

were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present."

Miss Burney, who was seated with a friend in the Grand Chamberlain's box at the upper end of the hall, writes—

"The business did not begin till near twelve o'clock. The opening to the whole then took place by the entrance of the *Managers of the Prosecution.*

"I shuddered and drew involuntarily back when, as the doors were flung open, I saw Mr. Burke, as head of the Committee, make his solemn entry. He held a scroll in his hand, and walked alone, his brow knit with corroding care and deep labouring thought—a brow how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration when I first met him! . . . How did I grieve to behold him now the cruel Prosecutor (such to

me he appeared) of an injured and innocent man!

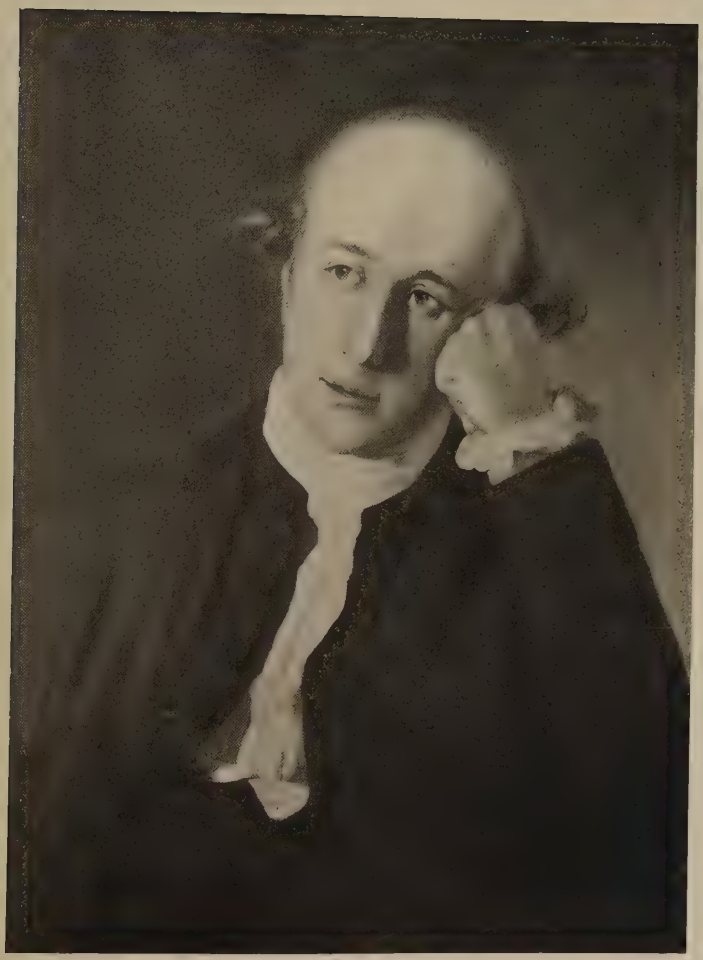
". . . A Serjeant-at-Arms arose and commanded silence in the Court on pain of imprisonment. Then some other officer in a loud voice called out . . . 'Warren Hastings, Esquire, come forth! Answer to the charges brought against you; save your bail, or forfeit your recognisance!'

"Indeed, I trembled at these words and hardly could keep my place when I found Mr. Hastings was being brought to the bar. . . . The moment he came in sight . . . he made a low bow to the Chancellor and Court facing him. I saw not his face, for he was directly under me.

". . . What an awful moment this for such a man!—a man taken from such height of power to a situation so humiliating!"

"He looked," writes Macaulay, "like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene . . . such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges."

After the Lord Chancellor had made his



WARREN HASTINGS
By Tilly Kettle

solemn speech addressed to the prisoner upon the cause which had led to the Trial, "Mr. Hastings again made the lowest reverence to the Court," continues Miss Burney, "and leaning over the bar, answered with much agitation, through evident efforts to suppress it, 'My Lords—impressed—deeply impressed—I come before your Lordships, equally confident in my own integrity and in the justice of the Court before which I am to clear it.'

"'Impressed,' and 'deeply impressed' too was my mind by this short, yet comprehensive speech, and all my best wishes for his clearance and redress rose warmer than ever in my heart."

Here we would pause for a moment to inform the reader that the Burneys, as a family, were personally acquainted with Warren Hastings. They had, moreover, heard much of his rule in India from his private secretary, Mr. Clement Francis, who had recently married Fanny's younger sister Charlotte. Clement Francis never wavered from his conviction "that the prosecution would turn out to Mr. Hastings' glory."[1]

During the reading of a long monotonous legal document, "Mr. Hastings began to cast his eyes around the House," continues the writer,

[1] Burney MSS.

"and having taken a survey of all in front and at the sides, he turned about and looked up—pale looked his face—pale, ill, and altered. I was much affected by the sight of that dreadful harass which was written on his countenance. Had I looked at him without restraint it could not have been without tears.

". . . The Great Chamberlain's Box is the only part of the Hall that has any communication with either the Committee Box or the House of Commons [benches], and it is also the very nearest to the prisoner. . . .

"I now redoubled my diligence to cast my eyes every other way, from a serious apprehension that I might be recollected by the two leaders in the Prosecution—Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan; and I could not have offended either of them by declining their notice—which heretofore I had so much wished [for]; nor could I endure to have Mr. Hastings perceive me associate with them . . . it might seem to him that I was quite in the cabal against him.

"I assure you it was a very painful feeling, and I had better have been pleased in any other part of the Hall."[1]

Miss Burney's fears of being recognised were soon realised by receiving a bow from a Mr.

[1] Burney MSS.

Montagu, a friend of Mrs. Delany's, and now one of the Managers of the Prosecution.

"I hope," writes Fanny in her Diary, "Mr. Hastings did not see us; but in a few minutes more . . . I perceived Sir Joshua Reynolds in the midst of the Committee. He at the same moment saw me also, and not only bowed, but smiled and nodded with his usual good-humour and intimacy, making at the same time a sign to his ear, by which I understood he had no trumpet; whether he had forgotten or lost it, I know not.

"I would rather have answered all this dumb show anywhere else.

". . . In a few seconds I had again a bow, and a profound one [from] Mr. Richard Burke, senior. He is a brother of the Great—Great in defiance of all drawbacks—Edmund Burke."

These salutations were followed by others, and presently Charles Burney, who sat behind his sister, told her that a gentleman had just desired to be presented to her.

"'Who?' quoth I.

"'Mr. Wyndham,' he answered. . . . What could I do? There was no refusing; yet a planned meeting with another of the Committee, and one deep in the prosecution, and from whom one of the hardest charges had come—could anything be less pleasant as I was then situated?

". . . I had seen him twice before—both times at Miss Monckton's. . . . He is one of the most agreeable, spirited, well-bred, and brilliant conversers I have ever spoken with. [But] I was sorry to see him make one of a set that appeared so inveterate against a man I believed so injuriously treated; and my concern was founded upon the good thoughts I had conceived of him—not merely from his social talents . . . but from a reason dearer to my remembrance. He loved Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Johnson returned his affection. . . .

"After the first compliments, Mr. Wyndham looked around him and exclaimed, 'What an assembly is this! How striking a *spectacle!* I had not seen half its splendour down there. You have it here to great advantage.' And then [fixing] his eyes upon the Chancellor, 'He looks very well from hence,' cried he, 'and how well he acquits himself on these solemn occasions! With what dignity, what loftiness, what high propriety, he comports himself!'

"This praise of the Chancellor, who is a known friend to Mr. Hastings, though I believe he would be the last to favour him unjustly now he is on trial, was a pleasant sound to my ear. . . .

"Suddenly his eye dropped down upon poor Mr. Hastings. The expression of his face

instantly lost the gaiety and ease with which he had addressed me; he stopped short in his remarks . . . and after viewing him some time, he exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, 'What a sight is this! to see that man, that small portion of human clay, that poor feeble machine of earth, enclosed now in that little space, brought to that Bar, a prisoner in a spot six-foot square—and to reflect on his late power! Nations at his command! Princes prostrate at his feet! What a change! How must he feel it! . . . How wonderful an instance of the instability of mortal power is presented in that object! . . . In the history of human nature how memorable will be the records of this day! a day that brings to the great tribunal of the nation a man whose power, so short a time since, was of equal magnitude with his crimes!'"

Here Miss Burney could be silent no longer, and she courageously gave expression to her firm conviction of Mr. Hastings' innocence; upon which a conversation of some length ensued, marked on both sides with equal respect and forbearance.

"When once I had begun," remarks Fanny, "with Mr. Wyndham, I found myself impelled to proceed, not only by the vivacity with which he drew me on . . . but by a pleasure past expression, which I experienced, in the opportunity

it gave me to speak favourably of a man so oppressed to one of his oppressors. I soon saw Mr. Wyndham harboured no personal rancour; he was a stranger to the very person of Mr. Hastings, and wholly ignorant of his character in private or social life.

"'I never saw him but once before,' said he; 'that was at the Bar of the House of Commons; and there, as Burke admirably said, he looked . . . like a hungry tiger, ready to howl for his prey!'

". . . 'Come,' cried he emphatically, 'to hear Burke. . . . To hear truth, reason, justice, eloquence! you will then see in other colours, "That man!"' . . .

"Towards the close of the day Mr. Wyndham very unexpectedly came again from the Committee Box, and seated himself by my side. I was glad to see by this second visit that my frankness had not offended him. . . .

"'I have been,' cried he, 'very busy since I left you—writing—reading—making documents.'

"I saw he was much agitated; the gaiety which seems natural to him was flown, and had left in its place the most evident and unquiet emotion. . . . He spoke for a minute or two upon . . . general nothings; and then, as if involuntarily, he returned to the sole subject in his mind. 'Our plan,' cried he, 'is all changing; we have all been busy—we are coming into a

new method. I have been making preparations —I did not intend speaking for a considerable time—not till after the circuit—but now I may be called upon I know not how soon.'

"Then he stopped—ruminating—and I let him ruminate without interruption for some minutes, when he broke forth into these reflections: 'How strange, how infatuated a frailty has man with respect to the future! . . . This day—for which we have all been waiting so anxiously, so earnestly—the day for which we have fought, for which we have struggled . . . this day so much wished has seemed to me, to the last moment so distant, that now—now that it is actually arrived, it takes me as if I had never thought of it before —it comes upon me all unexpected, and finds me unready!'

"Still I said nothing, for I did not fully comprehend him, till he added, 'I will not be so affected as to say to you that I have made no preparations—that I have not thought a little upon what I have to do; yet now the moment is actually come——'

"Again he broke off; but a generous sentiment was bursting from him, and would not be withheld.

"'It has brought me,' he resumed, 'a feeling of which I am not yet quite the master! What I have said hitherto, when I have spoken in the House, has been urged and stimulated by the

idea of pleading for the injured and the absent, and that gave me spirit. . . . But now, when I am to speak here, the thought of that man, close to my side—culprit as he is—that man on whom all the odium is to fall—gives me, I own, a sensation that almost disqualifies me beforehand!'

"After speaking contemptuously of Sir Elijah Impey, Mr. Wyndham went on to say, 'But Hastings'—again looking steadfastly at him—'Hastings has feeling—'tis a proud feeling, an ambitious feeling—but feeling he has! Hastings—come to him what may—fine, imprisonment, whatever is inflicted—all will be nothing. The moment of his punishment—I think it upon my honour!—was the moment that brought him to that Bar!'

". . . I did not spare to express my sense of this liberality from a foe; for, indeed, the situation I was in, and the sight of Mr. Hastings, made it very affecting to me. He was affected, too, himself; but presently rising, he said, with great quickness, 'I must shake all this off; I must have done with it—dismiss it—forget that he is there.'

"'O, no,' cried I earnestly, 'do not forget it!'

"'. . . Yes, yes,' cried he precipitately, 'how else shall I go on? I *must* forget that *he* is there and that *you* are here.'

"And then he hurried down to his Committee."

CHAPTER XVI

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS—*continued*

BURKE'S ORATION

On Tuesday, February 19th, being the sixth day of the Trial and the second day of Burke's great speech, Miss Burney was again in her seat in the Grand Chamberlain's Box. The identical ticket of admission used by her on this occasion has been happily preserved among the Burney relics, and we are, therefore, able to give it in facsimile. The ticket is signed by John Ord, Master-in-Chancery.

"At length the Peers' procession closed," she writes, "the prisoner was brought in, and Mr. Burke began his speech.

"All I had heard of his eloquence, and all I had conceived of his great abilities, was more than answered by his performance. Nervous, clear, and striking was almost all that he uttered. . . . When he narrated he was easy, flowing, and natural; when he declaimed, energetic, warm,

and brilliant. The sentiments he interspersed were as nobly conceived as they were highly coloured . . . and the wild and sudden flights of his fancy bursting forth . . . in language fluent, forcible, and varied, had a charm for my ear and my attention wholly new and perfectly irresistible."

But his eloquence soon excited other feelings, and being pressed later on by Mr. Wyndham to give her candid views of the speech, she remarked: "'When he came to the two narratives; when he related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me; I felt my cause lost. I could hardly keep on my seat. My eyes dreaded a single glance towards a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor. . . . I had no hope he could clear himself; not another wish in his favour remained. But when, from this narrative, Mr. Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation—when charges of rapacity, cruelty, and tyranny were general and made with all the violence of personal detestation, and continued and aggravated without any further fact or illustration, then there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice; [so] that in a very short time I began to lift up my head, my seat was no longer uneasy, my eyes were indifferent which way they looked, or what object caught them;

TICKET USED BY FANNY BURNEY

and before I was aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself a mere spectator in a public place, and looking all around it with my opera-glass in my hand!'

"Mr. Wyndham's eyes sought the ground on hearing this, and with no other comment than a rather uncomfortable shrug of the shoulders, he expressively and concisely said, 'I comprehend you perfectly!'"

It is interesting here to compare Hannah More's impressions of Burke's speech with those of Miss Burney.

"I was over-persuaded," she writes to her sister, "to go to the Trial, and heard Burke's famous oration of three hours and a quarter without intermission. Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard, but it was abusive and vehement beyond all conception. Poor Hastings sitting by and looking so meek, to hear himself called villain, and cut-throat, &c.! . . . I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side and Fox on the other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty; it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his two neighbours and saw that they were quite free from any symptom of palsy."

Later in the day Miss Burney writes: "I was now eager to depart from a circumstance that

made me feel infinitely awkward. Mr. Burke himself was just come forward to speak to a lady a little below me; Mr. Wyndham had instantly turned towards me, with a look of congratulation that seemed rejoicing for me that the orator of the day and of the cause was approaching, but I retreated involuntarily back, and shirked meeting his eyes. Mr. Wyndham perceived in an instant the mistake he was making, and went on with his discourse as if Mr. Burke was out of the hall. In a minute, however, Mr. Burke himself saw me, and he bowed with the most marked civility of manner."

When Mr. Wyndham, during one of their conversations, said to Miss Burney, "Is it possible Mr. Burke's representations should have so little effect upon you?" she cried eagerly, "I am the friend of Mr. Burke all the time! Mr. Burke has no greater admirer!—and that is precisely what disturbs me most in this business!"

The next time Fanny was present at the Trial Mr. Burke again recognised her, and presently she saw him ascending the steps leading to the Grand Chamberlain's Box. "He immediately made up to me," she writes, "and with an air of such kind frankness that, could I have forgot his errand in that Hall, would have made me receive him as formerly, when I was almost fascinated with him.

"But other were my sensations. I trembled as he approached me with conscious change of sentiments.

"'Near-sighted as I am,' he cried, 'I knew you immediately. I knew you from our box the moment I looked up; yet how long it is, except for an instant here, since I have seen you.' . . .

"I inquired after Mrs. Burke, [and] a little general talk followed. Then one of the Lords rising to question some of the evidence, he said he must return to his Committee and business—very flatteringly saying in quitting his post, 'This is the first time I have played truant from the Manager's Box.'

"However I might be obliged to him, which I sincerely felt, I was yet glad to have him go. My total ill-will to all he was about made his conversation merely a pain to me.

"I did not feel the same with regard to Mr. Wyndham. He is not the prosecutor, and seems endowed with so much liberality and candour that it not only encourages me to speak to him what I think, but leads me to believe he will one day or other reflect upon joining a party so violent as a stain to the independence of his character."

By this time Fanny had heard Fox's great oration, which lasted for five hours. In comparing his eloquence with that of Burke, in a conversation with Mr. Wyndham, she remarked:

"His violence had that sort of monotony that seemed to result from its being factitious, and I felt less pardon for that than for any extravagance in Mr. Burke, whose excesses seemed at least to be unaffected, and if they spoke against his judgment, spared his probity. Mr. Fox appeared to have no such excuse. He looked all good-humour and negligent ease before he began a speech of uninterrupted passion and vehemence, and he wore the same careless and disengaged air the very instant he had finished. A display of talents in which the inward man took so little share could have no powers of persuasion to those who saw them in that light, . . . for they left the mind of the hearer in the same state that they found it."

Of the three great orators of the prosecution, Sheridan, it seems, was generally considered the most brilliant, and those who know his inimitable comedies can well imagine that his flashes of wit would give great point to his declamation. He did not, however, speak at this early stage of the Trial.

One day Mrs. Crewe, who was seated near to Miss Burney, called her attention, remarking, "Mr. Sheridan begs me to introduce him to you, for he thinks you have forgot him."

"I did not feel very comfortable at this," writes Fanny; "the part he acts would take from me all

desire for his notice, even were his talents as singular as they are celebrated. . . . He talked a little over our former meeting at Mrs. Cholmondely's, and he reminded me of what he had there urged with all his might, namely, that I would write a comedy. . . . Recollecting then that *Cecilia* had been published since that time, he began a very florid flourish, saying, 'he was in my debt greatly.'" . . .

"[After a little talk], I asked after Mrs. Sheridan, and he soon left me."

On one occasion Mr. Wyndham pointed out Mr. Philip Francis to Miss Burney. "'"'Tis a singular circumstance,' he said, 'that the friend who most loves, and the enemy who most hates Mr. Hastings, should bear the same name.'"

Among the Burney MSS. there are some lines (published in later years with the Diary) of special interest in connection with the Trial. They are endorsed in the following way—

"Impromptu by Mr. Hastings, written during Mr. Grey's speech, which was a panegyrick on Mr. Francis—

"It hurts me not that Grey, as Burke's Assessor,
Proclaims me Tyrant, Robber and Oppressor,
Tho' for abuse alone meant;
For when he called himself the bosom friend,
The friend of Philip Francis, I contend,
He made me full atonement."

After leaving Westminster Hall one day, Fanny writes, "In coming downstairs I met Lord Walsingham and Sir Lucas Pepys.

"'Well, Miss Burney,' cried the first, 'what say you to a Governor-General of India now?'

"'Only this,' cried I, 'that I do not dwell much upon any question till I have heard the answer!'

"Sir Lucas then attacked me too. All the world against poor Mr. Hastings, though without yet knowing what his materials may be for clearing away these aspersions!"

Could Miss Burney have foreseen that the Trial, though dragged on for seven years, would result in a verdict of "Not guilty" for the prisoner, she would have taken comfort. But she would have exulted could she have foreseen also that such a change in public feeling towards him would take place that, when as an old man he was to make his appearance in the House of Commons, every member would rise and uncover to do him honour. Finally, her joy would have been full could she have known that future generations would bring to light documents, hidden away for long years in India, that were to clear Hastings for all time from every charge that had been brought against him.

CHAPTER XVII

SOME GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT

A PROMINENT figure in Miss Burney's Court Diaries is that of a certain M. de la Guiffardière, Pasteur of the French Chapel at St. James's Palace, and one of Queen Charlotte's Readers. Of an irascible and impetuous nature, but of a kindly heart, and endowed with a great fund of humour, he was a most original person. Fanny's pseudonym for him is "Mr. Turbulent," and many are the verbal passages of arms that they had together, the lady, however, always contriving to hold her own. It is amusing to picture to ourselves the disputants—Fanny small and slight of build, composed, determined; and her opponent, six feet in height, and broad in proportion, vehemently, but in vain, endeavouring to obtain a victory!

"Mr. Turbulent amused himself this morning," writes Miss Burney, "by giving me [a] panic.

"He was ordered to attend the Queen during her hair-dressing, as was also Mr. de Luc. I

remained in the room; the Queen conversed with us all three, as occasions arose, with the utmost complacency; but this person, instead of fixing there his sole attention, contrived, by standing behind her chair and facing me, to address a language of signs to me the whole time, casting up his eyes, clasping his hands, and placing himself in various fine attitudes, and all with a humour so burlesque, that it was impossible to take it either ill or seriously. . . . There is nothing that more delights him in his fits of *méchanceté* than embarrassing me before the Queen."

About six months after Miss Burney had assumed her post at Court, she conceived a plan for obtaining more time at her own disposal during the evenings. Her plan was to suggest in proper quarters that the equerries should henceforward take their tea in their own parlour, and not at her tea-table in the eating-room. On consulting her kind friend, Mrs. Delany, however, she found that this must not be attempted, but Fanny still thought that she might venture to limit the number of her guests to those equerries who had long held office, and decline to admit the new-comers to her table.

Among the latter there happened to be a certain Colonel Greville, a special favourite of Mr. Turbulent's. He had not as yet been introduced to Miss Burney, and Mr. Turbulent was

as ardently desirous to bring about an introduction as Miss Burney was to avoid it. The following dialogue on the subject is recorded by the lady—

"'Have you, ma'am, no curiosity—no desire to see Colonel Greville?'

"'None in the world.'

"'If, then, hereafter you admit any other equerry——'

"'No, no, I intend to carry the new construction throughout.'

"'But if any other more eloquent man prevails——'

"'Be assured there is no danger.'[1]

"'Well, ma'am, I perceive nothing in all this but a most extraordinary sympathy between you; for Colonel Greville also loves solitude!'

"'You see, then, you will indulge us both at once in permitting us to be quiet.'

"'I fear, ma'am,' was the rejoinder, with affected solemnity, 'I fear—I forbode—I think, I foresee—something ominous in all this! What a meeting it may prove at last! . . . You fear him, ma'am! I see that, and *he* fears you!'

"'Me?—and for what?'

"'His own diffidence. He is the most diffi-

[1] The remainder of this chapter, with the exception of a short passage between brackets at pp. 172–3, is taken from unpublished portions of the *Diary and Letters*.

dent young man in the world, and so engaging, so amiable, so elegant. Is it possible you can exclude such a character from your society?'

"'Yes, for that very reason; since his character, his birth, his situation are precisely such as to make my real reasons manifest.'"

More discussion followed, the gentleman wax-

THE TERRACE

ing somewhat vehement in his endeavours to carry his point.

A few days later, upon the usual gathering at the tea-table breaking up, Miss Burney writes: "They all went except Mr. Turbulent, who, pretending to follow last, hastily came up to me, the moment they left the room, to ask me if I really forgave him.

"I refused him any satisfaction. He begged me not to be serious, and held out his hand,

entreating for mine in token of peace. I would not agree to his terms. He came nearer and made an attempt to seize it, calling out, 'Won't you say at least you are not really angry?'

"'Not in such shorthand!' cried I, putting both hands behind me; and as he was waited for, he was forced to go away with this denial."

Writing on February 4th, she says: "In our journey to town the next morning Mr. Turbulent and myself were at open war all the way upon his favourite subject of the equerries; and when I found I could gain no ground with him I inquired why, since he raved so much about them in the evening, and for *me*, he would not also travel with them in the morning for himself?

"He answered that he had the charge of the ladies, and must not dispense with it.

"I assured him the ladies would dispense with that ceremony, and earnestly exhorted him to go for the future in the equerry coach.

"He told me very provokingly that *it was not in his power*, as he was expected by the Queen to be our Esquire. . . .

"When we returned to Windsor I took leave of Miss Planta till dinner and of Mr. Turbulent till dinner the *next* day, when I invited him to meet Mr. Bryant and Mr. Smelt, who were both engaged to me.

"He followed me to my room in angry dis-

cussion of an invitation that seemed to exclude him from the present day, and this brought on a rallying debate in which all his spirits revived and all his good-humour returned. . . . At length, however, upon my reiterated request that he would solace himself at the equerry table, he called out, 'I vow to you, ma'am, if you say one word more to that purpose I will seat myself on that chair by your fireside and never release you by once stirring from it till your dinner is ready!'

"That evening I made the tea amidst his reproaches against the authority to which I made him submit. Soon after, a rap at the door occasioned a start. Mr. Turbulent exultingly exclaimed, 'The Colonel, ma'am!' but the voice of Mr. Smelt alone called out, 'Will you admit me?' And he entered by himself.

"Mr. Turbulent looked woefully disappointed, and we all re-took our seats; but he soon revived when Mr. Smelt smiling said, 'I am commissioned to request leave from Colonel Greville that he may pay his respects to you.'

"I readily assented, and Mr. Turbulent looked triumphant. The Colonel came immediately, but scarcely would his mischievous friend suffer him to pay his compliments or make his bow before he seized his hand, rejoicing aloud in his arrival, and then whispering audibly, 'I

assure you, Colonel Greville, *we were expecting you!*'

"What a thorough *polisson* was my misanthrope now become! I pretended not to hear him; but the Colonel [was] really abashed, though evidently entertained by his absurdity. . . .

"The King came in for a long conversation, . . . and then took them all away; but Mr. Turbulent, with his usual adroitness, contrived to be last, and, exultingly approaching me, called out, 'No displeasure to *me* now, Miss Burney! You see plainly it was not *me* that brought the Colonel to-day.'"

A few days later Fanny writes, tea being finished: "The Colonel and Mr. Turbulent continued in their places, and so socially I could have been content to have stayed also had not nine o'clock struck and Miss Planta, true to a minute, made her exit.

"I gathered together my work, which consisted chiefly of skeins of silk I was winding for netting. Mr. Turbulent, surprised, called out, '*You* are not going to leave us too, Miss Burney?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I had some letters to finish.'

"'No; pray, stay and wind your silk here; though Miss Planta is gone, here are hands at your service.'

"'Yes,' cried I, laughing, 'and chairs too, which serve me just as well.'

"'Will you not let *me* hold one for you?'

"'No,' I answered. I had done for the present, and I was marching off when, very significantly, he called out—

"'Don't go, ma'am! If you will not accept my offer, the Colonel, I am sure, is ready to offer his services!'

"The Colonel, with good breeding that appeared not to understand the malice of the offer, came forward, and very quickly said, 'I flatter myself, ma'am, I could hold this silk at least as well as a chair!'

"'See, ma'am, see!' cried Mr. Turbulent, with a voice that implied *mark his readiness!* but I made no other answer than by taking my leave."

Fanny soon became on friendly terms with Colonel Greville, and she bestows upon him, in her Diaries, the pseudonym of "Colonel Welbred."

We hear of another equerry—a Colonel Manners—who from his sense of humour brought entertainment to the tea-table gatherings.

Fanny writes one Sunday evening: ["Colonel Manners asked me if I had heard something very harmonious at church in the morning? I answered I was too far off, if he meant from himself.

"'Yes,' said he; 'I was singing with Colonel Greville, and he said he was my second. How did I do that song?'

"'Song?—Mercy!' exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy; 'a song at church! Why, it was the 104th Psalm!'

"'But how did I do it, Greville? for I never tried it before.'

"'Why,—pretty well,' answered Colonel Greville very composedly; 'only now and then you run me a little into "God Save the King."'] . . .

"We had scarce recovered our muscles when the next pause was broken by Colonel Manners suddenly spouting forth, '*Care, thou bane of love and joy!*'

"'Ha! what's that?' cried Colonel Goldsworthy, affecting to look about for the voice.

"'Only Colonel Manners talking to himself,' cried Colonel Greville drily.

"'Talking to himself,' repeated Colonel Goldsworthy. 'Lord help us then; the poor gentleman is certainly out of his mind! Indeed, I thought I saw it coming on this good while.'

"'No,' answered he; 'it was only a little song I was recollecting.'

"'A song, oh! poetical too! Why, what will come next?'"

CHAPTER XVIII

A LITERARY SURPRISE

In the spring of 1788 Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters to and from the late Samuel Johnson* appeared before the public, creating much commotion in the literary world.

Those persons whose vanity was hurt by certain words of censure, written in this free and intimate correspondence by the great Doctor, were loud in their abuse of the editor. Conspicuous among these was Baretti, the vindictive Italian, who hurled his words of defiance into newspapers and magazines. Boswell, too, though gentler in his censure, was ready to pounce upon any unlucky error in the work, as he and Mrs. Piozzi had already quarrelled over her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, published two years earlier. But even he seems to have discovered nothing worse than a few possible inaccuracies, together with the omission of dates in some of her own letters. And he candidly admits the fact that Horace Walpole (who was altogether opposed in politics

and in sentiments to Dr. Johnson, and had even refused to be introduced to him) "thought Johnson a more amiable character after reading his *Letters to Mrs. Thrale*.

An early copy of the work reached the Court, and was soon in the hands of Miss Burney. She, like most of the Streatham circle, had strongly disapproved of Mrs. Thrale's marriage with Signor Piozzi. She feared greatly that the musician was marrying her friend merely for the sake of her fortune, and she looked upon the union also as an injury to Mrs. Thrale's daughters.

Fanny's disapprobation greatly hurt Mrs. Thrale, and it led, as we know, to a breach in their friendship—a cirumstance which gave Fanny much pain.

"With what sadness," she writes, "have I been reading [the book]! What scenes has it revived!—what regrets renewed! These letters have not been more improperly published in the whole than they are injudiciously displayed in their several parts. She has given all—every word—and thinks *that*, perhaps, a justice to Dr. Johnson, which, in fact, is the greatest injury to his memory."

Fanny's opinion of the *Letters* was shared by Hannah More, who writes to a friend: "They are such letters as ought to have been *written*, but never *printed*. A few of them are very good,

[but] every dose of physic he took is recorded. It must make any person of note afraid to die."

Posterity has certainly not endorsed this adverse verdict upon the publication of the *Letters;* but it seems to us that Fanny was shocked at what appeared to her the exposure to the world of her revered and beloved friend in a state of *déshabille.* In her day it was quite unusual to give particulars of private life in biographies or to publish letters of a familiar nature; but had this reserve been practised in the case of the *Life* and of the *Letters* of Dr. Johnson, we could not echo the statement made by a great orator of our time, that "of all the men whom we have never seen, Johnson is the man whom we know best."

Truly Mrs. Piozzi was justified in saying in the Preface to her work: "The good taste by which our countrymen are distinguished will lead them to prefer the native thoughts and unstudied phrases scattered over these pages to the more laboured elegance of his other works, as bees have been observed to reject roses and fix upon the wild fragrance of a neighbouring heath."

As to what Johnson's own feelings in the matter would probably have been, it is shrewdly remarked by a well-known writer that "he himself wished the letters to be preserved, and he

must have known that, if preserved, they would surely be given to the world."

The *Letters* were soon being eagerly discussed on all sides, and Fanny's sensitive feelings were severely tried. She was shocked at Baretti's attacks upon Mrs. Piozzi, and writes, after perusing them: "Good Heaven, how abusive! . . . I could not have suspected him, with all his violence, of a bitterness of invective so cruel, so ferocious!

"I well remember," she adds, "his saying to me, when first I saw him after the discovery of *Evelina*, 'I see what it is you can do, you little witch—it is that you can hang us all up for laughing-stocks; but hear me this one thing—don't meddle with me . . . remember, when you provoke an Italian, you run a dagger into your own breast!'"

"I have had so many attacks upon [the] subject," she writes, "that at last I fairly begged quarter, and frankly owned to Mrs. Schwellenberg that I could not endure to speak any more upon the matter, endeavouring at the same time to explain to her my long and intimate connection with [Mrs. Thrale's] family. Yet nothing I could say put a stop to 'How can you defend her in this?—how can you justify her in that?' &c., &c. Alas! that I cannot defend her is precisely the reason I can so ill bear to speak of her.

"How differently and how sweetly has the Queen," she continues, "conducted herself upon this occasion! Eager to see the letters, she began reading them with the utmost avidity; a natural curiosity arose to be informed of several names and several particulars, which she knew I could satisfy; yet when she perceived how tender a string she touched, she soon suppressed her inquiries, or only made them with so much gentleness towards the parties mentioned, that I could not be distressed in my answers; and even in a short time . . . I began secretly to rejoice in [her questions] as the means by which I reaped opportunity of clearing several points that had been darkened by calumny, and of softening others that had been viewed wholly through false lights."

And again dwelling upon the former intimacy with Mrs. Thrale, Fanny writes—

"Oh, little does she know how tenderly at this moment I could run again into her arms, so often opened to receive me with a cordiality I believed inalienable . . . but if we met, and she saw and believed my grateful regard, how would she again feel all her own return!

"Well! what a dream am I making!"

In judging of the marriage at the present time, knowing as we do that Signor Piozzi was no sharper, but a worthy man, and that his and

Madame Piozzi's married life was a peaceful and contented one, it is impossible not to feel that the strictures passed upon the union were too severe, especially those of Dr. Johnson. The Doctor knew nothing personally of Piozzi, but Piozzi combined for him three more or less repulsive characteristics—he was a foreigner, a Roman Catholic, and a musician. The marriage would, moreover, deprive Johnson of intercourse with a kind friend and hostess, and also of a congenial resort, where for many years he had been as much at home as in Bolt Court. His health, too, was fast declining at the time of the marriage, and it is little wonder that he looked upon the union with the most gloomy forebodings. But it is pleasant to remember that when the marriage had actually taken place, he wrote to the bride in the following kind and feeling terms (July 8, 1784)—

". . . I wish that God may grant you every blessing; that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; . . . and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched. . . . The tears stand in my eyes.

"I am going into Derbyshire and hope to be

followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,—Yours, &c.,

"Sam. Johnson."

Upon the original manuscript of this letter Mrs. Piozzi has inscribed the words: "I wrote him a very kind and affectionate farewell."

CHAPTER XIX

A REFRESHING VISIT

FANNY, writing of a pleasant interlude in her Windsor experiences, says: "One morning Mrs. Delany had a long visit from Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart, and I went to her house to meet them. I had frequently been of the same party with them in town, and I was glad to see them again.

"Lady Bute, with an exterior the most forbidding to strangers, has powers of conversation the most entertaining and lively where she is intimate. She is full of anecdote, delights in strokes of general satire, yet with mere love of comic, not invidious ridicule. She spares not for giving her opinion, and laughs at fools as well as follies with the shrewdest derision.

"Lady Louisa Stuart, her youngest daughter, has parts equal to those of her mother, with a deportment and appearance infinitely more pleasing; yet she is far from handsome, but proves how well beauty may be, occasionally [not]

missed, when understanding and vivacity unite to fill up her place. I had conceived much liking to her formerly in town, and had been much flattered by marks of kindness received from her. She and her mother . . . both told a thousand anecdotes of Mrs. North, whom they had just parted from at Bath. . . . I wish I had it in my power to meet with them more frequently —spirited conversation with agreeable people falls now so rarely to my lot."

Mrs. Schwellenberg, whose ill-health increased the violence of her temper, was a heavy trial to her companion, and many of the lookers-on, of kindly natures, were grieved to see the marks of suffering at times on Miss Burney's face—suffering to which she steadily forebore to give expression to her companions. Only here and there in the diaries and letters sent to her sister Susan the state of the case slips out. "To detail the circumstances of the tyranny and the *grossièreté* I experienced," she says, "would be afflicting to my beloved friends and oppressive to myself."

One day Mdlle. Montmoulin, whose name we have already mentioned as one of the teachers of the Princesses, exclaimed, "How you bear it, living with Mrs. Schwellenberg!—'pon m'honneur, I prefer it bread and water, I think her so cross never was. If I you I won't bear it—poor Miss Burney—I so sorry—'pon m'honneur, I think to

you oftens !—you so confined, you won't have no pleasure ! "

It was just after Fanny had gone through a terrible scene with Mrs. Schwellenberg that she happened again to receive an invitation from Mrs. Delany to meet her two charming friends.

" So unpleasant were the sensations that filled me," writes Fanny, " that I could recover no gaiety, even at the house of my beloved friend, though received there by her dear self, her beautiful niece, and Lady Bute and Lady Louisa, in the most flattering manner. . . .

" Lady Bute and Lady Louisa were both in such high spirits themselves that they kept up all the conversation between them, and with a vivacity, an acuteness, an archness, and an observation on men and manners so clear and sagacious that it would be difficult to pass an evening of greater entertainment. They were just returning from Bath, and full fraught with anecdote and character, which they dealt out to their hearers with so much point and humour that we attended to them like a gratified audience of a public place."

Susan Phillips' letters to her sister, full of love and tender solicitude, brought another kind of refreshment to poor Fanny.

A large number of these, written upon quarto sheets of paper, are in our temporary possession,

and we should like to insert a passage from one of them concerning Susan's little boy Norbury, whose innocent ways present a pleasing contrast to the behaviour of the virago of the Palace.

"This dear little person," she writes, "when I have him to myself, is, in general, sweeter than can be conceived—full of affection, gaiety, good-humour, intelligence, but he will not be a *faultless monster* most certainly, and is at times—

> "'Just like April weather,
> Ne'er the same an hour together,
> Froward—fickle—wanton—wild,
> Nothing, nothing, *but a child!*'"

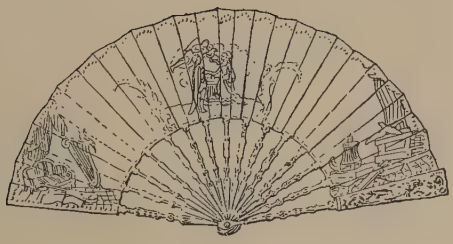
During the winter of 1788 Mrs. Delany became seriously ill, and in the month of April she died.

"I believe," writes Fanny, "I heard the last words she uttered. She finished with that cheerful resignation, that lively hope, which always broke forth when this last awful, but to her most happy, change seemed approaching.

"Poor Miss Port and myself were kneeling by her bedside. She had just given me her soft hand; without power to see either of us, she felt and knew us. O, never can I cease to cherish the remembrance of the sweet, benign, *holy* voice with which she pronounced a blessing upon us both! We kissed her, and with a smile all beaming—I thought so—of

heaven, she seemed then to have taken leave of all earthly solicitudes."

"Blessed spirit!" writes poor Fanny, "sweet, fair, and beneficent on earth! O, gently mayst thou now be at rest in that last home, to which fearfully I look forward, yet not hopeless—never that—and sometimes with fullest, fairest, sublimest expectations!"



CHAPTER XX

ROUND THE TEA-TABLE

Miss Burney had had a larger tea-gathering than usual, to which Mr. Smelt had brought not only Colonel Welbred (Greville), but a nephew of the Colonel's who was at Eton.

"Colonel Welbred," she writes, "in the mildest manner made many apologies. . . . I assured him Mr. Smelt had done perfectly well, and he came and sat by me, and we had an open and pleasant converse, with Mr. Smelt for leader, during the rest of the evening. I liked him very much. I found him by no means the reserved character he had been represented; he is only shy in making and beginning an acquaintance, not backward in supporting it."

The day following this gathering the Court was to proceed to St. James's Palace.

"This morning," writes Fanny, "I proposed to my fellow-travellers that we should begin our journey on foot. The wonderment with which they heard a proposal so new was diverting;

but they all agreed to it, and though they declared that my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, would have thought the person fit for Bedlam who should have suggested such a plan, no one could find any real objection, and off we set, ordering the coach to proceed slowly after us.

"The weather was delightful, and the enter-

WINDSOR OLD BRIDGE

prise served to shorten and enliven the expedition, and pleased them all.

"Mr. Turbulent began, almost immediately, an attack about his Colonel; upon quite a new ground, yet as restless and earnest as upon the old one. He now reproached my attention to him, protesting I talked to him continually, and spun out into an hour's discourse what might have been said in three minutes.

"'And was it my spinning?' I could not forbear saying.

"'Yes, ma'am; for you might have dropped it.'

"'How? by not answering when spoken to?'

"'By not talking to him, ma'am, more than to any one else.'

"'And pray, Mr. Turbulent, solve me then this difficulty: what choice has a poor female with whom she may converse? Must she not, in company as in dancing, take up with those who choose to take up with her?'

"He was staggered at this question [but presently] he continued, 'And now, ma'am, how wondrous intimate you are grown! After such averseness to a meeting—such struggles to avoid him—what am I to think of the sincerity of that pretended reluctance?'

"'You must think the truth,' cried I, 'that it was not the Colonel, but the equerry, I wished to avoid; that it was not the *individual*, but the *official necessity* of receiving company, that I wished to escape.'"

The name of Mr. Fairly—Miss Burney's pseudonym for Colonel the Honourable Stephen Digby—occurs frequently in the Diary of our present period. He held the post, as we have already mentioned, of Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, a post which necessitated his being much at Court. Since introducing his name in these pages he had become a widower.

Writing early in January (1788), after men-

tioning the arrival of the usual tea-table guests, Miss Burney says—

"Soon after Colonel Welbred came ushering in Mr. Fairly and his young son, who is at Eton School. I had seen Mr. F. but once since his great and heavy loss, though now near half a year had elapsed. So great a personal alteration in a few months I have seldom seen; thin, haggard, worn with care, and grief, and watching —his hair turned grey— . . . he seemed to have suffered through his feelings the depredations suffered by others through age and time.

"His demeanour upon this trying occasion filled me with as much admiration as his countenance did with compassion; calm, composed, and gentle, he seemed, but, in appearing, not only resigned, but cheerful.

". . . He seemed . . . pleased to open upon subjects of such serious import as were suited to his state of mind. . . . Life and death were the deep themes to which he led; and the little space between them were the subjects of his comments. The unhappiness of man, at least after the ardour of his first youth, and the general worthlessness of the world seemed . . . deeply impressed on his mind.

"Respect to his own private misfortunes made me listen in silence to a doctrine I am, else, ever ready to try to combat; for I cannot, myself,

conceive this world so necessarily at variance with happiness, nor suppose our beneficent Creator averse to our enjoying it, even on earth, when we seek it in innocence.

"When he talked, however, of the ardour of youth, I could not refrain naming Mrs. Delany, and [saying] that I always thought with pleasure from such an instance of the durability of human powers that there was no time—no age—in which misery seemed tied to our existence.

"Indeed," answered he, "there is no time—I know of none—in which life is well worth living. The prospect before us is never 'such as to make it worth preserving except from religious motives.'"

In spite of his deep gloom, however, Mr. Fairly was at times an interesting companion, for he was a well-read and cultivated man, and in consequence he soon became one of the few people at Court with whom Miss Burney could converse with pleasure upon literary subjects.

Among the equerries the names of Major Price and of Colonel Gwynn are frequently mentioned. On Colonel Gwynn's first assuming his post at Court, Fanny writes: "Colonel Gwynn is reckoned a remarkably handsome man, and he is husband of the beautiful eldest daughter of Mrs. Horneck."

Miss Horneck sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds as the "Jessamy Bride" in his well-known picture

bearing that title. It was Oliver Goldsmith, it seems, who first called Miss Horneck the "Jessamy Bride," in some verses he addressed to her in that character. He was a warm friend of both her and her sister Catherine, whom he used to call "Little Comedy." There are some amusing verses given in Goldsmith's Collected Poems addressed to her also, after her marriage with Harry Bunbury, the popular caricaturist.

Writing of Colonel Gwynn's first appearance at the tea-table, Fanny says: "What a stare was drawn from our new equerry by Major Price's gravely asking Mrs. Schwellenberg after the health of her frogs! She answered they were very well, and the Major said, 'You must know, Colonel Gwynn, Mrs. Schwellenberg keeps a pair of frogs.'

"'Of frogs?—pray what do they feed upon?'

"'Flies, sir!' she answered.

"The stare was now still wider.

"'But I can make them croak when I will,' she added, 'when I only go so to my snuff-box, knock, knock, knock, they croak all what I please.'

"'Very pretty, indeed,' exclaimed Colonel Goldsworthy.

"'I thought to have some spawn,' she continued, 'but Lady Mary Carlton, what you call Lady Doncaster, came and frightened them; I was never so angry!'

"'I am sorry for that,' said the Major very seriously, 'for else I should have begged a pair.'

". . . Then followed a formal enumeration of the frog's virtues and endearing little qualities which made all laugh except the new equerry, who sat in perfect amaze. Then suddenly she stopped short and called out, 'There! now I have told you all this, you might tell something to me. I have talked enoff; now you might amuse *me*.'"

When it happened that Fanny was absent, and that Mrs. Schwellenberg had alone to do the honours of the tea-table, the gentlemen found the meal a very irksome one, and quitted the gathering as quickly as possible. "Colonel Goldsworthy in particular," we are told, "had always fallen asleep even during that short interval, or, at least, shut his eyes to save himself the toil of speaking." This Mrs. Schwellenberg brooked very ill.

"A few evenings ago," writes Fanny, "she very gravely said, 'Colonel Goldsworthy always sleeps with me! Sleeps he with you the same?'

". . . It was with difficulty I could keep my countenance at this question, which I was forced to negative.

"The next evening she repeated it—'Vell, sleeps he yet with you—Colonel Goldsworthy?'

"'Not yet, ma'am,' I hesitatingly answered.

"'O! ver well! he will sleep with nobody but me! O, I von't come down!'"

"One day she remarked, 'I don't not like the men; not one of them!'"

Miss Burney writes to a sister, in the summer of 1788, after receiving a call from a certain Canon Shepherd—

"Well, now I have a new personage to introduce to you, and no small one; ask else the stars, moon, and planets!

"'M. de Lalande,' the Canon said, 'the famous astronomer, was just arrived in England, and now at Windsor, and he had expressed a desire to be introduced to me.'

"Later in the day," she continues, "I hurried into the next room, where I found him with his friend, M. de Lalande.

"What a reception awaited me! how unexpected a one from a famed and great astronomer! M. de Lalande advanced to meet me. I will not be quite positive it was on tiptoe, but certainly with a mixture of jerk and strut—that could not be quite flat-footed. He kissed his hand with the air of a *petit-maître*, and then broke forth into such an harangue of *Éloges*, so solemn with regard to its own weight and importance, and so *fade* with respect to the little personage addressed, that I could not help thinking it lucky for the planets, stars, and sun they were not bound to

hear his comments, though obliged to undergo his calculations.

"On my part, sundry profound reverences, with now and then an '*O, Monsieur!*' or '*c'est trop d'honneur*,' acquitted me so well, that the first harangue being finished, on the score of general and grand reputation, *Éloge* the second began, on the excellency with which '*cette célèbre demoiselle*' spoke French!

"This may surprise you, . . . but you must consider M. de Lalande is a great *discoverer*.

". . . This gentleman's figure, meanwhile, corresponds no better with his discourse than his scientific profession, for he is an ugly little wrinkled old man, with a fine showy waistcoat, rich lace ruffles, and the grimaces of a dentist. . . .

"I was seated between [the gentlemen], but the good [Canon] made no greater interruption to the florid Professor than I did myself: he only grinned applause, with placid but ineffable satisfaction.

"Nothing therefore intervening, *Éloge* the third followed. . . . This had for *sujet* the fair female sex: how the ladies were now all improved; how they could write, and read, and spell; how a man nowadays might talk with them and be understood, and how delightful it was to see such pretty creatures turned rational!

". . . The third being ended, a rather longer

pause ensued. I believe he was dry, but I offered him no tea. I would not voluntarily be accessory to detaining such great personages from higher avocations. I wished him next to go and study the stars; from the moon he seemed so lately arrived there was little occasion for another journey. I flatter myself he was of the same opinion, for the fourth *Éloge* was all upon his unhappiness in tearing himself away from so much merit, and ended in as many bows as had accompanied his entrance.

"'I suppose, in going,' he said, with a shrug to the Canon, 'M. le Docteur, c'est bien gênant, mais il faut dire des jollies choses aux dames!'

"He was going the next day to see Dr. Maskelyne's observatory. Well! I have had him first in mine!"

CHAPTER XXI

ROYAL VISIT TO CHELTENHAM

In the month of June 1788, the King, who had enjoyed excellent health for many years, began to suffer from certain symptoms that caused anxiety to those about him.

Miss Burney, writing in July, says: "Early in this month the King's indisposition occasioned the plan of going to Cheltenham, to try the effect of the waters drank upon the spot. It was settled that the party should be the smallest that was possible, as his Majesty was to inhabit the house of Lord Fauconberg, vacated for that purpose, which was very small. He resolved upon only taking his equerry-in-waiting and pages, &c. Lord Courtown, his treasurer of the household, was already at Cheltenham, and therefore at hand to attend. The Queen agreed to carry her Lady-of-the-bedchamber-in-waiting, with Miss Planta and F. B., and none others but wardrobe-women for myself and the Princesses.

"Mr. Fairly was here almost all the month

previously to our departure. At first it was concluded that he and Colonel Gwynn, the equerry-in-waiting, were to belong wholly to the same table with Miss Planta and me, and Mr. Fairly threatened repeatedly how well we should all know one another, and how well he would study and know us all *au fond*.

"But before we set out, the plan was all changed, for the King determined to throw aside all state, and make the two gentlemen dine at his own table."

Writing from Cheltenham on July 13th, Fanny describes their journey the previous day from Windsor—

"We were all up at five o'clock," she says, "and the noise and confusion reigning through the house and resounding all around it, from the quantities of people stirring, boxes nailing, horses neighing, and dogs barking, was tremendous. . . .

"The Royal party set off first, to stop and breakfast at Lord Harcourt's, at Nuneham. . . .

"At Henley-on-Thames, at an inn beautifully situated, we stopped to breakfast, and at Oxford to take a sort of half-dinner.

"The crowd, gathered together upon the road, waiting for the King and Queen to pass, was immense and almost unbroken from Oxford to Cheltenham. Every town and village within twenty miles seemed to have been deserted to

supply all the pathways with groups of anxious spectators. . . . In truth, I believe they never were aware of the moment in which their eagerness met its gratification, [for] their Majesties travelled wholly without guards or state; and I am convinced from the time we advanced beyond Oxford they were taken only for their own attendants. . . .

"All the towns through which we passed were filled with people as closely fastened one to another as they appear in the pit of a playhouse. Every town seemed all face.

"When we arrived at Cheltenham, which is almost all one street, extremely long, clean, and well paved, we had to turn out of the public way about a quarter of a mile to proceed to Fauconberg Hall. . . . It is indeed situated on a most sweet spot, surrounded with lofty hills, beautifully variegated, and bounded for the principal object with the hills of Malvern.

"When we had mounted the gradual ascent on which the house stands, the crowd all around it was as one head! We stopped within twenty yards of the door, uncertain how to proceed. All the Royals were at the windows; and to pass this multitude—to wade through it rather—was a most disagreeable operation. However, we had no choice; we therefore got out, and leaving the wardrobe-women to find their way to the back-

CHELTENHAM HIGH STREET

door, Miss Planta and I glided on to the front one, where we saw the two gentlemen, and where, as soon as we got to the steps, we encountered the King. He enquired most graciously concerning our journey; and Lady Weymouth came downstairs to summon me to the Queen, who was in excellent spirits, and said she would show me her room.

"'*This*, ma'am!' cried I, as I entered it; 'is *this* little room for your Majesty?'

"'O, stay,' cried she, laughing, 'till you see your own before you call it little!'

"Soon after she sent me upstairs for that purpose, and then, to be sure, I began to think less diminutively of that I had just quitted. Mine, with one window, had just space to crowd in a bed, a chest of drawers, and three small chairs. The prospect, however, from the window is extremely pretty, and all is new and clean. So I doubt not being very comfortable, as I am *senza Cerbera*—though having no maid is a real evil to one so little her own mistress as myself."

Before quoting further passages from Miss Burney's account of her new surroundings, we should like to say a word or two about the Cheltenham of those days.

Previous to the Royal visit fashion had not set in the direction of Cheltenham, in spite of the

efficacy of its mineral waters, so that the life of its inhabitants was still very primitive.

The Gloucester mail-coach, with its burden of letters from London, did not enter Cheltenham at all in those days, but left the Cheltenham mail-bag at a village called Frog Mill, about six miles off, to be forwarded at the convenience of the villagers.

The only public conveyances in the town were two sedan chairs; a solitary "fly" was, it seems, attempted, but it proved a failure.

A writer who describes the place in 1781 tells us that there was much difficulty in obtaining food-supplies from any distance, as the only medium of transit was a country carrier. When there happened to be an unexpected influx into the town, preachers would announce the important fact from their pulpits by informing their congregations of "the arrival of a cargo of things material."

Corn, fish, butter, and vegetables were sold at two markets held in the High Street. These markets, the writer says, were attended by an eccentric female called "Nanny the bellwoman," who was then almost the only parochial officer in existence—filling the various offices of toll-collector, watchman, town-crier, postmistress, &c. "She was justly celebrated," he says, "for the clear and powerful manner in which she an-

nounced something 'lost' or 'stolen,' or on 'sale by auction.'"

One day during the Royal visit to Cheltenham, when King George was walking up the High Street, "Nanny" concluded a public notice by crying out "God save the King!" The good-natured monarch turned round at once and responded, "God save the crier and the people!"

As soon as it was generally known that a visit of the Royal Family to Cheltenham was decided upon, the excitement in the town had been great.

"Cheltenham will be the summer village of all that is fashionable and all that is dignified," remarks a writer in the *Morning Post*, "the residence of the Royal Family being a thing quite new so far from the metropolis. Already we hear of nothing but Cheltenham modes—the *Cheltenham cap*—the *Cheltenham bonnet*—the *Cheltenham buttons*—the *Cheltenham buckles;* in short, all the fashions are completely *Cheltenhamized* throughout Great Britain."

When the King and his family actually entered the town, the enthusiasm was great, as we have seen in Miss Burney's account. We also learn from a contemporary inhabitant that "bells proclaimed the joyful intelligence, music paraded the street, and the festivity was concluded with a general illumination, and plentiful, though not blameable or licentious, libations to the health

of George III., the Queen, and the Royal Family."

Miss Burney describes the sitting-room allotted to her use in Fauconberg Hall, or Bay's Hill Lodge, as it began to be called.

"A little parlour," she writes, "which formerly belonged to Lord Fauconberg's housekeeper, is now called mine, and here Miss Planta and myself are to breakfast and dine. But for tea we formed a new plan: as Mr. Fairly had himself told me he understood there would be no tea-table at Cheltenham . . . we settled to have our tea upstairs.

". . . We went on mutually with our unpacking till we were both too thirsty to work any longer. Having no maid to send, and no bell to ring for my man, I then made my way downstairs, to give Columb directions for our tea equipage.

"After two or three mistakes of peering into Royal rooms, I at length got safe to my little parlour, but still was at a loss where to find Columb; and while parading in and out in hopes of meeting with some assistance, I heard my name enquired for from the door. I looked out and saw Mrs. Tracy, senior bedchamber-woman to the Queen.

"She is at Cheltenham for her health, and came to pay her duty in enquiries and so forth.

"I conducted her to my little store-room, for such it looks, from its cupboards and short-checked window-curtains; and we chatted upon the place and the expedition, till Columb came to tell me that Mr. Fairly desired to speak with me. I waited upon him immediately in the passage leading to the kitchen stairs, for that was my *salle d'audience*.

"He was with Lord Courtown; they apologised for disturbing me, but Mr. Fairly said he came to solicit leave that they might join my tea-table for that night only, as they would give orders to be supplied in their own apartments the next day, and not intrude upon me any more. . . .

"I begged them to come in, and ordered tea. . . .

"Very soon the King, searching for his gentlemen, found out my room and entered. He admired it prodigiously, and enquired concerning all our accommodations. He then gave Mr. Fairly a commission to answer an address, or petition, to the Master of the Ceremonies, and, after half an hour's chat, retired.

"After tea, Mrs. Tracy went, and the King sent for Lord Courtown. Mr. Fairly was going too, and I was preparing to return upstairs to my toils, but he presently changed his design, and asked leave to stay a little longer, if I was at leisure; at leisure I certainly was not, but I was

most content to work double tides for the pleasure of his company. . . . Our sociability, however, had very soon an interruption. The King re-entered; he started back at sight of our diminished

FAUCONBERG HALL, OR BAY'S HILL LODGE

party, and exclaimed, with a sort of arch surprise, 'What! only you two?'

"Mr. Fairly laughed a little, and I smiled ditto! But I had rather his Majesty had made

such a comment on any other of his establishment, if make it he must, since I am sure Mr. Fairly's aversion to that species of raillery is equal to my own."

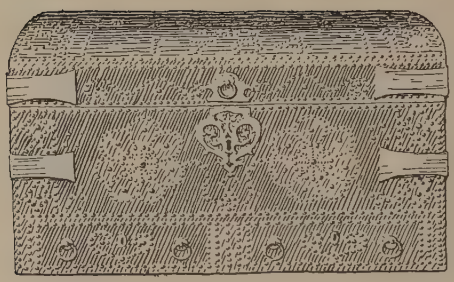
Miss Burney thus describes their new habitation—

"On the ground floor," she says, "there is one large and very pleasant room, which is made the dining-parlour. The King and Royal Family also breakfast in it by themselves, except [for] the Lady-in-waiting, Lady Weymouth. They sup there also, in the same manner. The gentlemen only dine with them, I find. They are to breakfast with us, to drink tea where they will, and to sup—where they can; and I rather fancy, from what I have yet seen, it will be commonly with Duke Humphry!

"A small but very neat dressing-room for his Majesty is on the other side the hall, and my little parlour is the third and only other room on the ground floor. . . . Over this eating-parlour, on the first floor, is the Queen's drawing-room, in which she is also obliged to dress and to undress! for she has no toilet apartment!"

After describing the other rooms (most of them small) on the first floor, and also those on the second floor, Miss Burney goes on to say:

"This is the whole house! Not a man but the King sleeps in it! The pages sleep in out-houses. Even the housemaids lodge in the town, a quarter of a mile or more from the house!"



CHAPTER XXII

LONDON ELEGANCE WITH RURAL DELIGHT

"One of the peculiar characteristics of Cheltenham," we read in the high-flown language of an old guide-book, "is the happy mixture of London elegance and rural delight; or in other words, the opportunity of partaking of such entertainments as the capital affords in a spot so truly rustic and picturesque."

In the same guide-book we find a description of "The Original Spa"—the only Spa at which people could drink the waters in 1788.

"After crossing a slight bridge over the Chelt," says the writer, "we enter a capacious gravelled promenade 20 feet wide, shaded by elms, whose aspiring tops shroud the avenue for upwards of 800 feet. Nearly at the upper end of this rural promenade the Original Spa is erected, forming a rude species of temple, with a carved pigeon on each side, emblematic of its antique discovery.

"Early in the day this spot becomes the scene of animation, and it is impossible to witness a

sight more exhilarating . . . for the sun has no sooner begun to absorb the cool dews of the morning, and the whole sky to be animated with its warmth and influence, than the busy hum commences at the well. Between six and seven the walks begin to be filled. From seven till nine they are crowded. Here may be seen a galaxy of beauty which overpowers even Aurora herself. Here the sparkling eye—the bewitching mien, the elegant costume, which fascinated all beholders at the evening ball—assumes an altered character. The warm glow of the midnight dance is exchanged for the fresh tint of the morning."

As soon as George III. arrived at Cheltenham, he began to drink the waters, and was to be seen every morning at the Spa soon after six o'clock. He was usually accompanied by the Queen and the Princesses, and after taking a glass of water, he and they would pace up and down the shady walks.

"The King and Queen walked in the same state as on the terrace at Windsor," writes Miss Burney, "followed by the three Princesses and their attendants. Everybody stopped and stood up as they passed, or as they stopped themselves to speak to any of the company.

"In one of these stoppings Lord Courtown backed a little from the suite to talk with us,

and he said he saw what benefit I reaped from the waters! I told him I supposed I might be the better for the excursion, according to the definition . . . by Mr. Walpole, who says, people go to those places well, and then return cured!"

These walks formed the general meeting-

STAIRCASE IN BAY'S HILL LODGE

ground for the Cheltenham society of the day, and here Fanny came across many an old friend or acquaintance. Among these were Mr. Seward —so closely connected with the Streatham life, and with whom she had much to talk over; and Miss Palmer, the lively niece of her kind and honoured friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Miss Burney writes on July 15th: "This morning at breakfast, the gentlemen brought in presents which they had received from the Queen. All the Royals go to the Walks and the Rooms as private company, with only Lady Weymouth and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly and Colonel Gwynn; and they now amuse themselves with looking over the toys brought thither, and making presents."

These purchases were evidently made at a building which stood near to the Pump Room, and which "formed," we are told, "an elegant repository for fine prints, fancy goods, &c." In a contemporary drawing these articles are to be seen through a shop window, above which appears in large letters the words—

FASANA'S REPOSITORY

From 35 Milsom Street, Bath.

"Mr. Fairly's gift," continues Fanny, "was a little inkstand; such a one as my dear friends may have seen of mine, from the same Royal hand. He said he would give it to his little daughter. . . . Colonel Gwynn had a very pretty little box, and he destined it for his beautiful wife."

The King and his family regularly attended divine worship at the Parish Church. A correspondent of the *Morning Post*, writing from Cheltenham on Sunday, July 18th (1788), says—

"This morning the King, Queen, and Princesses walked from Fauconberg Hall to the church. They were received at the door by the Bishop of Worcester and the Rev. Mr. Freeman, Rector of the parish. This day the choir of select singers mustered up courage and performed two psalms. The 84th, 'How pleasant are thy dwellings, Lord,' was a very good counterpart composition, and with the help of a very good bassoon, was performed in a style superior to anything that could be expected. Their Majesties seemed to be very much pleased, as those performers had not resolution enough last Sunday to perform. The Rector had the honour of preaching the sermon—text, Matthew xxv. ver. 29. After the sermon the Bishop and Rector walked before their Majesties to the end of the churchyard, and then bowed and took leave.

"The Royal visitants walked into the High Street, attended by a great number of persons, particularly young men and maidens from the country. . . . In the evening the usual walk in the fields with a vast concourse of well-dressed persons. The King was dressed as usual, plain blue, with same brown bob; the Queen and Princesses very plain; their bonnets only commanded attention—her Majesty's and Princess Royal's very elegantly trimmed with light green and white ribbons, an improvement upon the

Turc bonnets; the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth wore bonnets of straw, trimmed in the same taste, with light blue."

The King used to take long rides, unaccompanied by any of his suite, in the beautiful country that surrounds Cheltenham, and many an anecdote is told of his sayings on such occasions.

"One day," it is said, "he rode out to Burley, and the weather being rainy, wore his great-coat. On his return he overtook a farmer with his drove of sheep. His Majesty rode by his side for a quarter of an hour, conversing upon the value and properties of the land and the price of sheep and cattle. Presently the farmer asked the gentleman if he had seen the King, and being answered in the affirmative, he observed, 'Our neighbours say he is a good sort of a man, but dresses very plain.' 'Aye,' said the King, 'as plain as I do,' and rode on."

"Nothing pleased the Cheltenham people more," says a contemporary writer, "than the unguarded manner in which his Majesty lived, conversed, and moved about among his faithful, his devoted subjects—like a father in the midst of his children."

The writer of the old guide-book becomes pompously eloquent on the subject of the Cheltenham Playhouse. "Hardly a season elapses," he says,

MRS. JORDAN
By G. Romney

"but the visitors are there regaled with some choice performance, in which the rich notes of the first vocalists, the powerful pathos of the chief tragedians, or the elegancies of comedy, are displayed with the happiest effect."

Miss Burney experienced these "elegancies of comedy" on July 26th, when she writes: "We all proceeded to the playhouse, which is a very pretty little theatre. Mrs. Jordan played the 'Country Girl' most admirably."

It is in this character that Romney painted her portrait, of which the following anecdote is told by a contemporary writer—

"I recollect," he says, "hearing Romney describe Mrs. Jordan as she came to sit to him for her picture. For some time they could hit upon no attitude that pleased them both; whatever one proposed the other rejected. At last Mrs. Jordan, pretending to be tired and to be going away, sprang out of her chair, and putting herself into an attitude, and using an expression belonging to her popular part in the *Romp*, she said, 'Well, I'm a-going!' Romney instantly exclaimed, 'That will do!' and in that attitude, and uttering that expression, he painted her."

The writer adds, "I once saw this fascinating actress as 'Peggy' in the *Country Girl*, and although I was young at the time, I fully remembered her silver-toned voice, her unsophisti-

cated manner, her joyous laugh, her tenderness, and her exuberant spirits."

It was objected by some persons that her acting of the "Romp" was *too* natural, and seemed as if it must be the outcome of her natural character. But this was not the view taken by Fanny or by her sister, Susan Phillips. In some unpublished journals of Susan's we find the following account of Mrs. Jordan's performance of the "Romp." It was in Drury Lane Playhouse.

"Here," she writes, "I had the exquisite amusement of seeing Mrs. Jordan in *Miss Hoyden*—whose perfection of performance in this part seems to me not inferior to any I have ever seen, and though she is as *vulgar*, and as loud, and as Hoydening as the true Miss Hoyden could ever have been imagined by the author, she never absolutely disgusted me. There seemed an innocence in her vulgarity that even in gross parts of the piece prevented disgust or putting one out of countenance. I was so enchanted with her," she adds, "that I longed to go [to the theatre] every night she acted whilst I was in town."

Hazlitt speaks of Mrs. Jordan's acting as "all exuberance and grace," and calls her "the child of nature, whose voice was a cordial to the heart to hear."

CHAPTER XXIII

MISS BURNEY'S LITTLE PARLOUR

We hear much of the widower Colonel Digby, or Mr. Fairly, as he is called in the Diaries, during the Cheltenham visit.

The official order that there was to be no "tea-table" for the gentlemen in the confined space of Fauconberg Hall had been soon rescinded, and he became, therefore, a constant guest in Miss Burney's parlour, where he would often linger after his companions had departed. At such times his deep dejection would call forth Fanny's sincerest sympathy.

On one occasion she writes: "He led almost immediately to those subjects on which he loves to dwell—Death and Immortality, and the assured misery of all stations and all seasons in this vain and restless world.

"I ventured not to contradict him with my happier sentiments, lest I should awaken some fresh pain. . . .

"Alas! thought I, that a man so good should be so unhappy!"

At times, however, the talk would turn upon lighter themes, and literary matters would be discussed. One day the subject chosen was a poem called the "Shipwreck," by William Falconer.

"Shall I read some passages to you?" asked Mr. Fairly.

"I most gladly consented," writes Miss Burney, "and got out my work, of which I have no small store, believe me!—morning caps, robins, &c., &c., all to prepare from day to day. . . .

"The passages selected were really beautiful. . . . One line he came to he read with an emotion extremely affecting—'tis a sweet line—

'He felt the chastity of silent woe.'

"He stopped upon it and sighed so deeply that his sadness quite infected me.

"Then he read various characters of the ship's company, which are given, with much energy and discrimination. I could not but admire every passage he chose, and I was sensible each of them owed much obligation to his reading, which was full of feeling and effect.

". . . How unexpected an indulgence—a luxury, I may say—to me are these evenings now becoming! While I listen to such reading and such a reader, all my work goes on with an alacrity that renders it all pleasure to me. I

have had no regale like this for many and many a grievous long evening!"

Soon after the foregoing conversation, Mr. Fairly was taken ill with a sharp attack of gout, which confined him to his lodgings for a week. But as soon as he could creep forth he made his way to Miss Burney's parlour, where it happened that the breakfast gathering had just broken up.

"I was quite rejoiced at his sight," she writes. "He was better, though not well. . . . He had a letter for her Majesty from Lord Aylesbury, and had determined to venture bringing it himself. But afterwards, fearing he might be detained and fatigued, Mr. Fairly asked me to present it for him, and only say he was waiting in my room for commands.

"I was forced to say 'Yes,' though I had rather not.

"Her Majesty was much surprised to hear he was again out, so unexpectedly. . . . She bid me tell him she would see him before she went [to Gloucester]."

Mr. Fairly then partook of the cold remains of the breakfast which were still on the table, in spite of Miss Burney's desire to order a fresh repast. "Believe me," he said, when he had finished, "this is the pleasantest breakfast I have made these six days."

"[Another day] Mr. Fairly said, if I would

give him leave, he would stay and write letters in my little parlour. I supplied him with materials, and emptied my Queen's writing-box for a desk. . . . As soon as I presented him with them, he said it was so very comfortable he should write all his letters here, for at his lodgings he had such a miserable low table he had been forced to prop it up by brickbats!"

We find in Susan Phillips' unpublished letters to her sister of this period a sympathetic reflex of all that Fanny was recounting to her of her daily experiences. This renders the scenes doubly vivid, and also proves to us what perfect confidence and communion of thought existed between these sisters.

Susan uses more pseudonyms than Fanny, and it is evident from her letters that "Violetta" was intended for Fanny herself, and not for the little Princess Amelia, as stated in the key to the pseudonyms written by some member of the family in later years. The Queen is always referred to as the "Magnolia."

"I felt dear Violetta's secret averseness," she writes, "to being Mr. Fairly's messenger to the Magnolia. Surely he is extraordinarily careless about appearances or surprisingly unconscious of the ado his visits to the Housekeeper's room could not fail to occasion!"

After expressing "regretful sorrow" for "his

melancholy frame of mind," she remarks: "Where everything in him marks so much sensibility, everything interests. All I am afraid of is that, had I been in Violetta's place, I should soon have chanced to be a little *too* deeply interested about him, and perhaps have paid by permanent regret for a short-lived pleasure. Well! I rejoice it was not so with her."

CHAPTER XXIV

FROM CHELTENHAM TO WORCESTER

Miss Burney writes on August 1st: "This was a very busy day, for the Duke of York was expected, and his fond father had caused a portable wooden house to be removed from the further end of Cheltenham Town up to join to Fauconberg Hall. The task had employed twenty or thirty men almost ever since our arrival, and so laborious, slow, difficult, and all but impracticable had it proved that it was barely accomplished before it was wanted. There was no room, however, in the King's actual dwelling, and he could not endure not to accommodate his son immediately next to himself.

"His Majesty's joy upon his arrival was such joy as I have only seen here when the Duke arrived first from Germany; I do not mean that it was equally violent, or, alas! equally unmixed, but yet it was next and nearest to that which had been most perfect.

"Mr. Bunbury attended his Royal Highness.

We had all dispersed from breakfast, but the King came in and desired me to make him some. . . . We talked over his usual theme—plays and players—and he languished to go to the theatre and see Mrs. Jordan. Nor did he languish in vain: his Royal master the Duke imbibed his wishes, and conveyed them to the King, and no sooner were they known than an order was hastily sent to the play-house to prepare a Royal box.

"The Queen was so gracious," continues Miss Burney, "as to order Miss Planta and myself to [share in] the same entertainment. We went into a box near the stage. . . .

"The delight of the people that their King and Queen should visit this theatre was the most disinterested I ever witnessed, for though they had not even a glance of the Royal countenances [from their gallery] they shouted and huzzaed and clapped for many minutes. [The Royal party] made a very full and respectable appearance in this village theatre. The King, Queen, Duke of York, and three Princesses were all accommodated with front seats; Lord Harcourt stood behind the King; Lady Harcourt and Mr. Fairly behind the Queen; Lord and Lady Courtown and Lady Pembroke behind the Princesses; and at the back Colonel Gwynn and Mr. Bunbury; Mr. Boulby and Lady Mary were also in the back group.

"The Duke of York, so long expected," she continues, "declared he could stay but one night; he was forced to be in town on Sunday by military business, but he would travel all Saturday night that he might defer his setting off till the day was over."

Fanny writes on Sunday, August 3rd: "This morning I was violently oppressed by a cold, which turns out to be influenza. When the Queen perceived it in me she told his Majesty, who came into the room. . . . Without making any answer, he himself went immediately to call Mr. Clerk, the apothecary, who was then with the Princess Royal.

"'Now, Mr. Clerk,' cried he, 'here's another patient for you.'

"Mr. Clerk, a modest, sensible man, concluded, by the King himself having called him, that it was the Queen he had now to attend, and he stood bowing profoundly before her; but soon observing she did not notice him, he turned in some confusion to the Princess Augusta, who was now in the group.

"'No, no! it's not me, Mr. Clerk, thank God!' cried the gay Princess Augusta.

"Still more confused, the poor man advanced to Princess Elizabeth.

"'No, no; it's not her!' cried the King.

"I had held back, having scarce power to open

my eyes from a vehement headache, and not indeed wishing to go through my examination till there were fewer witnesses. But his Majesty now drew me out: 'Here, Mr. Clerk,' he cried, 'this is your new patient!'

"'You—you are not well, ma'am?' he cried in the greatest embarrassment.

"'No, sir, not quite,' I answered in ditto.

"'O, Mr. Clerk will cure you,' cried the King.

"'Are—are you feverish, ma'am?'

"'Yes, sir, a little.'

"'I—I will send you a saline draught, ma'am.'

"'If you please.'

"And then he bowed and decamped."

Early in August a great musical festival was to be held in Worcester Cathedral which the King desired to attend. It had been arranged that he and the Royal Family, together with their immediate attendants, should reside in the Bishop's palace.

Miss Burney writes on August 5th: "The journey to Worcester was very pleasant, and the country through which we passed extremely luxuriant and pretty. We did not go in by the Barborne road, but all the road, and all avenues leading to it, were lined with people, and when we arrived at the city we could see nothing but faces; they lined the windows from top to bottom, and the pavement from end to end.

"We drove all through the city to come to the palace of Bishop Hurd. . . . Upon stopping there, the King had an huzza that seemed to vibrate through the whole town; the Princess Royal's carriage had a second, and the equerries a third; the mob then, as ours drew on in succession, seemed to deliberate whether or not we also should have a cheer, but one of them soon decided the matter by calling out, 'These are the Maids of Honour!' and immediately they gave us an huzza that made us quite ashamed considering its vicinity. . . .

"The Bishop received the Royal Family and all the suite, but lodged himself out of the house the better to accommodate them.

"The house is old and large; part of it looks to the Severn; but the celebrated 'Fair Sabrina' was so thick and muddy, that at this time her vicinity added but little to the beauty of the situation.

"The utmost care and attention was paid by the good Bishop to the convenience and comfort of his Royal guests, and all their people. Our party in the mansion consists of all the Royals, Lady Harcourt, Miss Planta, and myself, with pages, &c.; Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly, Colonels Goldsworthy and Gwynn, are all lodged in the town. Lord Coventry, as Recorder of Worcester, is here

BISHOP HURD'S PALACE

to receive the King, and Lord Oxford is come as Lord-in-Waiting.

"My bedroom is pleasant, with a view of the distant country and the Severn beneath it; but it is through that of the Princess Royal, which is an inconvenience that her Royal Highness submits to with a grace that would make me ashamed to call it one myself. The parlour for our eating is large, and dark, and old-fashioned. I made tea in it to-night for Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, and Miss Planta, and was so much the better for my journey, that I felt the influenza nearly conquered."

Bishop Hurd's palace still exists, but the building is now used as a deanery. In ancient times a large part of it was a monastery, and its chief reception-room, with a fine Gothic window, still bears the name of the Abbot's Hall.

On the side of the house that faces the river, we can easily picture to ourselves Fanny's "pleasant bedroom" behind one of the upper windows. Her parlour must have been to the front, which overlooks the courtyard, and where she tells us the crowds of sightseers afforded her much entertainment.

She writes on Wednesday, August 6th: "I had the pleasure to arrange going to the music meeting with my own family. Notes were immediately interchanged from and to Barborne

Lodge, and the Queen was very well pleased that I should have this opportunity of joining my friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, and Betsy, called for me at the Bishop's."

Fanny's uncle, Richard Burney, lived at Barborne Lodge, together with his sons and daughters —a cheerful, bright family party, with whom Fanny had had much happy intercourse in her earlier life. Mrs. Hawkins, the eldest daughter, was the "Becky" of the early Diaries.

"I was heartily glad to see Betsy and Mrs. Hawkins," continues Fanny. "I introduced Miss Planta to them, who was of our party. We sat in what are called the Stewards' places, immediately under their Majesties. The performance was very long and tolerably tedious, concluding with a sermon preached by Dr. Langhorne. I was, however, so glad to be with my cousins, that the morning was very comfortable and pleasant to me. Richard and James joined us occasionally; the rest of the family are at Shrewsbury. . . .

"My parlour at the Bishop's afforded me a good deal of entertainment, from observing the prodigious concourse of people [on] all the tops of houses, and looking over the walls to watch his Majesty's entrance into the courtyard. Poor Lord Courtown, on account of his star, was continually taken for the King, and received

so many huzzas and shouts, that he hardly dared show himself except when in attendance.

"I was looking [out] at the window after dinner when his Lordship was forced to come out with the other gentlemen, to wait for the King, whom they were all going to attend to the china and other manufactories. Mr. Fairly saw me, and instantly came up to the window to inquire how I did, and what was become of my influenza? The rest followed, and among them Lord Oxford, and they all stayed chatting upon Worcester, &c., till his Majesty appeared. The Queen then came also to peep in and see how I was accommodated. The perfect good-humour and graciousness of all the Royal Family in these excursions there is no describing. The Princess Royal regularly, during this Worcester visit, parted the orgeat given her for her own influenza, and with her own fair hands placed half of it by my bedside, where I always found it at night. Could anything be more sweetly condescending?

". . . I had several little conferences with the Bishop of Worcester in the course of the day which were extremely pleasant to me. He made me sundry little visits while in waiting at different times for their Majesties."

Miss Burney describes a second musical performance at the cathedral, when she heard Mara

"sing very finely," and when she was again accompanied by her cousins. There was a grand concert in the evening, and on the following day (August 9th), the King, the Queen, and Royal Family, with their attendants, returned to Cheltenham, where they remained for one more week.

The Master of the Ceremonies of those days has left an account of the Royal party quitting Cheltenham. "On Saturday, August 16th," he writes, "they left Cheltenham about eight in the morning; they drove very slowly through the town. The principal inhabitants, and the nobility and gentry who were visitors, were assembled on both sides of the street opposite the 'Plough.' When the King and Queen passed by, there was a very affecting scene; the King and Queen alternately on both sides the coach taking their leave, and the assembled multitude, with silent and dutiful respect, reverently bowing to a monarch who had conducted himself towards them with the courtesy of a gentleman, without losing the dignity of a King. The music of the town played 'God save the King' in slow time, and the band of the 29th Regiment answered in response. Thus ended the Royal visit to Cheltenham."

Before leaving the subject of Cheltenham, with all its interesting associations of long ago, we should like to mention the fact that on the very

site of the Old Spa, the Pump Room, and the Walks, there now stands the great Cheltenham Ladies' College, with all its intellectual life for the girls of to-day.

In what light our forbears regarded female education we can gather from the words of a learned and kindly Cheltenham Professor, in his address given upon the opening of a Literary Institute early in last century. Turning to the female portion of his audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies, go on; enjoy, in alliance with the appropriate duties of domestic life, the graceful charms, the innocent delights of science and letters. Excluded though you are, and must be, from the advantages, or the pedantry, of colleges and universities, you will ever find the doors of this and similar institutions as open for your reception, as we feel ourselves honoured by your presence."

CHAPTER XXV

ALARM IN THE PALACE

Fanny Burney writes from Kew Palace on October 17th, 1788: "Our return to Windsor is postponed till to-morrow. The King is not well; he has not been quite well for some time, yet nothing, I hope, alarming." And again she writes on the 19th: "The Windsor journey is again postponed, and the King is but very indifferent. Heaven preserve him! There is something unspeakably alarming in his smallest indisposition.

"I am very much with the Queen, who, I see, is very uneasy, but she talks not of it."

On the following day, Fanny writes: "The King was taken very ill in the night, and we have all been cruelly frightened, but it went off, and, thank Heaven! he is now better."

The slight amendment continuing, the removal to Windsor took place on October 24th.

Miss Burney writes on Sunday, the 26th: "The King was prevailed upon not to go to

chapel this morning. I met him in the passage from the Queen's room; he stopped me and conversed upon his health near half-an-hour, with that extreme quickness of speech and manner that belongs to fever; and he hardly sleeps, he tells me, one minute all night. . . . He is all agitation, all emotion, yet all benevolence and goodness, even to a degree that makes it touching to hear him speak.

"*Nov.* 1*st.*—Our King does not advance in amendment; he grows so weak that he walks like a gouty man, yet has such spirits that he has talked away his voice, and is so hoarse it is painful to hear him. The Queen is evidently in great uneasiness.

"She read to me to-day a lecture of Hunter's. . . . It is a biographical commentary on the Old Testament. During the reading . . . twice, at pathetic passages, my poor Queen shed tears. 'How nervous I am!' she cried; 'I am quite a fool! Don't you think so?'

"'No, ma'am!' was all I dared answer.

"The King was hunting. Her anxiety for his return was greater than ever. The moment he arrived he sent a page to desire to have coffee and take his bark in the Queen's dressing-room.

"The King is very sensible of the great change there is in himself and of her disturbance at it. . . . I was present at his first seeing Lady Effingham

on his return to Windsor. . . . 'My dear Effy,' he cried, 'you see me all at once an old man.' . . .

"He took the bark. 'But the Queen,' he cried, 'is my physician, and no man need have a better; she is my *friend*, and no man *can* have a better.'

"How the Queen commanded herself I cannot conceive; but there was something so touching in this speech from his hoarse voice and altered countenance, that it overset me very much. . . ."

Miss Burney continues the following day: "The Queen is almost overpowered with the sense of secret terror. I am affected beyond all expression to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very terrible to see."

Miss Burney writes on November 5th: "O, dreadful day! . . . I found my poor Royal mistress in the morning sad and sadder still; something horrible seemed impending. I saw her whole resource was in religion."

And again, writing in the afternoon, she says: "Suddenly arrived the Prince of Wales. He came into the room. He had just quitted Brighthelmstone. Something passing within seemed to render this meeting awfully distant on both

sides. . . . He desired to speak with her; they retired together.

"I had just reached my own room, deeply musing on the state of things, when a chaise stopped at the rails; and I saw Mr. Fairly and his son Charles alight, and enter the house. He walked lamely, and seemed not yet recovered from his late attack. . . .

"Meanwhile a stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house. Nobody stirred; not a voice was heard; not a step, not a motion. I could do nothing but watch, without knowing for what: there seemed a strangeness in the house most extraordinary.

"At seven o'clock Columb came to tell me that the music was all forbid, and the musicians ordered away! . . . I could not understand the prohibition; all seemed stranger and stranger. . . .

"Very late came General Budé. He looked extremely uncomfortable. . . . Later still came Colonel Goldsworthy: his countenance all gloom. . . . General Budé asked me if I had seen Mr. Fairly, and last of all, at length he also entered. How grave he looked!

"[On the other gentlemen leaving the tea-table], we were now alone," she continues. "A long and serious pause made me almost turn sick with anxious wonder and fear, and an inward trembling totally disabled me from asking the

actual situation of things. . . . He now, finding me silent, began an inquiry whether I was yet acquainted how bad all was become and how ill the King?

". . . He kindly saved me any questions, and related to me the whole of the mysterious horror!

". . . The King, at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears. No one knew what was to follow—no one could conjecture the event. . . .

" Mr. Fairly stayed with me all the evening, during which we heard no voice, no sound! all was deadly still! At ten o'clock I said: ' I must go to my own room, to be in waiting.' He determined upon remaining downstairs in the equerries' apartment, there to wait some intelligence. We parted in mutual expectation of dreadful tidings. In separating he took my hand, and earnestly recommended me to keep stout and firm.

" If this beginning of the night was affecting, what did it not grow afterwards! Two long hours I waited—alone, in silence, in ignorance, in dread! I thought they would never be over. At twelve o'clock I seemed to have spent two

whole days in waiting. I then opened my door, to listen in the passage if anything seemed stirring. Not a sound could I hear. My apartment seemed wholly separated from life and motion. . . .

"I would fain have crept on myself, anywhere in the world, for some inquiry, or to see but a face and hear a voice, but I did not dare risk losing a sudden summons.

"I re-entered my room, and there passed another endless hour, in conjectures too horrible to relate.

"A little after one I heard a step—my door opened—and a page said I must come to the Queen.

"I could hardly get along — hardly force myself into the room; dizzy I felt almost to falling. But the first shock passed, I became more collected. . . .

"My poor Royal mistress! Never can I forget her countenance—pale, ghastly pale, she looked; she was seated to be undressed, and attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy; her whole frame was disordered, yet she was still and quiet.

"These two ladies assisted me to undress her, or rather I assisted them, for they were firmer, from being longer present; my shaking hands and blinded eyes could scarce be of any use.

"I gave her some camphor julep, which had been ordered her by Sir George Baker. 'How cold I am!' she cried, and put her hand on mine; marble it felt! and went to my heart's core!

"The King, at the instance of Sir George Baker, had consented to sleep in the next apartment, as the Queen was ill. Accordingly a bed was put up for him by his own order in the Queen's second dressing-room, immediately adjoining to the bedroom.

"I would fain have remained in the little dressing-room on the other side of the bedroom, but she would not permit it. . . . How reluctantly did I come away! how hardly to myself leave her! Yet I went to bed determined to preserve my strength to the utmost of my ability for the service of my unhappy mistress. I could not, however, sleep. I do not suppose an eye was closed in the house all night."

"*Thursday, December 6th.* — I rose at six, dressed in haste by candle-light, and unable to wait for my summons in a suspense so awful, I stole along the passage in the dark, a thick fog intercepting all faint light, to see if I could meet with Sandys, or any one, to tell me how the night had passed.

"When I came to the little dressing-room, I stopped irresolute what to do. I heard men's

voices; I was seized with the most cruel alarm at such a sound in her Majesty's dressing-room. I waited some time, and then the door opened, and I saw Colonel Goldsworthy and Mr. Batterscombe. . . . They had both sat up there all night, as well as Sandys. Every page, both of the King and Queen, had also sat up, dispersed in the passages and ante-rooms! and O, what horror in every face I met!

". . . I glided into the [Queen's] room, but stopped at the door; she was in bed, sitting up, Miss Goldsworthy was on a stool by her side. . . . Miss Goldsworthy turning round, said, 'Tis Miss Burney, ma'am.'

"She leaned her head forward, and in a most soft manner said, 'Miss Burney, how are you?'

"Deeply affected, I hastened up to her, but, in trying to speak, burst into an irresistible torrent of tears.

"She looked like death—colourless and wan; but nature is infectious; the tears gushed from her own eyes, and a perfect agony of weeping ensued. . . . When it subsided, and she wiped her eyes, she said, 'I thank you, Miss Burney—you have made me cry—it is a great relief to me—I had not been able to cry before, all this night long.'

"O what a scene followed! what a scene was related. The King in the middle of the night

had insisted upon seeing if his Queen was not removed from the house; and he had come into her room with a candle in his hand, opened the bed curtains, and satisfied himself she was there. . . . He stayed a full half-hour, and the depth of terror during that time no words can paint. . . .

"The King—the Royal sufferer—was still in the next room, attended by Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden, and his pages, with Colonel Goldsworthy occasionally, and as he called for him. He kept talking unceasingly; his voice so lost in hoarseness and weakness it was rendered almost inarticulate. . . .

"The Queen would not let me leave her now. . . . She frequently bid me listen, to hear what the King was saying or doing. . . . Nothing could be so affecting as this task; even now it brings fresh to my ear his poor exhausted voice. 'I am nervous,' he cried, 'I am not ill, but I am nervous; if you would know what is the matter with me, I am nervous. But I love you both very well; if you would tell me the truth: I love Dr. Heberden best, for he has not told me a lie: Sir George has told me a lie—a white lie,' he says, 'but I hate a white lie! If you will tell me a lie, let it be a black lie!'

". . . Who could tell to what height the delirium might rise? There was no constraint, no

power: all feared the worst, yet none dared take any measures for security.

"The Princes sent word they were at her Majesty's command, but she shrank from their interview; it filled her with a thousand dreadful sensations, too obvious to be wholly hid."

Dr. Warren was now summoned to Windsor as head physician, and he advised certain changes which were effected, one being that the Queen should remove to a distant apartment where it would be impossible for the King to reach her.

Writing on Nov. 7th, Miss Burney says: "While I was yet with my poor Royal Mistress this morning, the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologised for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night. It had indeed been most affectingly dreadful! The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned: amazed, and in consternation, he demanded what they did there? . . . Much followed that I have heard since, particularly the warmest *éloge* on his dear son Frederick—his favourite, his friend. Yes,' he cried, 'Frederick is my friend!' and this son was then present amongst the rest, but not seen!

"The Prince of Wales, by signs and whispers, would have urged others to have drawn him away,

but no one dared approach him, and he remained there a considerable time, 'Nor do I know when he would have been got back,' continued the Prince, 'if at last Mr. Fairly had not undertaken him. He came boldly up to him, and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then the King said he would not,' and cried, 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Fairly, sir,' he answered, 'and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, sir; it is necessary to your life.' And then he was so surprised that he let himself be drawn along just like a child."

CHAPTER XXVI

A ROYAL SUFFERER

Affairs continued under the same gloomy aspect as before, and soon after the last entry in her Diary Miss Burney writes: "I found we were all speedily to remove to Kew. This was to be kept profoundly secret till almost the moment of departure. The King will never consent to quit Windsor; and to allure him away by some stratagem occupies the physicians who have proposed and enforced this measure. . . .

"Sir Lucas [Pepys] made me a visit and informed me of all the medical proceedings. . . . The difficulty how to get the King away from his favourite abode was all that rested. If they even attempted force, he said, they had not a doubt but his smallest resistance would call up the whole country to his fancied rescue! . . .

"He moved me even to tears by telling me that none of their own lives would be safe if the King did not recover, so prodigiously high ran the tide of affection and loyalty. All the

physicians received threatening letters daily, to answer for the safety of their Monarch with their lives!"

It was now decided by those in authority that a form of prayer for the King's recovery should be used in all the Established Churches of the country, but before the Council had decided upon the wording of this prayer, petitions for the King's recovery were being offered up, not only in all the various dissenting chapels and meeting-houses throughout the land, but even in the Jews' synagogues!

A meeting of the Privy Council, we are told, was held at Windsor Castle at this time, at which the Prince of Wales was present, and to which all the officers of State were summoned in order to sign a permission for the King's removal to Kew. The physicians were also summoned to this Council to give their opinions upon oath that the step was necessary.

"The poor Queen," writes Miss Burney, "gave an audience to the Chancellor. It was necessary to sanction the proceedings. The Princess Royal and Lady Courtown attended her. It was a tragedy the most dismal!"

The Privy Council had decided that the King should be seen both by the Chancellor and Mr. Pitt.

"The Chancellor went into his presence with

a tremor . . . and when he came out he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his Royal Master and Patron that the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Mr. Pitt was more composed, but expressed his grief with so much respect and attachment that it added new weight to the universal admiration with which he is here held. . . .

"*Saturday, November* 29.—Shall I ever forget the varied emotions of this dreadful day!

"I rose with the heaviest of hearts and found my poor Royal mistress in the deepest dejection; she told me now of our intended expedition to Kew. . . .

"Terrible was the morning!—uninterruptedly terrible! all spent in hasty packing up, preparing for we knew not what, nor for how long, nor with what circumstances, nor scarcely with what view! We seemed preparing for captivity, without having committed any offence; and banishment, without the least conjecture when we might be recalled from it.

". . . The plan settled between the Princes and the physicians was that her Majesty and the Princesses should go away quietly, and then that the King should be told that they were gone, which was the sole method they could devise to prevail with him to follow. . . .

"I believe it was about ten o'clock when her

Majesty departed; drowned in tears, she glided along the passage, and got softly into her carriage with two weeping Princesses and Lady Courtown. . . . Then followed the third Princess, with Lady Charlotte Finch. They went off without any state or parade, and a more melancholy scene cannot be imagined. There was not a dry eye in the house. The footman, the housemaids, the porter, the sentinels—all cried even bitterly as they looked on.

". . . In what a confusion was the house! Princes, Equerries, Physicians, Pages—all conferring, whispering, plotting, and caballing how to induce the King to set off!

"At length we found an opportunity to glide through the passage to the coach; Miss Planta and myself, with her maid and Goter. But the heaviness of heart with which we began this journey, and the dreadful prognostics of the duration of misery to which it led us—who can tell?

"We were almost wholly silent all the way.

"When we arrived at Kew, we found the suspense with which the King was awaited truly terrible. Her Majesty had determined to return to Windsor at night if he came not. We were all to forbear unpacking in the meanwhile."

Miss Burney continues later: "Dinner went on, and still no King. We now began to grow

very anxious, when Miss Planta exclaimed that she thought she heard a carriage. We all listened . . . the sound came nearer, and presently a carriage drove into the front court. I could see nothing, it was so dark; but I presently heard the much-respected voice of the dear, unhappy King, speaking rapidly to the porter, as he alighted from the coach. . . .

"The poor King had been prevailed upon to quit Windsor with the utmost difficulty. . . . The bribery, however, which brought, was denied him! he was by no means to see the Queen!

". . . I could not sleep all night—I thought I heard the poor King. He was under the same range of apartments, though far distant, but his indignant disappointment haunted me. The Queen, too, was very angry at having promises made in her name which could not be kept. What a day altogether was this!

"*Sunday, November 30th.*—Here in all its dread colours, dark as its darkest prognostics, began the Kew campaign. I went to my poor Queen at seven o'clock. She had passed a wretched night. . . .

"I waited very long in the cold, dark passages below before I could find any one of whom to ask intelligence. . . . At length I procured the speech of one of the pages, and heard that the night had

been the most violently bad of any yet passed!—and no wonder!

"I hardly knew how to creep upstairs, frozen both within and without, to tell such news. . . .

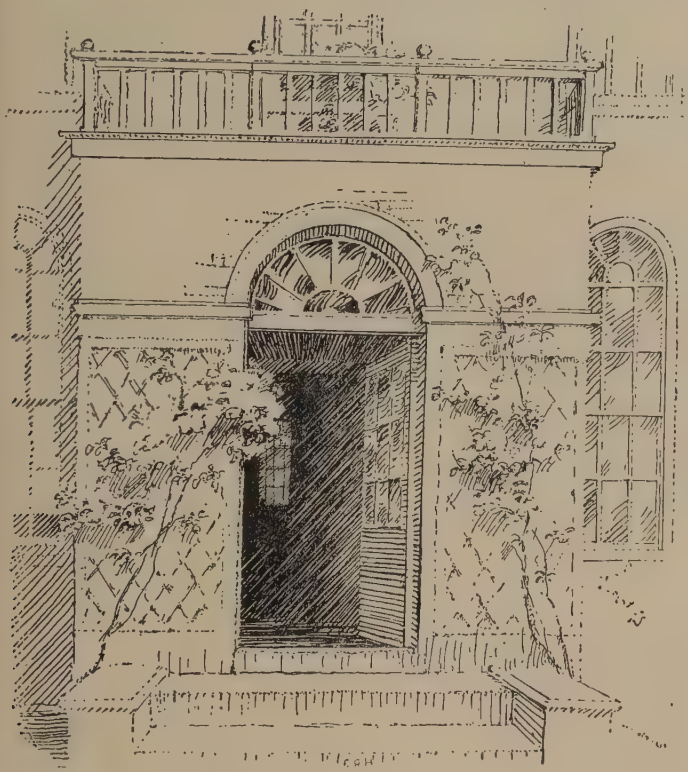
"Afterwards arrived Mrs. Schwellenberg, so oppressed between her spasms and the house's horrors, that the oppression she inflicted ought perhaps to be pardoned. It was, however, difficult enough to bear! Harshness, tyranny, discussion, and even insult, seemed personified. I cut short details upon this subject," she adds, writing to her sister; "they would but make you sick.

"The house was all now regulated by express order of the Prince of Wales, who rode over first, and writ with chalk the names of the destined inhabitants on each door. . . . The whole of the ground-floor that looks towards the garden is appropriated to the King, though he is not indulged with its range. . . .

"All the rooms [above] are locked up; her Majesty relinquishes them that he may never be tantalised by footsteps overhead. She has retained only the bedroom, the drawing-room which joins it, and the gallery in which she eats. Beyond the gallery are the apartments of the three elder Princesses."

[Several rooms were given to the physicians and surgeons.]

"The three young Princesses are to be in a house belonging to the King on Kew Green, commonly called Princess Elizabeth's, as her



PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S HOUSE

Royal Highness has long inhabited it in her illnesses."

This house, now called the "King's Cottage,"

is still to be seen standing on the western side of the Green, nearly opposite the church. There is a pretty garden at the back of the house which adjoins the Kew Gardens.

The Prince of Wales, we are told, occupied his own house (now called Kew Palace), where several gentlemen of the Court were also housed.

Mrs. Papendiek, in her *Journals*, speaks of the conduct of the Prince of Wales during this season of affliction as "very heartless." "He assumed to himself," she says, "a power that had not yet been legally given to him, without any consideration or regard for his mother's feelings."

Miss Burney writes on December 14th: "Mr. Fairly told me this evening that Dr. Willis, a physician of Lincoln, of peculiar skill and practice in intellectual maladies, had been sent for by express."

Dr. Willis was a Doctor of Divinity, and not, as Miss Burney supposed, a physician by profession; but he had long enjoyed a reputation in the county of Lincoln for his successful treatment of persons suffering from mental maladies. He was looked upon by the medical profession generally as an interloper, but those who could appreciate his wise methods judged very differently. The Archbishop of Canterbury, it seems, wrote at this time to a friend: "Since Dr. Willis of Lincolnshire has been called in our hope has

been more firm and constant, and at this moment stands very high."

Dr. Willis, we are told, took a very different

DOORWAY IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOUSE

view of the King's malady to that of his physicians. He believed it to be due to temporary causes only—these being: "the King's laborious

attention to business, his severe bodily exercise, and his ascetic abstemiousness." Those of our readers who may remember the story of the barley-water will easily credit this.

The poor King, who had showed no disposition to violence, had, nevertheless, been subjected by his doctors to "the severe discipline of the strait-waistcoat; he was secluded from the Queen and his family; and he was denied the use of a knife and fork, of scissors, or of any instrument with which he might inflict bodily injury."

Dr. Willis wrought such changes in this treatment as "astonished and terrified his more nervous colleagues."

One day the King desired to be allowed to shave himself, when the doctor, noticing his quiet and composed demeanour, presented the razor to him, remarking at the same time "he was sure that his Majesty was too good a Christian and had too much sense of what he owed to his people to attempt self-destruction."

Dr. Willis told Hannah More that "he never saw so much natural sweetness and goodness of mind, united to so much piety, as in the King; and he founded his hopes, it seems, of an ultimate recovery mainly upon this strong religious principle."[1]

Miss Burney writes of Dr. Willis and of his son,

[1] See Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III.*

Dr. John Willis, the physician who shared in his father's arduous duties: "I am extremely struck with both these physicians. Dr. Willis is a man of ten thousand; open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent, and high-minded. I see him impressed with the most animated reverence and affection for his Royal patient; but it is wholly for his character—not a whit for his rank. . . . The manners of both are extremely pleasing, and they both proceed completely their own way, not merely unacquainted with Court etiquette, but wholly and most artlessly unambitious to form any such acquaintance."

In spite of constant changes in the condition of the Royal patient, he seemed to be gaining ground under the new treatment, and hope revived at times in the dreary Palace.

But to all the watchers it was a period of keen anxiety and trial, and to Miss Burney herself it was rendered even worse by the heartless conduct of Mrs. Schwellenberg. One day, finding that Fanny, in the bitter cold of an early winter's morning, had waited in her empty parlour for the doctor's report of the night, she exclaimed angrily to her, "O, ver' well! When everybody goes to my room, I might keep an inn—what you call hôtel." "This morning," writes Fanny on the following day, "when I made my seven o'clock inquiry, I found the parlour doors both locked!"

The pleasantest events of her days, at this time of sad seclusion and monotony, were the occasional talks on literary subjects which she had with Mr. Fairly and Mr. Smelt. But whenever the visits from these gentlemen came to the knowledge of Mrs. Schwellenberg, that lady's intense jealousy of their recipient brought about terrible scenes.

One day the Queen questioned Miss Burney about the visits she received from Mr. Fairly in a way which proved that that gentleman had not always informed his Royal mistress (as he was bound to do) of his arrivals at the Palace. This carelessness on Mr. Fairly's part put Fanny in an awkward position, but she remarks in an unpublished portion of her Diary, "I felt easy, and answered undaunted, for I felt, however doubtful at times with what views he might come, that I never received him with even the most distant *hope*, but for the *honour* of his friendship, nor *pleasure* but where I had the belief of simply attaining it.[1]

"However, I soon found I had mistaken the motive of the catechism: it was not on account of Mr. Fairly and his visits—it was all for Mrs. Schwellenberg and her no visits, for she soon dropped something about 'poor Mrs. Schwellenberg' and her miserable state that opened her

[1] Burney MSS.

whole meaning. After waiting a few minutes she said, 'With you Mr. Fairly was, and the Schwellenberg was alone.'

"My spirits quite panted at this moment to make a full confession of the usage I had endured from the person thus compassionated; but I had so frequently resolved, in moments of cool deliberation, not even to risk doing mischief to a favourite old servant, however personally provoked, that I withstood the impulse. . . . This, too, is the last time to take for either attack or defence. It would be distressing; it would be unfeeling."

Writing on December 15th, Miss Burney says: "This whole day was passed in great internal agitation throughout the house, as the great and important business of the Regency was to be discussed to-morrow in Parliament. All is now too painful and intricate for writing a word. I begin to confine my memorandums almost wholly to my own personal proceedings."

The historians of this period tell us that wild scenes were being enacted in the House of Commons on this question of a Regency. The Opposition were pressing the claims of the Prince of Wales to be endowed immediately as Regent with all the power and authority of his father, whose mental disease they maintained was incurable. It was in this Prince, in fact, that all their hopes of a speedy return to power were centred.

Burke belonged by politics to the Opposition, but his indignation was aroused by the conduct of its leaders at this time, and he exclaimed, "Does the House recollect that they are talking of a sick King, of a monarch smitten by the hand of Omnipotence; that the Almighty has hurled him from his throne, and plunged him into a condition which draws upon him the pity of the meanest peasant in his kingdom?"

Unhappily the Prince of Wales himself, as well as his brother, the Duke of York, openly sided with the Opposition, and behaved altogether, it is said, in a very heartless manner.

"Party spirit," we are told, "had never been known to run so high as during the King's illness. Private society was infected by it, and the partisans of the Prince could not meet the King's friends at the same table." "More virulence was never known." Even the Queen's character was not spared.

"My poor Royal Mistress now droops," writes Miss Burney. "I grieve—grieve to see her!—but her own name and conduct called in question!—who can wonder she is shocked and shaken? Was there not enough before, firmly as she supported it?"

"Does not Pitt fight like a hero for the poor Queen?" writes Hannah More to a friend; "but who will fight for him?"

A Royal Sufferer

While factions "were thus raging over the prostrate monarch," it is comforting to know that "the people were of one mind in their loyal attachment to the Crown," and indeed in their strong personal affection for the King. We are told that even men of a cynical turn of mind were touched by the pathos of the tragedy.

It is reported of George Selwyn, a well-known wit, that he exclaimed one day: "Old as I am, I would stand bareheaded all day and open the gates on Kew Green if I could be sure of seeing any one who came from the palace with good news of my royal master."

Miss Burney alludes to the Regency Bill again on December 16th: "Whatever might pass in the House on this momentous subject," she says, "it sat so late that no news could arrive. Sweeter and better news, however, was immediately at hand than any the whole Senate could transmit; the account [of the night] from the pages was truly cheering. With what joy did I hasten with it to the Queen, who immediately ordered me to be its welcome messenger to the three Princesses." But she writes the following day: "My account this morning was most afflictive once more, . . . and was cruelly subversive of all our rising hopes. I carried it to the Queen in trembling, but she bore it most mildly. What resignation is hers!"

CHAPTER XXVII

HOPE REVIVES

With the opening of the new year the King's condition began to show signs of marked improvement, and hope revived in the silent and gloomy Palace.

His Majesty was now allowed to take walks, accompanied by his doctors, in the beautiful Kew Gardens or in Richmond Gardens, as part of the present Kew pleasure grounds was then called. But on such occasions every one was ordered to keep out of sight.

Miss Burney writes on February 2nd: "What an adventure I had this morning!—one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

"This morning, when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety. 'In Kew Gardens,' he said, 'as the King would be in Richmond.'

"Taking, therefore, the time I had most at com-

mand, I strolled into the Gardens. I had proceeded in my quick way nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty!

"Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but, turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, 'Miss Burney! Miss Burney!'

"I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time . . . and that the very action of my running away might deeply offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

"The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse voice rang in my ears—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me—the attendants all running to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Dr. Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

"Heavens, how I ran! . . . My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

"Soon after I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out 'Stop! stop! stop!'

"I could by no means consent. . . . I knew not to what I might be exposed. . . . Still, therefore, on I flew. . . . 'Doctor Willis begs you to stop!'

"'I cannot, I cannot!' I answered, still flying on, when he called out, 'You must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run.'

"Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round; I saw the two doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. They all slackened their pace as they saw me stand still. . . . As they approached some little presence of mind happily came to my command; it occurred to me that to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence. I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

"When they were within a few yards of me the King called out, 'Why did you run away?'

"Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward to meet him, though . . . this step . . . was so violently

combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

"The effort answered; I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders and then kiss my cheek!

"I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily I concluded he meant to crush me; but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action as this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation!

". . . He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror: astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded in my conviction of his recovery made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

"What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side, away from the attendant, and even the Willises themselves,

who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more.

"Everything that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

"What did he not say! He opened his whole heart to me, expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

". . . He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been in his life; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on? and whether I was more comfortable?

"If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing and saying, 'Never mind her!—don't be oppressed—I am your friend! don't let her cast you down! I know you have a hard time of it, but don't mind her!'

"Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely curtsied to his kind 'I am your friend,' and said nothing.

"Then presently he added, 'Stick to your father—stick to your own family—let them be your objects.'

"Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously; he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner he gravely and slowly said, 'I will protect you! I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me!'

". . . He talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his *History of Music.* This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told innumerable anecdotes of him. . . . Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of the several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible."

Several times during the discourse, which continued much longer, Dr. Willis interposed to induce the King to cease from this unusual exertion, and to allow Miss Burney to go home; but the King always exclaimed eagerly, "No! no! no! not yet; I have something I must just mention first." At last, however, it became necessary to put an end to the conversation.

"Finding we must now part," continues Fanny, "he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix. . . . Then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on."

It is curious that the King should have so

completely discovered the tyranny to which Fanny was subjected by Mrs. Schwellenberg, while the Queen remained insensible to it. But the Queen was blinded by her partiality for an old and attached servant whose evil conduct never transpired in her presence; and of whom Fanny, in her generosity, would never complain.

When describing her strange interview with the King to her Royal Mistress, Fanny made no mention of his denunciation of the coadjutrix, "which," she says, "would much have hurt her."

"This interview," she continues, "and the circumstances belonging to it, excited general curiosity, and all the house watched for opportunities to beg a relation of it. . . ."

"I had the great happiness to be assured this morning," she writes on February 3rd, "by both the Dr. Willises, that his Majesty was by no means the worse for our long conference. Those good men are inexpressibly happy themselves in the delightful conviction given me, and by me spread abroad, of the near recovery of their Royal patient."

A week later Miss Burney writes: "The amendment of the King is progressive, and without any reasonable fear, though not without some few drawbacks." But in the meantime the question of the Regency Bill was still being agitated in Parliament.

On the 14th instant the writer records in her Diary: "The King is infinitely better. Oh, that there were patience in the land! and this Regency Bill postponed!"

When the first meeting between the King and Queen took place, the Queen was accompanied by the little Princess Amelia. "The King," it is said, "seized her Majesty's hand, kissed it, and held it in his during the whole interview, which lasted half-an-hour. The little Princess Amelia, his favourite child, sat upon his lap."

This event is recorded in an interesting family relic in our possession, which was worn as a badge in the public rejoicings that followed upon the King's recovery. It consists of a long, narrow, silken scarf of pale cream colour, upon the centre of which is engraved a picture representing "His Majesty's happy meeting with the Queen and the Princess Amelia." The Drs. Willis, who are seen standing apart, weep at the affecting scene. At each end of the scarf are medallions containing the mottoes: "A King restored," "A People joyful." Beneath the picture is the inscription, "pub. March 10th, 1789, by E. Scott, Brunswick Row, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury."

The Princess Royal related in after years that the first time she and her sisters Augusta and

Elizabeth visited their father on his recovering, he turned the conversation to the mournful drama of *King Lear*. "It is very beautiful," he said, "very affecting, and very awful." And then he added, "I am like poor Lear, but, thank God! I have no 'Regan,' no 'Goneril,' but three 'Cordelias.'"[1]

Miss Burney writes on February 18th: "I had this morning the highest gratification, the purest feeling of delight, I have been regaled with for many months; I saw, from the road, the King and Queen, accompanied by Dr. Willis, walking in Richmond Gardens near the farm, arm in arm! It was a pleasure that quite melted me after a separation so bitter, scenes so distressful—to witness such harmony and security! Heaven bless and preserve them! was all I could incessantly say while I kept them in sight."

Mrs. Harcourt records in her Diary of this same period: "Mr. Smelt came to tell me that . . . the King was remarkably well, and that Dr. Willis, finding he had no remains of his complaint, had been opening to him everything which had passed. He said he had told the King of the intended Regency, and what day it was to have been finally passed. The King had borne it all with a degree of fortitude and dignity that was wonderful.

[1] See *Diaries of a Lady of Quality*.

DESIGNS ON A SILK SCARF

". . . At three [o'clock]," the writer continues, "the Prince and Duke of York arrived. They were shown up to the Queen. Colonel Digby went to tell the King, who went immediately upstairs. He stopped at the door for a moment to wipe away a tear, saying to Digby, 'the House of Brunswick used to make a rule never to shed tears.' . . . On going in, however, he caught the Prince in his arms with great affection, but shed tears. He said, 'he had always loved and should always love them.'"

Some months later we are told the King in a private conversation with a member of his Household alluded to the Regency Bill. "To say the truth," he remarked, "I have never yet looked into the papers relating to it, as I could not do so till I found myself in a disposition to forgive all those who might have acted in a manner I could not approve. But I now feel myself prepared to examine them. I took the Sacrament this day, and shall begin with the papers to-morrow morning."

Miss Burney writes on the 19th February: "This was a sweet and will prove a most memorable day: the Regency was put off in the House of Lords by a motion from the Chancellor!

"Huzza! huzza!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

A KING RESTORED

THE good news of the King's rapid recovery spread like wildfire through the country. Hannah More writes to a friend on February 25th (1789)—

"I should certainly have written you a line on that blessed Thursday when the Chancellor made the memorable communication of the King's being convalescent, but the post was gone.

"I was out at dinner, and we were talking on what would probably be the event of things, when lo! a violent rap at the door, and Lord Mount Edgecombe was announced. He came in almost breathless, directly from the House of Lords, and told me that the King was recovered. We were quite transported, and Mrs. Garrick fairly got up and kissed him before the company!"

Amidst all the joyful enthusiasm we find naturally some cutting remarks made by the Opposition Party. Horace Walpole's witticism on the King's recovery should be mentioned. "The

King," he writes, "has returned not to what the courtiers call his *sense*, but his *nonsense*. I do not doubt," he adds, "but the nation will grow drunk with the loyalty of rejoicings, for kings grow popular by whatever way they lose their heads."

Miss Burney writes on Sunday, March 1st: "What a pleasure was mine this morning! how solemn, and how grateful! The Queen gave me the 'Prayer of Thanksgiving' upon the King's recovery. It was this morning read in all the churches throughout the metropolis, and by this day week it will reach every church in the kingdom. It kept me in tears all the morning—that such a moment should actually arrive! after fears so dreadful, scenes so terrible. . . . There is no describing—and I will not attempt it—the fullness, the almost overwhelming fullness of this morning's thankful feelings!"

And again she writes on March 10th: "This was a day of happiness indeed! The King sent to open the House of Lords by Commission.

"The general illumination of all London proved the universal joy of a thankful and most affectionate people, who have shown so largely, on this trying occasion, how well they merited the monarch thus benignantly preserved."

"London," writes a contemporary historian, "displayed a blaze of light from one extremity

to the other; the illuminations extending from Hampstead and Highgate to Clapham, and even as far as Tooting; while the vast distance between Greenwich and Kensington presented the same dazzling appearance. . . . There was not a house, large or small, not a cottage, nor the humblest dwelling of the poor, but what showed some sign of lighting up, even to a rush-light." . . . In the towns, "the poorest mechanics contributed their proportion, and instances were exhibited of cobblers' stalls decorated with one or two farthing candles."

The Queen, accompanied by the five elder Princesses and their attendants, went to London to see the illuminations. On their arrival at Hyde Park Corner they were welcomed by a grand triumphal arch. Mrs. Papendiek, who was in a carriage that formed part of the Royal cortège, thus describes it: "At the turnpike an arch of great height was thrown over the road from Hyde Park Gate to the opposite side above the two toll-houses, the barrier gates being removed. The arch was made in sort of steps meeting in the centre, and on the two sides, one facing Piccadilly and the other the western road, were devices in coloured lamps of the crown, star, initials, &c., arranged with flags."

London proper terminated in those days with this same double toll-gate, as is to be seen in a

contemporary map of that district. The "western road" then led between Hyde Park on the one side and fields on the other to the village of Kensington. As evidence of the loneliness of this road we would mention that solitary carriages, on their way to London, were wont to halt at a certain confectioner's shop in the

HYDE PARK CORNER, 1789

High Street till joined by other carriages for protection against the dangers of highwaymen.

To return to Mrs. Papendiek's account of the illuminations—

"Piccadilly was well lighted," she writes, "and St. James's Street also, White's Club-house to the left being entirely covered with white lamps in elegant taste. At Brooks's Club-house, that of Fox's party, which had an

extensive frontage and handsome balcony, the display was grand."

The Queen had given private orders for a splendid illumination of Kew Palace (at her own expense) as a surprise for the King during her absence in London. A marked feature of this illumination was a grand transparency painted by Biagio Rebecca, which was put up in the court facing the Palace.

"In the centre," says a writer in the *St. James's Chronicle*, "was a figure representing Æsculapius in natural size holding a medallion of the King unadorned with the laurel wreath: Providence descending, at the request of supplicating Britannia, is represented in the act of dropping the laurel wreath on the Sovereign's head. At the feet of Britannia were two genii of Britain, one holding the Cap of Liberty, the other Britannia's shield. On each side of the picture were two pillars of transparent green lamps, supporting a pediment, on the top of which was the Crown of England with the following inscription under it—

"Our prayers are heard, and Providence restores
A patriot King to bless Britannia's shores!
Nor yet to Britain is this bliss confined—
All Europe hails the friend of human kind.

If such the general joys, what words can show
The change to transport from the depth of woe,
In those permitted to embrace again
The best of Fathers, Husbands, and of Men?"

The effect of this transparency Miss Burney tells us "was magnificently beautiful."

"When it was lighted and prepared," she writes, "the Princess Amelia went to lead her Papa to the front window; but first she dropped on her knees and presented him a paper with these lines—which at the Queen's desire I had scribbled in her name for the happy occasion—

"TO THE KING

Amid a rapt'rous nation's praise
That sees Thee to their prayers restor'd,
Turn gently from the general blaze—
Thy Charlotte woos her bosom's lord.

Turn and behold where, bright and clear,
Depictur'd with transparent art,
The emblems of her thoughts appear,
The tribute of a grateful heart.

O! small the tribute were it weigh'd
With all she feels—or half she owes!
But noble minds are best repaid
From the pure spring whence bounty flows.

P.S.—The little bearer begs a kiss
From dear Papa for bringing this.

"I need not, I think, tell you," she adds, "the little bearer begged not in vain. The King was extremely pleased. He came into a room belonging to the Princesses, in which we had a party, to look at the illuminations, and there he stayed above an hour, cheerful, composed, and gracious."

Hannah More, writing from London at this same period, says: "The Queen and Princesses came to see the illuminations, and did not get back to Kew till after one o'clock. When the coach stopped, the Queen took notice of a fine gentleman who came to the coach door without a hat. This was the King, who came to hand her out. She scolded him for being up and out so late; but he gallantly replied, he could not possibly go to bed and sleep till he knew she was safe."

Miss Burney writes on Wednesday, March 11th: "This morning our beloved Sovereign, reinstated in all his dignities, received the Address of the Lords and Commons in person upon his recovery.

"The Queen, too, saw some of the foreign Ministers on the same joyful occasion. All was serene gaiety and pleasure!"

This day was one of great public rejoicings. Hannah More, who witnessed them, says: "There never was so joyous, so innocent, and orderly a mob!"

Miss Burney records in her Diary of March 14th: "This morning we returned to Windsor, with what different sensations from those with which we left it! All illness over, all fears removed, all sorrows lightened! The King was so well as to go on horseback, attended by a

large party of gentlemen. . . . Everything and everybody were smiling and lively.

"All Windsor came out to meet the King. It was a joy amounting to ecstasy; I could not keep my eyes dry all day long. A scene so reversed! sadness so sweetly exchanged for thankfulness and delight!"

CHAPTER XXIX

A PEOPLE JOYFUL

THE King had resolved to celebrate his recovery by an act of public thanksgiving, and at his desire a solemn service was arranged to take place in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had himself named one of the Psalms to be used on this occasion, and had chosen the 12th chapter of Isaiah for the lesson.

On April 23rd, the thanksgiving day, the King, accompanied by the Queen, the Princesses, his brothers, the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, and his sons, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince William proceeded in procession to St. Paul's.

A long and continuous line of splendid equipages contained the members of the House of Lords, the members of the House of Commons, the great officers of State, the Judges, the Masters in Chancery, and others. Conspicuous [among the equipages] was the King's state-coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses.

GEORGE III AT TEMPLE BAR, APRIL 23RD, 1789

Mrs. Papendiek, who witnessed the procession from the windows of a friend's house at the upper end of the Strand, writes: "At about eleven o'clock trumpets and kettle-drums announced the heralds, who demanded admittance at Temple Bar for the King, which, according to the recognised form, was refused by the City authorities. Very soon after the King's carriage came in sight, and the instruments sounded his approach. Then the gates of Temple Bar were thrown open . . . and the Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, attended by his sheriffs on chargers, presented [the sword and] the keys of the City to the King [which were at once returned]. In the first carriage, with glass panels, were seated the King and Queen and two ladies. In the next the three elder Princesses and their ladies.

"The King was in the full-dress Windsor uniform, while the Queen, Princesses, and ladies wore open gowns of purple silk, edged and finished off with gold fringe.

"The densely crowded streets, along which the procession passed, were lined by the military and by the City Militia. The spectacle, enhanced, as was its effect, by the ringing of church bells, the roar of cannon from the Tower and St. James's Park, and the enthusiastic shouts of thousands of people, was grand, as well as affecting in the extreme."

Mary Frampton, whose *Journals* we have already quoted, then a young girl, writes: "What pleased me much was that the populace huzza'd Mr. Pitt, but hooted and hissed Mr. Fox—at least the greater number did so. Mr. Fox, in consequence, sat quite back in his coach, not to be seen. . . .

"While the King and Queen," she continues, "were coming up to the door of St. Paul's, the band played 'God save the King,' and every hat was in the air, and the acclamations very great.

"On the King's entrance [into the Cathedral], 6000 children in the dome struck up the Hundredth Psalm—the King and Queen [it is said] were much affected."

Miss Burney, writing in this same month of April, speaks of "a delightful excursion to town for the Grand Restoration Drawing-room, in which the Queen received the compliments and congratulations of almost all the Court part of the nation."

Lady Louisa Stuart, who was present on that occasion, gives an amusing account of the throng of congratulators. "I was so squeezed and demolished," she says, "I was very near crying. . . . Everybody was very fine when they went into the Drawing-room, but like customers to Rag Fair when they went out. Some lost their caps, some their trimmings, some trains,

LUDGATE HILL AND ST. PAUL'S
By T. Boys

some necklaces; the men, their bags and swords."

Fanny wore a specially elegant dress for this occasion. "Miss Cambridge," she says, "worked me a suit in silks upon tiffany, most excessively delicate and pretty, and much admired by her Majesty. The Queen," she adds, "presented me with an extremely pretty medal of green and gold, and a motto, *Vive le Roi* . . . as well as a fan ornamented with the words: *Health restored to one and happiness to millions.*"

A series of balls and galas now commenced in honour of the King's recovery, which rendered both London and Windsor the scenes of great gaiety. Conspicuous among these was the Princess Royal's ball at Windsor Castle.

Lady Louisa Stuart, who was one of the guests at that ball, writes to a friend—

"It really was the finest sight I ever saw, and answered one's idea of Royal magnificence. The vast size of the room, all so well lighted up, and the number of persons dressed alike had a splendour not to be easily described. The King [wore the Windsor] uniform. The ladies were in the same colours of blue and scarlet and white. The dancers had a garter-blue body trimmed with a scarlet and gold edge, the stomacher white with crêpe festoons on the shoulders, tied up with gold tassels. The chaperons wore blue nightgowns

trimmed with very broad white and gold fringe, and vast great tassels and a girdle fastened with diamond (true or false) buckles."

"All the ladies," says another eye-witness, "wore *bandeaux* round the front of their head-dresses, with the words, 'God save the King'; and many of them had beautiful medallions of his Majesty, some plain, some in pearl, and some set in diamonds."

Lady Louisa Stuart continues: "They said a hundred and fifty sat down to supper in St. George's Hall.

"The Royal Family supped together upon the raised platform, attended by pages in a uniform exactly like that of the company, only pale grey instead of blue. The rest were ranged in two long tables reaching from side to side of the Hall, [which was] superbly lighted with innumerable silver branches. In the gallery above were the King's band of music, dressed in scarlet and gold. In short," concludes Lady Louisa, "I do not think any country could show a more magnificent spectacle."

The chief clubs of London, both on the Government and Opposition sides, were eager to show their loyalty on this occasion of rejoicing. White's—the leading Tory club—gave a grand entertainment at the Pantheon. The tickets, we are told, cost three guineas and a half each,

but such was the eagerness with which they were bought up that Lady Louisa Stuart, who was present on the occasion, writes: "We were two hours in the string of coaches getting there, but it is almost treason to say we did not like and enjoy it of all things. The sight was certainly very fine, the Pantheon being beautifully lit up, and the uniformity of the white dresses [for the occasion] giving it a great deal of splendour. The cap was plain crêpe, with a *bandeau* of white satin and 'God save the King' upon it, and four very high feathers on the other side; but two or three ladies had stuck up [on their heads] a huge print on satin in a frame—Britannia kneeling to return thanks—which was a new *touch* indeed."

Another guest on that eventful evening, a Miss Herbert, writes—

"White's ball at the Pantheon was the finest thing ever seen. Brooks's means, on the 22nd, to outdo White's ball. . . . It is to be at the Opera House. . . . They are rehanging [the place] with blue and buff silk trimmed with gold fringe."

Brooks's was the leading Whig club. The reader may remember the popular toast of that Party—

"Buff and Blue
And Mrs. Crewe."

"The French Ambassador means to outdo Brooks's ball," continues Miss Herbert, "as he has received orders from his Court to give the finest fête that ever was seen in the whole town, and we are to have an installation which is to outdo all this in magnificence. . . . We shall be ruined in dress. . . .

"Very few in Opposition (and these only men) appeared at the Pantheon, but we all mean to go to Brooks's that can get tickets. . . . Mrs. Siddons is to speak an Ode on the King's recovery, the dancers are to dance, the singers are to sing, and it is all to be delightful."

Although the ladies of the Opposition had left off wearing their "Regency caps and ribands," Party feeling, we are told, continued to run as high as ever in the fashionable world.

The French Ambassador—the Marquis de la Luzème's—gala more than answered all expectations, possessing as it did "every elegance that the imagination could form." It was given at the Ambassador's house, which stood on the southern side of Portman Square.

The Spanish Ambassador—the Marquis del Campo—whose house in Great George Street was too small for such an affair, gave his gala at Ranelagh. The Rotunda was brilliantly illuminated both within and without, and the whole fête, it is said, was singularly magnificent.

"We had a hundred little boys," writes Lady Louisa, "standing with gilt wands as guards before the boxes, [and] there was a stage built up on which a set of children danced the fandango and seguidilli."

Miss Burney was unable to be present at this fête, but soon after it had taken place she writes from Windsor: "This month [of June] passed without mark [here], save one little token of Spanish gallantry from the Marquis del Campo, who, when he came to Windsor, after reproving me very civilly for being absent from his fête, told me he had remembered me during the drawing of his lottery that night and 'had taken the liberty to bring me my prize,' which was a blue enamel ring with a motto."

Ranelagh was the scene of a second grand gala given by Boodle's Club. "It was uncommonly pretty from being half out of doors," writes Lady Louisa, "and in a temporary room almost as big as Westminster Hall. The supper was in the Rotunda, and the cotillion dancing in a second temporary building—the Temple of Flora."

Mary Frampton, who was also one of the guests on that occasion, writes in her *Journal:* "I was not out in the world then, but was permitted to go to the fête given by Boodle's Club at Ranelagh on May 7th. I was dressed as a

grown-up person for the first time, and wore powder, then the mark of distinction of womanhood, and feathers in my hair. The Rotunda was ornamented for the occasion, and excellent bands were stationed in the middle. I did not get home till between six and seven o'clock in the morning, but was as happy as possible, and the impression of all I saw is still fresh in my memory."

CHAPTER XXX

ROYAL VISIT TO WEYMOUTH

The King's physicians had advised sea-bathing for their Royal patient, as a means of restoring his usual robust state of health, and a visit to Weymouth had therefore been planned.

Miss Burney writes on June 25th (1789): "This morning I was called before five o'clock, though various packages and business had kept me up till near three.

"The day was rainy, but the road was beautiful; Windsor Great Park, in particular, is charming.

"The crowds increased as we advanced, and at Winchester the town was *one head*. . . . The King was everywhere received with acclamation. His popularity is greater than ever. Compassion for his late sufferings seems to have endeared him now to all conditions of men.

"At Romsey, on the steps of the Town Hall, an orchestra was formed, and a band of musicians, in common coarse cloth and red neck-cloths, and

even in carters' loose gowns, made a chorus of 'God save the King,' in which the countless multitudes joined in such loud acclamation that their loyalty and heartiness, and natural joy, almost surprised me into a sob before I knew myself at all affected by them.

"The New Forest is all beauty, and when we approached Lyndhurst the crowds were as picturesque in appearance as the landscapes; they were all in decent attire, and the great space giving them full room, the cool beauty of the verdure between the groups took away all idea of inconvenience, and made their lively gaiety a scene to joy beholders.

"Carriages of all sorts lined the road-side—chariots, chaises, laudaus, waggons, whiskies, gigs, phaetons—mixed and intermingled, filled within and surrounded without by faces all glee and delight.

"Such was the scenery for miles before we reached Lyndhurst. The old law of the forest that his Majesty must be presented with two milk-white greyhounds [wearing silver collars and led by silken cords], upon his entrance into the New Forest, gathered together multitudes to see the show. A party also of foresters, habited in green, and each with a bugle-horn, met his Majesty at the same time.

"Arrived at Lyndhurst, we drove to the Duke

of Gloucester's. The Royal Family were just before us, but the two Colonels came and handed us through the crowd. [The house] is not the King's, but lent by the Duke of Gloucester. It is a straggling, inconvenient old house, but delightfully situated in a village—looking, indeed, at present like a populous town, from the amazing concourse of people that were crowded into it.

"The bowmen and archers and bugle-horns are to attend the King while he stays here in all his rides. . . .

"I have a small old bedchamber, but a large and commodious parlour, in which the gentlemen join Miss Planta and me to breakfast and drink tea. They dine at the Royal table. We are to remain here some days.

"During the King's dinner, which was in a parlour looking into the garden, he permitted the people to come to the window, [but] they crowded so excessively that this can be permitted them no more. They broke down all the paling, much of the hedges, and some of the windows, and all by eagerness and multitude, for they were perfectly civil and well-behaved.

"In the afternoon the Royal party came into my parlour, and the moment the people saw the star, they set up such a shout as [rang] all around the village . . . the new rapture was simply at seeing the King in a new apartment!

"[The Royal party] all walked about and around the village, and the delighted mob accompanied them. The moment they stepped out of the house, the people with one voice struck up 'God save the King.' The good villagers continued singing this loyal song during the whole walk, without any intermission, except to shout 'huzza!' at the end of every stanza. They returned so hoarse that I longed to give them some lemonade. . . . 'Twas well the King could walk no longer; I think if he had they would have died singing around him."

Miss Burney writes on June 30th: "This day we quitted Lyndhurst. . . . The journey to Weymouth was one scene of festivity and rejoicing. The people were everywhere collected and everywhere delighted. We passed through Salisbury, where a magnificent arch was erected of festoons of flowers for the King's carriage to pass under, and mottoed with 'The King restored,' and 'Long live the King,' in three divisions. The green bowmen accompanied the [cavalcade] thus far; and the clothiers and manufacturers here met it, dressed out in white loose frocks, flowers, and ribbons, with sticks or caps emblematically decorated from their several manufactories. And the acclamation with which the King was received amongst them—it was a rapture past description.

"At Blandford there was nearly the same

ceremony. At every gentleman's seat which we passed the owners and their families stood at the gate, and their guests or neighbours were

HIGH EAST STREET, DORCHESTER

n carriages all round. . . . Girls with chaplets, beautiful young creatures, strewed the entrance of various villages with flowers.

"At Dorchester the crowd seemed still in-
creased. The city had so antique an air, I
longed to investigate its old buildings. The
houses have the most ancient appearance o
any that are inhabited that I have happened
to see: and inhabited they were indeed! Every
window-seat was removed, for face above face
to peep out, and every old balcony, and all the
leads of houses, seemed turned into booths for
fairs. . . . The old women [and children] were
so numerous that they gave the whole scene the
air of a rural masquerade."

Miss Burney writes upon reaching Weymouth
"The whole town and Melcomb Regis, and hal
the county of Dorset, seemed assembled to wel
come their Majesties.

"Gloucester House, which we now inhabit, i
situated in front of the sea, and the sands of the
Bay before it are perfectly smooth and soft. . .
The bay is very beautiful after its kind; a penin
sular shuts out Portland Island and the broad
ocean.

"I have a very good parlour [here]. . . . My
bedroom is in the attics. Nothing like living
at a Court for exaltation. Yet even with thi
gratification, which extends to Miss Planta, th
house will only hold the females of the party
The two adjoining houses are added for th
gentlemen and the pages, and some other o

the suite, cooks, &c., but the footmen are obliged to lodge still farther off. . . .

"The King and Queen and Princesses and their suite walked out in the evening; an immense crowd attended them—sailors, bargemen, mechanics, countrymen—and all united in so vociferous a volley of 'God save the King' that the noise was stunning.

"At near ten o'clock Lord Courtown came into my parlour, as it is called, and said the town was all illuminated, and invited Miss Planta and me to walk upon the sands. . . . We took a stroll under his escort, and found it singularly beautiful, the night being very fine, and several boats and small vessels lighted up and in motion upon the sea. The illuminations extended through Melcomb Regis and Weymouth. Gloucester Row, in which we live, is properly in Melcomb Regis; but the two towns join each other and are often confounded."

The Weymouth of to-day still resembles in many respects the Weymouth of 1789 described by Miss Burney. Its main features of sea and sands and busy harbour could not be changed, and the town, generally speaking, has an old-world appearance. The reminiscences of George III.'s visits are carefully cherished, so that we can almost fancy ourselves accompanying the King's loyal followers as we pace up and down

the old Parade. Even the very bathing-machines suggest the eighteenth century—being six-sided in form, with pointed roofs, upon which are displayed the national flag as it was before the Union.

Gloucester House (now called the Gloucester Hotel) still holds its position, and is kept just as it was formerly, the only exception being that an extra wing on the western side has been added, and the main entrance, which used to be at the side of the house, changed to the front. Behind the house lies the "backwater"—a great estuary of the sea which in 1789 was chiefly a morass. In stormy weather, we are told, the waves would dash across the narrow strip of land that lay between the backwater and the ocean, and the stage-coach drivers were put to their wits' end to convey their passengers in safety across it to dry land.

We have visited Gloucester House and have sat in the pretty drawing-room, with its three tall, recessed windows commanding views of the beautiful bay and its sheltering hills. We have seen the King's and Queen's chambers on the first floor, and also the smaller rooms on the third storey under the sloping roof, in one of which Miss Burney slept; and we have looked into an outbuilding of solid masonry—formerly the great kitchen—which is lighted by a large oval skylight

GLOUCESTER HOUSE

Royal Visit to Weymouth

Fanny writes on July 13th–15th: "His Majesty is in delightful health and much improved in spirits. All agree he never looked better. The loyalty of this place is excessive; they have dressed out every street with labels of 'God save the King'; all the shops have it over the doors; all the children wear it in their caps, all the labourers in their hats, and all the sailors in their *voices*, for they never approach the house without shouting it aloud, nor see the King or his shadow without beginning to huzza and going on to three cheers.

"The bathing machines make it their motto over all their windows, and those bathers that belong to the Royal dippers wear it in *bandeaux* on their bonnets to go into the sea, and have it again in large letters round their waists to encounter the waves. Flannel dresses tucked up, and no shoes nor stockings, with *bandeaux* and girdles have a most singular appearance, and when first I surveyed these loyal nymphs, it was with some difficulty I kept my features in order.

"Nor is this all. Think but of the surprise of his Majesty when, the first time of his bathing, he had no sooner popped his Royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up 'God save great George our King.' . . .

"The *Magnificent*, a man-of-war of 74 guns,

commanded by an old captain of James's (Onslow), is now stationed at the entrance of the bay for the security at once and pleasure of the King; and a fine frigate, the *Southampton*, Captain Douglas, is nearer in, and brought for the King to cruise about. . . .

"The King and Royal party have been to visit the frigate. Miss Planta and myself went to see the ceremony from a place called the Look-out—a beautiful spot. But I have not much taste for sea receptions and honours; the firing a salute is so strange a mode of hospitality and politeness.

"I have subscribed to the library here," continues Fanny, "which is not a bad one, and I have met with a favourite old book of my dearest Mrs. Delany, and bought it for that remembrance."

This library was evidently Love's Library, which was situated near to York Buildings, and which is described in the high-flown language of a contemporary guide-book as "not only the fashionable lounge of the most distinguished characters in high life, but the resort of the *Literari* and *Virtuosi* in general."

Sometimes, when the Royal engagements would allow of it, Fanny had her usual readings with the Queen. At this time Mrs. Piozzi's work upon her recent journey through France, Italy, and Germany had just made its appearance. Fanny writes: "The Queen is reading Mrs.

Piozzi's *Tour* to me, instead of my reading it to her. She loves reading aloud, and in this work finds me an able commentator."

And then, speaking of the writer, she says:

THE KITCHEN, GLOUCESTER HOUSE

"How like herself, how characteristic is every line! Wild, entertaining, flighty, inconsistent, and clever!"

The Assembly Rooms in 1789 formed part of the St. Alban's Hotel which stood in Gloucester

Row, within a few houses of Gloucester Lodge. Thither the King and Queen with their suites used to repair on Sunday evenings. Their custom was to walk about the rooms for a time, and then to retire to an inner apartment for tea, leaving, however, the doors wide open that they might both see and be seen.

On one occasion when a council held by the King had brought most of the great Officers of State to Weymouth, Miss Burney writes: "We found the rooms very full. As soon as the Royal party came, a circle was formed, and they moved round it, the King one way with his chamberlain, the new-made Marquis of Salisbury, and the Queen the other, with the Princesses, Lady Courtown, &c. The rest of the attendants planted themselves round in the circle.

"I had now the pleasure, for the first time, to see Mr. Pitt; but his appearance is his least recommendation; it is neither noble nor expressive. Lord Chatham, the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Villiers, Lord Delawarr, &c., &c., were in the circle, and spoken to a long time each."

Mrs. Harcourt, to whom this Court fashion of the "circle" was new, remarks in her Diaries: "It is without exception the oddest ceremony I ever saw."

In Mary Frampton's *Journals* we read of a little niece of hers being taken to the Weymouth

Assembly Rooms to see the King and Queen parade round the circle. The child described afterwards "how the King came up to her and talked a good deal." She replied, "Yes, sir," and curtsied. Then he said, "What, what?" which made her very nervous, and she could only say, "Yes, sir; yes, sir," over again.

King George used to ride about the country around Weymouth quite unattended, just as he did in the neighbourhood of Windsor. It is said that one day, happening to see a woman working alone in a harvest field, he asked her where the rest of her companions had gone; to which the woman replied, "They have gone to town to see the King."

"And did you not go too?" inquired his Majesty.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, "I wouldn't give a pin to see 'un;" adding somewhat bitterly, "Besides, the fools that are down to town will lose a day's work by it, and that's more *nor* I can afford to do, for I've five children to work for."

The kindly monarch at once gave her some money, saying, "Well, then, you can tell your companions, who are gone to see the King, that the King came to see you!"

CHAPTER XXXI

MELPOMENE AND THALIA

WRITING from Weymouth on July 16th, Miss Burney says: "This morning . . . I strolled upon the sands with Mrs. Gwynn. We overtook a lady, of a very majestic port and demeanour, who solemnly returned Mrs. Gwynn's salutation, and then addressed herself to me with similar gravity. I saw a face I knew and of very uncommon beauty; but did not immediately recall it was Mrs. Siddons.

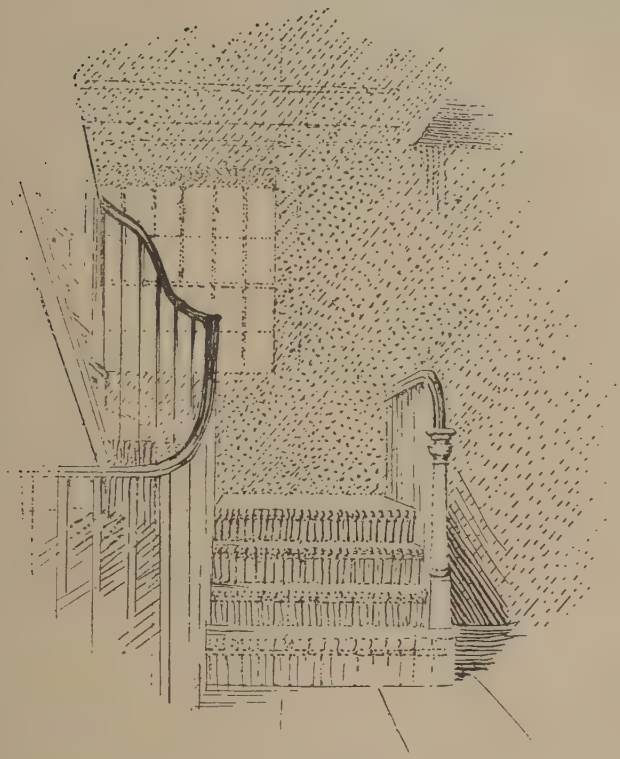
"She is come here, she says, solely for her health; she has spent some days with Mrs. Gwynn at General Harcourt's. Her husband was with her and a sweet child.

"I wished to have tried if her solemnity would have worn away by length of conversation; but I was obliged to hasten home."

Fanny had seen and conversed with Mrs. Siddons, as the reader may remember, two years earlier at Windsor. On that occasion the great actress had told Fanny that "there was no part

she had ever so much wished to act as that of Cecilia."

Miss Burney writes, on July 29th: "We went



STAIRCASE IN GLOUCESTER HOUSE

to the play and saw Mrs. Siddons in Rosalind. She looked beautifully, but too large for that shepherd's dress; and her gaiety sits not naturally upon her—it seems more like disguised gravity.

I must own my admiration for her is confined to her tragic powers; and there it is raised so high that I feel mortified, in a degree, to see her so much fainter attempts and success in comedy."

Mary Frampton also says of Mrs. Siddons in her *Journals:* "Her conception of the character of Rosalind failed from the entire want of the playfulness which belongs to it. Mrs. Jordan's failure in the same character was from the contrary error of making Rosalind a vulgar romp, instead of a lady. . . .

"I saw both these actresses," she remarks, "in this pretty but difficult character, which requires to be acted by a *lady born* to give it ease and playfulness, without a particle of stiffness or vulgarity."

In her own special characters, however, of the Tomboy, Miss Hoyden, &c., Mary Frampton greatly admired Mrs. Jordan (the modern Thalia, as she was often called). She speaks of her as "the enchanting romp, Mrs. Jordan, whose voice alone was music to the ear."

Miss Burney speaks of seeing the comic actors, Mr. Quick and Mrs. Wells, perform at the Weymouth theatre. Quick had first become famous in the character of Tony Lumpkin. "In a play called *The Commissary* (based upon the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*), she says, "Quick is comic to convulsions, and the burlesque of Quick and Mrs. Wells united made me laugh quite immoderately."

The playhouse, which Fanny describes as "a pretty little theatre," stood on the western part of the Parade facing the sea. Indeed, a portion of it, which has been incorporated in another building, is still to be seen. The manager, in spite of his modest "house," however, was able to entertain Royalty in courtly fashion, for we have seen some Weymouth playbills of the period, printed upon satin and very elegantly ornamented. They are surmounted by the Royal Arms in gilding.

Miss Burney writes, on August 3rd: "The whole Royal party went to see Lulworth Castle, intending to be back to dinner and go to the play at night, which their Majesties had ordered, with Mrs. Siddons to play Lady Townly. Dinner-time, however, came and passed, and they arrived not. They went by sea, and the wind proved contrary; and about seven o'clock a hobby groom was despatched hither by land, with intelligence that they had only reached Lulworth Castle at five o'clock. They meant to be certainly back by eight, but sent their commands that the farce might be performed first and the play wait them.

"The manager repeated this to the audience—already waiting and wearied—but a loud applause testified their *agreeability* to whatever could be proposed. The farce, however, was much sooner over than the passage from Lulworth Castle. It

was *ten o'clock* when they landed! And all this time the audience—spectators rather—quietly waited!

"They landed just by the theatre, and went to the house of Lady Pembroke, who is now here in attendance upon the Queen; and there they sent home for the King's page, *with a wig*, &c.; and the Queen's wardrobe woman, with *similar decorations;* and a message to Miss Planta and me that we might go at once to the theatre.

"We obeyed; and soon after they appeared, and were received with the most violent gusts of joy and huzzas, even from the galleries over their heads, whose patience had not the reward of seeing them at last. . . .

"Mrs. Siddons, in her looks and the tragic part, was exquisite."

The play was *The Provoked Husband*, by Vanbrugh and Cibber. Possibly it was in this same piece that a writer of a later date has described the effect produced upon her by Mrs. Siddons.

"I remember," she remarks, "her saying to a servant who had betrayed her in some play no longer acted: 'There's gold for thee, but see my face no more!'

"There is no giving an adequate impression of the might, the majesty of grace she possessed, nor the effect on a young heart of the deep and mysterious tones of her voice."

CHAPTER XXXII

ROYAL EXCURSIONS

Among the various excursions made by the Royal Family at this time was one to Dorchester, but as Miss Burney was not among those who accompanied them, we have no account of it from her. Happily, however, we find an account of a visit of the King and Queen to Dorchester in the *Journals* of Mary Frampton, and although it took place a few years later we are tempted to give it here.

The visit was paid to Miss Frampton's own family, who lived at Wollaston House, which is still to be seen standing in the outskirts of the old town, in beautiful grounds that stretch down to the river Wey. The account of the visit in question is given in a letter from Mrs. Frampton (Mary's mother) addressed to a relative, and bears the date September 12, 1799—

"You will have seen by the papers," she writes, "that I have had a hurry of an embarrassing kind—the visit of their Majesties, most unexpected and totally without preparation.

"We were sitting at work in my little room. . . . I happened to look out, and actually saw the King and Princess Sophia, with their attendants, at my garden gate. I screamed out, threw down

WOLLASTON HOUSE

everything about me, and flew out to them. Mr. Damer met me, and told me the Queen, three other Princesses and their *suite*, were following. He bid me attend to them (the King and Prin-

cess), and then went in to Mary and told what was necessary to be done, helped to put the drawing-room in order, and bespoke mutton chops.

"By this time they all arrived, and I ran through the house to meet them at the front door. The King called out, 'Well run, Mrs. Frampton.' Into the drawing-room they went, asked for Mary, talked easily. Then they proposed walking, and we all went through my fields to the Walks [by the river], and round a great part of the town, and returned the same way, and seemed much pleased.

"I conducted them into my eating-room, trembling lest the collation should not be as it ought, but really it was as well prepared as could be expected on so short a notice; cold partridges, cold meat of different sorts, and removes of mutton chops and fruit; tea at the side-table. Mary made tea, Mr. Damer carried it to them, and I waited on their Majesties as they ate, and Mary on the Princesses."

We have visited Wollaston House through the kindness of its present owners, and have seen the very room in which this amusing repast took place. As we stood within its dark panelled walls the scene seemed to rise up before our eyes, and we fancied we saw King George with his bag-wig, his deep waistcoat, knee-breeches and gaiters, and Queen Charlotte in her hoop and sacque and head-

dress of nodding plumes, and also the fair young Princesses in their robes of white muslin; and could almost *hear* the gay, easy chat of the Royal party over their meal.

Mrs. Frampton concludes her letter by saying: "After the repast the female part went into all the bedrooms and approved and looked at everything everywhere. They stayed about two hours, and I hear they were pleased with the day's amusement, and thought all was so well conducted. This gives us comfort after our bustle. My garden and field were full of people to view the Royal family."

In the early part of August 1789 several Ministers and high officials had come down to Weymouth to attend a King's Council.

"This morning so many of them came to church," writes Miss Burney, "that for want of room Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy asked to sit in the pew appropriated to Miss Planta and me."

The church, mentioned above, exists no longer. It was a small seventeenth-century building, quaint and cramped within, and was replaced long since by the present Georgian structure.

The Royal party quitted Weymouth temporarily on August 13 for a short western tour, reaching Exeter the same evening. "The crowds, the rejoicings," writes Miss Burney,

"the hallooing, and singing, and garlanding, and decorating of all the inhabitants of this old city, and of all the country through which we passed made the journey quite charming."

"On nearing the Charmouth Hills," we are told by another writer, "the King good-naturedly

THE OLD CHURCH

alighted from his carriage, which he followed on foot, conversing familiarly with the delighted peasants, who had flocked thither to obtain a view of their Sovereign."

Two days later the Royal party journeyed to Saltram, the seat of a minor, the Earl of Morley.

"Arches of flowers," writes Fanny, "were erected for the Royal Family to pass under at almost every town, with various loyal devices expressive of [the people's] satisfaction in this circuit. How happy must have been the King! —how deservedly!

"The house," she continues, "is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom. . . . Its view is noble; it extends to Plymouth, Mount Edgecumbe, and the neighbouring fine country."

Here the party remained for nearly a fortnight, during which time excursions were made to all the places of beauty and interest in the neighbourhood. Fanny enjoyed a sight of the great dockyard at Plymouth, and a visit to one of the big ships in harbour, where, as a sister of "Burney of the *Bristol*," she was warmly welcomed by the captain and his lieutenants.

"In going over the ship," she writes, "we came to the midshipmen's mess, and those young officers were at dinner, but we were taken in; they were lighted by a few candles fastened to the wall in sockets. Involuntarily I exclaimed, 'Dining by candle-light at noon-day!' A midshipman starting forward, said, 'Yes, ma'am, and Admiral Lord Hood did the same for seven years following!'

"I liked his spirit so much that I turned to him, and said I was very glad they looked for-

ward to such an example, for I had a brother in the Service, which gave me a warm interest in its prosperity. This made the midshipman so much my friend that we entered into a detailed discourse."

Another visit that Fanny made was, by special invitation, to Mount Edgecumbe, where she greatly enjoyed the beautiful grounds and wide prospects.

"The house," she writes, "is old, and seems pleasant and convenient.

"In a very pretty circular parlour, which had the appearance of being the chief living-room, I saw amongst a small collection of books, *Cecilia*. I immediately made a wager with myself the first volume would open upon Pacchierotti;[1] and I won it very honestly. . . . The chapter, 'An Opera Rehearsal,' was so well read, the leaves always flew apart to display it."

On the 27th August the Royal party quitted Saltram, and, after halting for a night at Exeter, returned to Weymouth.

Finally, on September 14th, they left Weymouth *en route* for Windsor.

"All possible honours were paid the King on his departure," writes Miss Burney; "lords, ladies, and sea-officers lined the way."

[1] A great and popular singer, and an intimate friend of the Burney family.

Soon after their return to Windsor, she writes, in an unpublished letter to her sister Charlotte, "We have been making a very pleasant excursion. The King's health is so wholly restored, his looks, his spirits, his usual modes, all so firmly re-established, that the Tour has not merely answered our hopes, it has filled us all with gratitude and joy. The Queen, too, whose long harassed mind wanted recruiting in an equal degree, is almost a new person. . . . Then the reception which everywhere awaited the Royal party was animating and interesting past all description. It proved so to every spectator, every accidental observer; what must it not be to those of the suite who have so many added motives and incitements of attachment?"

CHAPTER XXXIII

A FRIEND LOST AND A FRIEND REGAINED

Miss Burney writes from Windsor on Nov. 18th (1789)—

"We were to go to town; but while I was taking my hasty breakfast, Miss Planta flew into the room, eagerly exclaiming, 'Have you heard the news?'

"I saw instantly by her eyes and manner what she meant, and therefore answered, 'I believe so.'

"'Mr. Fairly is going to be married! I resolved I would tell you.'

"'I heard the rumour,' I replied, 'the other day from Colonel Gwynn.'

"'Oh, it's true!' she cried; 'he has written to ask leave; but for Heaven's sake don't say so!'

"I gave her my ready promise, for I believed not a syllable of the matter; but I would not tell her that."

In an unpublished portion of her Diary, Fanny remarks: "I felt there could be no medium between the utter falsehood of the report, or the

total reverse of that basis of honour and goodness on which my friendship had been built, and I found not even the power to hesitate which must be given up." [1]

Writing two days later Fanny says: "Some business sent me to speak with Miss Planta. . . . When it was executed, and I was coming away, she called out: 'Oh! *à propos*, it's all declared, and the Princesses wished Miss Fuzilier [2] joy yesterday in the Drawing-room. She looked remarkably well; but said Mr. Fairly had still a little gout, and could not appear.'

"Now first my belief followed assertion; but it was only because it was inevitable, since the Princesses could not have proceeded so far without certainty."

She adds in an unpublished portion of her Diary: "So great, however, had been my incredulity, so unspeakable . . . was my astonishment, that I feel satisfied, if my *heart* had been engaged in this affair, if my affections had been touched beyond gratitude and esteem, the instantaneous effect of this sudden conviction would infallibly have been immediate death by an apoplectick stroke, and let me as I recount this most thankfully consider my almost wonderful preservation.

[1] Burney MSS.

[2] Miss Burney's pseudonym for Miss Gunning.

"He has risked my whole earthly peace with a defiance of all mental integrity the most extraordinary to be imagined! . . . What may have stimulated him, I can form no idea, his conscience seemed so delicate, so disinterested. . . .

"It is not him I have to thank that he has not broken my heart! It is Heaven alone I have to praise."[1]

We are thankful thus to be assured by the truthful Fanny herself that, however unworthy was Colonel Digby's conduct in this affair, it did not ruin her happiness nor destroy her peace of mind. A humble friend, Kitty Cooke of Chesington, once said of her, "I love Fanny, she is so sincere," and this is the conviction of all those who have carefully studied her published writings. While the examination of a mass of Burney MSS., which the present writer has had the privilege of making, has yet further deepened this conviction. So that we can implicitly accept Miss Burney's statement, and rejoice that she escaped unhurt from so insidious a trial.

In the spring of 1790 we hear of Fanny's meeting unexpectedly with another friend—an older friend than Colonel Digby—but one whose conduct had also given her pain. Writing from Windsor on Sunday, May 2nd, she says: "This morning, on my way to church, just as I arrived

[1] Burney MSS.

at the iron gate of our courtyard, a well-known voice called out, 'Ah, there's Miss Burney!'

"I started and looked round, and saw—Mrs. Piozzi!

"I hastened up to her; she met my held-out hand with both hers. Mr. Piozzi and Cecilia were with her—all smiling and good-humoured.

"'You are going,' she cried, 'to church—so am I. I must run first to the inn. I suppose one may sit—anywhere one pleases?'

"'Yes,' I cried; 'but you must be quick or you will sit nowhere; there will be such a throng.'

"This was all; she hurried on—so did I.

"I received exceeding great satisfaction in this little most unexpected meeting. She had been upon the Terrace, and was going to change her hat; and haste on both sides prevented awkwardness on either."

And again Fanny remarks in an unpublished portion of her Diary, "I am extremely happy in this circumstance. I shall now, on my own account, dread seeing her no more. What a weight of anxious apprehension and comfortless uncertainty is now removed!"

CHAPTER XXXIV

NEWS FROM NORFOLK

CHARLOTTE FRANCIS, whose amusing Diaries, written before her marriage, some of our readers may remember,[1] was an indefatigable correspondent of her sister Fanny's. Her letters give such comical glimpses into the provincial life and the society of the Norfolk of those days, that we are tempted to introduce a few passages from a packet of those letters now in our possession.

Writing from her home in Aylsham, she says: "Our winter evenings pass snug here—my little Charlotte enlivens them. M. le Baron plays at drafts and backgammon with Anon,[2] and I read a little, and write a little, and work a little, and *tudle* a little on the piano. The winter visits here consist so entirely of cards, that I intend to avoid as many as I can of them without giving offence. A comfortable fireside at home, spent in the above style, is, *to me*, a thousand times

[1] See *The House in St. Martin's Street.*

[2] Charlotte alludes to her husband under this pseudonym.

more agreeable than cards, cards, cards, which I still hate."

The "little Charlotte" alluded to, who was a great favourite of her aunt Fanny's, became in later years Mrs. Barrett, so well known as the able editor of the *Diary and Letters*.

"M. le Baron" was Charlotte's name for a certain Mr. James Sleepe (probably a relative on her mother's side), an old gentleman who lived at Norwich, to whom she was much attached. "He makes our neighbours stare and smile here," she writes, "at his bows and *congés*. He is perpetually skipping about to wait on everybody he sees, though he says he is within three years of eighty! and when I beg him to spare himself, he says, 'Ma'am, I am always best in motion.' He diverts Anon vastly by his dry speeches."

The chief gaieties of Aylsham during the autumn and winter seasons were its Assembly balls, and also balls given by the county families. Conspicuous among these families were the Earl and Countess of Buckinghamshire, who with their daughters, the Ladies Hobart, lived at Blickling Hall, a fine old Jacobean mansion, which stands in large grounds within a few miles of Aylsham.

On certain "public visiting days" the gentry of the neighbourhood were expected to call upon the Countess.

Writing in the month of October, Charlotte remarks: "I observe that the Blickling visits are generally reckoned *varry dule;* the fact is that the company are left entirely to their own reflections. The ladies of the family don't seem to take any pains to amuse their guests. . . . The 1st visit there may be a flashing that

BLICKLING HALL

makes all appear to advantage; but the 2nd visit we come to our understandings again; and the 3rd our eyes are quite open, and we see things in their true light.

"Lady Buckingham gave us a ball on the 10th of this month, which was thinly attended . . . but she fixed her ball on a very uncouth day. The 10th of October, being old Michaelmas day,

is exactly the only day in the year that the Norfolk people change their servants, so it was thought that half the coachmen were gone from their old places, and the new coachmen not come—but Lady B. was superior to attending to so menial a consideration when she fixed her ball night.

"The general run of the guests are just ask'd how they do on entering—and no more—it is ten to one if they are ask'd to be seated; so after making their *congés* and attracting the eyes of a long room full of drest company, they have either the mortification of standing at the door or else the embarrassment of swimming across from one end of the room to another to find a vacant seat. Meanwhile the honourable ladies of the house sit perfectly at their ease, never condescending to offer either an easy-chair, a hard stool, a joint stool, or a loose stool to any who are not possest either of rank or great fortune. For my part, I care not, for as long as they think proper to invite me, I look on myself as on a par with them *during my visit;* therefore, as this is their free and easy way, I make myself quite at home, and make merry with those I like best, and ask myself to sit down."

Of an Assembly ball, with the country dances of those days, Charlotte writes—

"Our last Assembly was the most brilliant we

have ever had in *my* time—20 couple—4 lords, Walpole, Valletort, and 2 young Lord Townshends. . . . Lady Buckingham and her 3 beauteous daughters were at it—who always grace the dance, but dis-grace themselves with most of the company. There has been a most violent grumbling made by the squires and their wives and daughters for these two years on the deportment of the Lady Hobarts, who frequently make free with the company by dancing *down* the figures and then *sitting* down till the gentry have done, which gives much offence. For tho' they may do us an honour in dancing with us, they entirely do away that honour, and cancel the obligation by fobbing us off in that manner. And after all, 'honour's but an empty bubble' in a dance.

"I remember Mr. Yates, the dancing master, used to have a set of old shoes placed in rows for his private scholars to dance round, for want of partners, so I suppose these nobles take us for old shoes [or] for a set of poor ignorant country bumpkins that know not what good breeding is; and *they* are spoiled for the want of a few hints from any of us. I am resolved, whenever occasion serves [and] I can do it in a civil way, without *mortally* offending them, that I will give them a gentle hint.

"At this last Assembly they and Lord Suffield's

daughters served us in this *genteel* way, and put every one in a rage. . . . Lady Caroline Hobart, after calling and dancing down the first dance instead of dancing *up* the next dance, sat and composed herself . . . and then suddenly, as a goddess dropt from the clouds, shone forth as 1st couple, entirely omitting her turn as a figurante. Everybody looked affronted, and I could not resist saying to her fair sister, Lady Valletort, 'Don't your Ladyship think it very unfair in some of the ladies to dance down the dances and never dance them up again?'

"After having made her allow it to be unfair, she inquired *who* it was that did so.

"'Lady Caroline Hobart,' answered I, in an humble tone of voice. She made no answer, but I have been clapped on the back by the Walpoles, Elwins, Bulwers, &c., for this gentle hint since. They entirely approve of it. The Walpoles are very different. They are graciousness itself."

One of Charlotte's letters ends in the following way—

"The greatest part of our town are in a flame with each other concerning parish business, which business I am ignorant of, therefore I am luckily out of the scrape, and shall keep myself as much at home as possible till they have made it all up.

"Yours, dearest, dearest Fanny, ever and ever and ever, C. F."

CHAPTER XXXV

AN IMPENDING CHANGE

The reader may remember an allusion in a recent chapter to the great Italian singer Pacchierotti, and to Miss Burney's description of that wonderful musician's voice in her novel of *Cecilia*.

Pacchierotti was a valued friend of the Burney family, and many a happy evening had been spent in the house in St. Martin's Street listening to his singing.

The Burneys' home was no longer in St. Martin's Street; it was now at Chelsea, for Dr. Burney had recently received the appointment of organist at Chelsea College, and there he and his family occupied a set of spacious apartments.

Fanny writes in January 1790: "At Chelsea I saw my dearest father from the time we settled in town once a week. I met there also Pacchierotti, to my great delight, and he sang so liberally and so enchantingly that just during that time I knew not an ill in the world!"

And writing a few months later of a concert at the Pantheon, she exclaims: "Oh, how Pacchierotti sang!—how!—with what exquisite feeling, what penetrating pathos! I could almost have cried the whole time that this one short song was all I should be able to hear!"

Dr. Burney writes of this great singer in his *History of Music:* "When his voice was in order and obedient to his will, there was a perfection in tone, taste, knowledge, and sensibility that my conception of the art could not imagine possible to be surpassed."

At this same concert of which Fanny writes there was a new singer—a Madame Benda—a German lady, who had been recommended to the notice of the Queen.

"Poor Madame Benda," we are told, "pleased neither friend nor foe; she has a prodigious voice, great powers of execution, but a manner of singing so vehemently boisterous that a boatswain might entreat her to moderate it.

"At the beginning of the second act," continues Fanny, "I was obliged to decamp. James, who had just found me out, was my esquire. 'Well,' he cried, on our way to the [sedan] chair, 'will there be war with Spain?'

"I assured him I thought not.

"'So I am afraid!' answered the true English tar. 'However, if there is, I should be glad of a

frigate of thirty-two guns. Now, if you ask for it, don't say a *frigate*, and get me one of twenty-eight!'

"Good Heavens!—poor innocent James!

"And just as I reached the chair—'But how shall you feel,' he cried, 'when I ask you to desire a guard-ship for me, in two years' time?'

"I could make no precise answer to that!

"He then added he intended coming to Court.

"Very much frightened, I besought him first to come and drink tea with me—which he promised.

"On my way home I went ruminating upon this apparently just, though really impracticable, demand. I weighed well certain thoughts long revolving and of late nearly bursting forth; and the result was this—*to try all* [*for James*] *while yet there is time!* Self-reproach else may aver, when too late, 'Greater courage would have had greater success.' This settled my resolutions, and they all bent to one point, risking all risks.

"I did—this very evening. I did it gaily, and in relating such anecdotes as were amusingly characteristic of a sailor's honest but singular notions of things; and yet I have done it completely; his wishes and his claims are now laid open—Heaven knows to what effect!"

The "thoughts long revolving" in Miss Burney's mind, as the reader will conjecture, concerned the important question of resigning her post at

Court. Her health had become impaired, and every feeling of her own urged her to take this step, but there was one obstacle in the way—namely, the great disappointment she feared it would cause her father. She longed for an opportunity to talk the matter over with him without interruption, and to be able to set the real state of affairs before him. At last such an opportunity occurred on the occasion of the Handel Festival of May (1790).

The King had presented Fanny with a ticket, and she was to be accompanied to the Abbey by her father.

"My 'Visions,'" she writes, "I had meant to produce in a few days, but I thought the present opportunity not to be slighted for some little opening that might lighten the task of the exordium upon the day of attempt.

"He was all himself; all his native self;—kind, gay, open, and full fraught with converse.

"Chance favoured me; we found so little room that we were fain to accept two vacant places at once, though they separated us from my uncle, Mr. Burney, and his brother James, who were all there and meant to be of the same party."

During the beginning of their talk together Dr. Burney happened to repeat some remarks of friends and acquaintances expressing "discontent at his daughter's seclusion from the world."

"This encouraged me," she writes, "to much detail. I spoke my high and constant veneration for my Royal Mistress, . . . and her even peculiar kindness towards me. But I owned the species of life distasteful to me; I was lost to all private comfort, dead to all domestic endearment; I was worn with want of rest, and fatigued with laborious watchfulness and attendance. . . . With relations the most deservedly dear, with friends of almost unequalled goodness, I lived like an orphan—like one who had no natural ties and must make her way as she could with those that were factitious, [and who] could never, in any part of the livelong day, command liberty, or social intercourse, or repose!

"The silence of my dearest father," she continues, "now silencing myself, I turned to look at him; but how was I struck to see his honoured head bowed down almost into his bosom with dejection and discomfort! We were both perfectly still a few moments; but when he raised his head I could hardly keep my seat, to see his eyes filled with tears!—'I have long,' he cried, 'been uneasy, though I have not spoken; . . . but . . . if you wish to resign—my house, my purse, my arms, shall be open to receive you back!'

"The emotion of my whole heart at this speech —this sweet, this generous speech—I need not

say it! . . . I acknowledged my intention t
have ventured to solicit this very permission c
resigning—'But I,' cried he, smiling with th
sweetest kindness, 'I have spoken first myself.'

"What a joy to me, what a relief," she con
cludes, "is this very circumstance! It will alway
lighten any evil that may unhappily follow thi
proposed step."

In the meantime a strong desire for Miss Bur
ney's quitting the Court was gaining groun
among all her old friends.

Fanny had a curious interview, partly on thi
subject, with Mr. Boswell, in the autumn of thi
same year, which she has recorded both in th
Diaries and in the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*. Th
following scene is taken from both those works.[1]

"Mr. Boswell had visited Windsor to solici
the King's leave . . . for publishing Dr. Johnson'
dialogue with his Majesty. Guided by M
Turbulent, he crossed and intercepted my pas
sage one Sunday morning from the Windso
Cathedral to the Queen's Lodge.

"Making an obsequious or rather a theatrica
bow, he cried, 'I am happy to find you, madam
for I was told you were lost! closed in the un
scalable walls of a Royal convent. But let m

[1] In the *Memoirs* Miss Burney always speaks of herself in th
third person, but for convenience in these few passages the fir
person is given.

JAMES BOSWELL
By G. Dance

tell you, madam,' assuming his highest tone of mock-heroic, 'it won't do! You must come forth, madam! You must abscond from your princely monastery, and come forth! You were not born to be immured, like a tabby cat, madam, in yon august cell! We want you in the world. And we are told you are very ill. But we can't spare you. Besides, madam, I want your Johnson's letters for my book!'

"Then stopping at once himself and his hearer, by spreading abroad both his arms . . . he energetically added, 'FOR THE BOOK, madam! the first book in the universe!'

"Swelling then with internal gratulation, yet involuntarily half-laughing . . . he went on—'I have everything else! everything that can be named, of every sort and class and description, to show the great man in all his bearings! everything—except his letters to you! But I have nothing of that kind. I look for it all from you! It is necessary to complete my portrait. . . . I want your help.'

"'My help?'

"'Yes, madam, you must give me some of your choice little notes of the Doctor's. We have seen him long enough upon stilts; I want to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over. Now I

want to entwine a wreath of the Graces acro
his brow; I want to show him as gay Sa
agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam; so you must he
me with some of his beautiful billets to you
self. . . . Give me your letters, and I'll pla
them with the hand of a master!'

"He then told me his *Life of Dr. Johns*
was nearly printed, and took a proof sheet out
his pocket to show me; with crowds passing a
re-passing, knowing me well and staring well
him, for we were now at the iron rails of t
Queen's Lodge.

"I stopped, I could not ask him in . . . a
was reduced to apologise, and tell him I mu
attend the Queen immediately. . . . He stopp
me again at the gate, and said he would read r
a part of his work.

"There was no refusing this, and he beg
with a letter of Dr. Johnson's to himself. H
read it in strong imitation of the Doctor's manne
very well, and not caricature. But a crowd w
gathering to stand round the rails, and the Ki
and Queen and Royal Family now approach
from the Terrace.

"'You must come forth, madam!' he vocife
ated [returning to the first subject of discours
'This monastic life won't do. You must co
forth! We are resolved to a man—we, the Clu
madam! ay, THE CLUB, madam! are resolved

a man, that Dr. Burney shall have no rest—poor gentleman! till he scale the walls of your august convent, to burn your veil, and carry you off!'

"At the iron gate opening into the lawn . . . he seriously again stopped me, and, with a look and voice that indicated, 'Don't imagine I am trifling,' solemnly confirmed a rumour which already had reached my ears, that Mr. Wyndham, whom I knew to be foremost in this chivalrous cabal against the patience of Dr. Burney, was modelling a plan for inducing the members of the Literary Club to address a round-robin to the Doctor to recall his daughter to the world.

"'And the whole matter was puissantly discussed,' added Mr. Boswell, 'at the Club, madam, at the last meeting, Charles Fox in the chair.'"

"I saw Mr. Boswell again," writes Fanny, "the next morning in coming from early prayers, and he again renewed his remonstrances, and his petition for my letters of Dr. Johnson.

"I cannot consent to print private letters, even of a man so justly celebrated, when addressed to myself. No, I shall hold sacred those revered and but too scarce testimonies of the high honour his kindness conferred upon me. One letter I have from him that is a masterpiece of elegance and kindness united. 'Twas his last."

CHAPTER XXXVI

FAREWELL TO WINDSOR

In October 1790, Miss Burney had a letter fro
Horace Walpole, in which he says: "Were yo
talents given you to be buried in obscurity? Y
have retired from the world to a closet at Court-
where, indeed, you will still discover mankin
though not disclose it; for if you could penetra
its characters in the earliest glimpse of its supe
ficies, will it escape your piercing eye when
shrinks from your inspection, knowing that y
have the mirror of truth in your pocket? I w
not embarrass you by saying more, nor wou
have you take notice in reply to what I ha
said: judge only that feeling hearts reflect, n
forget."

Fanny's health was now rapidly failing, a
her friends, who noticed her changed appearan
with deep concern, urged her to resign her po
without further delay. She had already draw
up a memorial, addressed to the Queen, on t
subject, but from various difficulties occurrin

two months had passed before it was actually placed in her Majesty's hands; and even then it was long before she received any definite answer.

The Queen desired that Miss Burney should take more rest and change, but on the understanding that she would return to her post at Court. This poor Fanny could not agree to, and she was obliged to decline this seeming gracious offer.

During this time of trial her father happily stood firmly by her, for he had become convinced of late that her resignation had become a positive necessity.

In the meantime it was evident that Mrs. Schwellenberg had set her mind on retaining Miss Burney as her coadjutrix, and that she was urging the Queen not to accept the resignation.

"A scene almost terrible ensued," writes Fanny, "when I told Cerbera the Queen's offer was declined. She was too much enraged for disguise, and uttered the most furious expressions of indignant contempt at our proceedings. I am sure she would gladly have confined us both in the Bastille, as a fit place to bring us to ourselves from a daring so outrageous against imperial wishes."

In the month of February (1791) Miss Burney

had a severe illness, which was aggravated by the anxieties that pressed upon her mind. One day, however, her friend, Mrs. de Luc, gave her much comfort by repeating some words of the Queen's, spoken in confidence to herself. "In answer to something kind, uttered by that good friend in my favour," writes Fanny, "her Majesty said, 'Oh, as to character, she is what we call in German "true as gold," and, in point of heart, there is not, all the world over, one better.' This makes me very happy." In an unpublished portion of her Diary the sentence is thus concluded: "as her fluctuating behaviour from 'kind to grave, from friendly to severe,' has often made me doubtful of late if I had the honour to preserve any portion of her good opinion since the abortive attempts to make me relinquish my acquittal."

When later on Burke was talking to Dr. Burney with deep interest of his daughter's concerns, he said, writes the Doctor, "If Johnson had been alive, your history would have furnished him with an additional, and interesting article to his *Vanity of Human Wishes*. He said he had never been more mistaken in his life. He thought the Queen had never behaved more amiably, or shown more good sense, than in appropriating you to her service; but what a service had it turned out!

a confinement to such a companion as Mrs. Schwellenberg!"

In commenting upon these words, Fanny writes: "If ever I see Mr. Burke . . . I will openly confide to him how impossible it was that the Queen should conceive the subserviency expected so unjustly and unwarrantably by Mrs. Schwellenberg. The Queen had imagined that a younger and more lively colleague would have made her faithful old servant happier, [and] could little suspect the misery inflicted on that poor new colleague." To this sentence is added in an unpublished portion of the Diaries the words: "By the comparison, for ever alive . . . of the friends—the Society she quitted for a companion the most irascible, austere, and superciliously contemptuous to every mode of intercourse that was not of servile obsequiousness."

It has been justly observed by a recent biographer of the Keeper of the Robes, that a careful reader of the Court Diaries cannot fail to be struck by the self-restraint exercised in her references to Mrs. Schwellenberg's conduct. Miss Burney has indeed placed this woman before our eyes with the hand of a true artist, wisely allowing her to unfold her own character. But it is in the unpublished portions of the Diaries alone that we learn how acute were the sufferings caused by her conduct.

In course of time Miss Burney's resignation was finally accepted, and great was the regret felt by all her friends and acquaintances of the Court when her approaching departure became known.

Writing to her father on July 3rd (1791), she says: "Mademoiselle Jacobi, my destined successor, has come. This moment I have been told it by the Queen. And in truth I have again been falling so unwell that I had fully expected, if the delay had been yet lengthened, another dreadful seizure for its termination. But I hope now to avoid this. . . . My mind is very full, very agitated.

"I conclude I return not till Thursday after the drawing-room. I fancy my attendance will be required at St. James's till that ceremony is over. . . . I know I shall feel a pang at parting with the Queen in the midst of the soul's satisfaction with which I shall return to my beloved father. . . . My eyes fill while I write; my dearest father, I feel myself already in your kind arms. . . .

"All the sweet Princesses seem sorry I am going. Indeed, the most flattering marks of attention meet me from all quarters, . . . and the King—the benevolent King—so uniformly, partially, and encouragingly good to me—I can hardly look at with dry eyes."

Farewell to Windsor

On the following day Miss Burney had "a very long and very affecting conversation with the Queen." It was during this conversation that her Majesty informed Fanny that she intended to settle half her salary, that is to say, £100 a year, upon her for life. This both surprised and deeply affected her attendant.

Miss Burney was informed afterwards that the King, on hearing of the proposed pension, had remarked, "It is but her due. She has given up five years of her pen."

At the conclusion of the conference with the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth came into the room. When the Queen had retired to the antechamber, "I could not forbear saying to her Royal Highness," writes Fanny, "how much the goodness of the Queen had penetrated me. The sweet Princess spoke feelings I could not expect by the immediate glistening of her soft eyes. She condescended to express her concern at my retiring; but most kindly added, 'However, Miss Burney, you have this to comfort you, go when you will, that your behaviour has been most perfectly honourable.'

"This my last day at Windsor," she adds, "was filled with nothing but packing, leave-taking, and bills-paying."

The leave-taking was painful. Fanny's special friends were all in tears, and poor Miss Planta

begged to decline dining with her, as she "felt she should cry all dinner-time." Even Mrs. Schwellenberg expressed regret, and seemed quite overcome at her leaving!

After a touching farewell with the younger Princesses in the Lower Lodge, who urged her to come and see them in town whenever she could, she hurried back to her own rooms.

"O, but let me mention," she writes, "that when I came from the Lower Lodge, late as it was, I determined to see my old friends the equerries, and not to quit the place without bidding them adieu. . . .

"Colonel Goldsworthy came instantly (on my invitation). He said that when my intended departure had been published, he and all the gentlemen there with him had declared it ought to have taken place six months ago. Presently he was followed by Colonel Gwynn, General Grenville, Colonel Ramsden, and Colonel Manners. They all agreed in the urgency of the measure, and we exchanged good wishes most cordially."

The following day (July 6th) the Court removed to Kew so as to attend the Drawing-room at St. James's on the 7th instant. Fanny accompanied them as usual. She writes—

"*Thursday, July 7th.*—This my last day of office was big and busy—joyful, yet affecting to

me in a high degree." After bidding adieu to her servants, who were grieved at her departure, she says: "I then took leave of Kew Palace—the same party again accompanying me for the last time in a Royal vehicle going by the name of *Miss Burney's coach.* . . .

"At St. James's all was graciousness, and my Royal Mistress gave me to understand she would have me stay to assist at her toilet after the Drawing-room, and much delighted me by desiring my attendance on the Thursday fortnight, when she came again to town. This lightened the parting in the pleasantest manner possible.

"When the Queen commanded me to follow her to her closet, I was, indeed, in much emotion. . . . I personally poured forth my thanks for all her goodness and my prayers for her felicity.

"She had her handkerchief in her hand or at her eyes the whole time. . . . I was so much moved . . . that as soon as I got out of the closet I nearly sobbed. . . .

"They were now all going—I took, for the last time, the cloak of the Queen, and, putting it over her shoulders, slightly ventured to press them, saying, 'God Almighty bless your Majesty!'

"She turned round, and putting her hand on my ungloved arm pressed it with the greatest kindness, and said, 'May you be happy!'

"The three eldest Princesses were in the next room; they ran in to me the moment the Queen went onward. Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth each took a hand, and the Princess Royal put hers over them. I could speak to none of them; but they repeated, 'I wish you happy!—I wish you health!' again and again with the sweetest eagerness.

"They then set off for Kew.

"Here therefore end my Court Annals."

* * * * * *

Arrived at her father's home, and welcomed by all her family—the long separation over for good and all, and with thoughts of the gentle and kindly feelings of those she left behind—Fanny experienced, she tells us, "a satisfaction, a serenity of heart immeasurable."

CHAPTER XXXVII

FROM COURT TO COTTAGE

CONCLUSION

"HUZZA! Huzza! Huzza!" writes Charlotte on her sister Fanny's return home; "thank God! thank God! Since I was born I never more ardently wished for any event to take place. It has now taken place, and I doubly rejoice that all has gone so smooth, as I know it makes the liberation of double the value to my beloved Fanny—all we have now to pray for is a restoration of her invaluable health."

"All the family," writes Miss Burney in the *Memoirs* of Dr. Burney, "[together with] Mr. and Mrs. Lock, hastened to hail . . . his daughter's return; and congratulatory hopes and wishes for the speedy restoration of her health poured in upon the Doctor from all quarters.

"But chiefly Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Messrs. Wyndham, Horace Walpole, and Seward started forward, by visits or by letters . . . with greetings almost tumultuous, so imbued had been their minds with the belief that

change of scene and change of life alone could retard a change more fatal."

In Horace Walpole's letter he says: "I cordially wish you joy. You have regained and will save the most valuable of children. . . .

"I assure you, sir, I wish myself much joy, too, as I flatter myself I shall now be the better for Miss Burney's release, you once were so kind as to bestow a whole day on me here with her. I will not be unreasonable. . . . I am sensible that she ought to have much repose to recover and re-establish her health and spirits; and that tho' she has been a lost sheep, she must not at once be turned out upon *the common*. Whenever, therefore, you shall think it proper to indulge me with a day, and safe to bring her with you, you cannot imagine, dear sir, how happy you both will make your faithful, humble servant,

"Hor. Walpole."

Before Miss Burney had quitted the Court, her kind friend Mrs. Ord had proposed to carry out a plan for the restoration of her health as soon as she had become mistress of her own actions. This plan was to take Fanny for a tour in the south of England, for the effect of gentle travelling, change of air, and change of scene, and also of perfect repose from even pleasurable excitement.

"What a treasure is such a friend!" writes

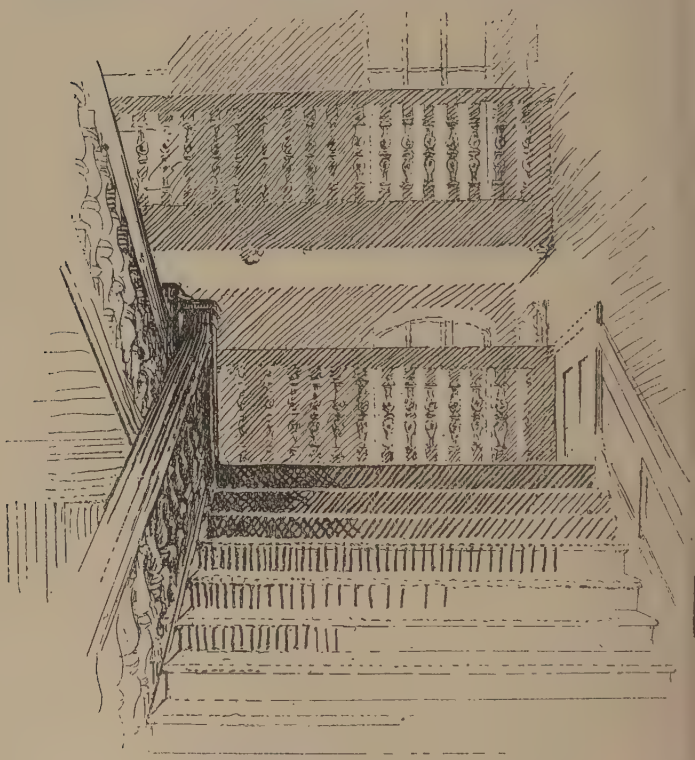
Fanny; "one who has grown in my esteem and affection by every added year of intimacy!"

In less than three weeks after the return home had been accomplished, Fanny and Mrs. Ord started on their travels. The tour lasted for nearly three months, during which time they saw many beautiful places, and Fanny also derived much benefit from the Bath waters. Finally, on their return to London in October, she was happily able to recommence her new home life with renewed strength, both of body and mind, though still some further months had to elapse before she was quite restored to her usual health.

The new "home life," as we have mentioned before, was in the fine old buildings of Chelsea College, as it was then called—now the Royal Chelsea Hospital. It was an ideal resort for a person in Fanny's condition, needing rest and quiet; standing as it does in its magnificent grounds, with its spreading lawns and shady walks ever inviting her to wander forth even to the river beyond.

"I have never been so pleasantly situated at home," she writes, "since I lost the sister of my heart and my dear affectionate Charlotte. My father is almost [always] within. . . . The library, or study, in which we constantly sit, supplies such delightful variety of food, that I have nothing to wish [for]. He has himself appro-

priated me a place, a seat, a desk, a table, and every convenience and comfort. . . . We read together, write together, chat, compare notes,



STAIRCASE BY DR. BURNEY'S ROOMS

communicate projects, and diversify each other's employments. He is all goodness, gaiety, and affection; and his society and kindness are more precious to me than ever.

"Fortunately, in this season of leisure and comfort, the spirit of composition proves active. The day is never long enough, and I could employ two pens in merely scribbling what will not be repressed. This is a delight to my dear father inexpressibly great.

"Thus, my beloved sisters and friends," she remarks, "you see me at length enjoying all that peace, ease, and chosen recreation and employment for which so long I sighed in vain, and which, till very lately, I had reason to believe, even since attained, had been allowed me too late. I am more and more thankful every night, every morning, for the change in my destiny and present blessings of my lot."

Miss Burney now began to go into society occasionally, and to enjoy once more at her friend Mrs. Ord's house "everything delectable in the Blue way."

A pleasant visit (by command) was also paid by her to St. James's Palace early in January (1792), when she was received by the Queen with much kindness and by the Princesses with ingenuous affection. Among the Burney MSS. there are several packets of letters, written by these Princesses to Fanny, which cover a period of many years and which testify by their terms to the lasting character of that affection.

Fanny's life at Chelsea was diversified by visits

from time to time at the houses of her sisters and friends. In the neighbourhood of Mickleham in Surrey she found special joy in the society of Susan Phillips and her family, and of Mr. and Mrs. Lock at Norbury Park.

During this period the stirring events of the French Revolution were rapidly succeeding each other, and engrossing the thoughts of all English people. In this same neighbourhood, as the reader will remember, a colony of Emigrés, who had fled from the Reign of Terror, had settled at Juniper Hall. They were of the party of the *Constitutionels*, who had sacrificed everything in the cause of their country's true liberty, but were now crushed by the violent party.

In connection with these Emigrés the great event of Fanny Burney's life took place, and the present writer cannot resist the temptation to touch upon it, although she has dealt with it fully in her book *Juniper Hall*, and although the days in the Court of Queen Charlotte are over.

Susan Phillips was an ardent sympathiser with these noble Emigrés in their sufferings, and her familiarity with their language enabled her to be of much use to them. One of the party, General d'Arblay, the friend of Lafayette, became *her* friend, and it was in her cottage at Mickleham that he met and fell in love with her sister Fanny. In time Fanny returned his affection, but there

were formidable difficulties to be overcome before their union could be accomplished. These difficulties were solely of a pecuniary nature, due to the fact that M. d'Arblay's whole property in France had been confiscated by the Convention, for in character he was all that could be desired. His friends were warmly attached to him; and Lally-Tollendal, and other Frenchmen of note, spoke in their letters "of the spotless honour, the stainless character, and the singularly amiable disposition for which in his own country M. d'Arblay was distinguished."

Miss Burney's pension of one hundred pounds was all that could be counted upon for her and M. d'Arblay's immediate income, though both possessed powers of adding to it in the future. "M. d'Arblay," writes Fanny, "most solemnly and affectingly declares that *le simple nécessaire* is all he requires, and that [to dwell] here would be preferred by him to the most brilliant fortune in another *séjour*. If *he* can say this, what must *I* be not to echo it?"

There was some fear, however, entertained lest the Queen might withdraw the pension on Miss Burney marrying a man whose tendencies her Majesty might consider dangerously Liberal. But happily this fear proved groundless, and in the meantime the lovers had a fast friend and confidante in Susan Phillips. We should like to

introduce here a pretty little episode that occurred at this period, but must mention, by way of preface, that during her visits to Mickleham, Fanny had often given little lessons in English to the General.

Susan writes to Fanny one day of a visit of M. d'Arblay's to her cottage, when he put into her hand, she says, a tiny box containing a gold pen, together with a little note, and begged that she would do him the kindness of forwarding them to her sister.

That little note, together with Fanny's reply, are preserved among the Burney manuscripts, and they both now lie before us.

M. d'Arblay writes: "Come, come, my dear *Cecilia*, come and be my indulgent master. Don't forsake your grateful scholar. It is so interestant for him to make all his utmost endeavours in order to improve his broken English! Come, I pray you, with all my heart!

"I send you a pen I have since twenty-one years. I hope you will accept and keep it as a token of my sincere and everlasting friendship."

And Fanny answers: "Come, little pen! and tell me what you have been doing these twenty-one years past! Will you serve me as well as you have served your late Professor? Will you tell my thoughts as plainly as if formed by a material less productive of duplicity? Will you remind

me of your right owner, by disdaining to transmit to paper one sentiment that has not truth for its basis and honour for its principle? O, little pen! if after your long services you degenerate from that noble simplicity, I reject you with aversion. But if, on the contrary, you fulfil my just expectations, I will keep, and use, and cherish you for ever."

On a Sunday morning, July 28th (1793), not long after these notes were written, the marriage of Fanny Burney and of Alexandre d'Arblay took place in the quaint old church of Mickleham.

The bride and bridegroom, who walked to church from Mrs. Phillips' dwelling hard by, were accompanied by a small band of devoted relatives and friends, who felt well assured of the happiness to be anticipated from this union.

The first home of the d'Arblays was in the village of Bookham, where their sweet cottage, covered with roses, is still to be seen standing in its sunny garden; a garden which the General took great pride in arranging and working in. "I wish you had seen him yesterday," writes Fanny to her father, "mowing down our hedge with his sabre, and with an air and attitude so military, that if he had been hewing down other legions than those he encountered—*i.e.* of spiders—he could scarcely have had a mien more tremendous or have demanded an arm more mighty.

Heaven knows I am the most *contente personne* in the world to see his sabre so employed."

In the following year a great joy came into their lives in the birth of their little son "Alex," as he was always called. When Dr. Burney visited his daughter and son-in-law, he was so much struck with the atmosphere of peace and happiness that pervaded the cottage that, on reaching home, he sent them the following verse, translated from the Italian of Metastasio, which was, he said, a "portrait" in their case—

"Our simple narrow mansion
Will suit our station well;
There's room for heart expansion,
And peace and joy to dwell."

A few years later the d'Arblays were enabled, from the proceeds of a new novel, *Camilla*, written by Fanny, to build for themselves a cottage at West Humble, where they were within easy reach of Susan and her family, and of the Locks at Norbury Park.

The following words, taken from an unpublished letter of this period, reflect Fanny's heartfelt joy in her domestic life. She writes to her husband from London, where she was visiting a friend in company with her little boy, and remarks—

"Pleasure is seated in London, joy, mirth society; but happiness, O, it has taken its seat its root at West Humble! The more I am away

the stronger I feel that there, and there alone, to *me* is its abode . . . and most thankfully to God shall I return to-morrow to my thrice-dear cottage and him, the friend of my heart, for whose sake I so prize it."

And now, glancing at a more distant future in our Fanny's life, we would close this work with the words of her faithful counsellor of former years—her "Daddy Crisp"—who said—

"When you come to be old, then live upon remembrance, and think that you have had your share of the good things of this world, and say, 'For what I have received, the Lord make me thankful!'"

INDEX

ADAM, John, a founder of American Republic, his interview with King George III. (June 1, 1785), 56–8

Albert, Monsieur (father of Mrs. Papendiek), holds post at Court, 73, 75

Amelia, Princess, her birthday fête when three years old, fondness for F. B., 60–5, 89–90, 93; presents King with verses on his recovery (March 1789), 275

Ancaster, Duchess of (Mistress of the Robes), 53, 61

Arblay, Alex. G. P. d', General (friend of Lafayette), meets F. B. at house of Mrs. Phillips, their engagement, their marriage (July 28, 1793), 348–51; first home at Bookham, his gardening, birth of his son "Alex," cottage built at West Humble, letter from Fanny reflecting their happy life, 351–3

Augusta, Princess, 61; at Windsor Chapel, 84; at festivities for King's birthday (June 4, 1787), 92; at Cheltenham, 214; affectionate parting on F. B.'s leaving Court, 342

Aylesbury, Lord, 219

BAKER, Sir George (physician), attends King during his illness of 1788–9, 240, 242

Ball, Mr., 133

Baretti, Guiseppe, his strictures on Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters* of Dr. Johnson, 174, 177

Batterscombe, Mr., 241

Benda, Madame, a German singer heard by F. B. at the Pantheon, 326

Bertie, Lady Charlotte, daughter of the Duchess of Ancaster, 53, 61, 328

Blandford, Marquis of, 66

Blickling Hall, seat of Earl and Countess of Buckinghamshire and their daughters the Ladies Hobart, ball given at, described by Charlotte Francis, 320–2

Blue-Stocking Club, meetings of, at house of Mrs. Vesey, one of its founders, 135–7

Boscawen, Mrs., meets F. B. at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 132; is mentioned in the *Bas Bleu*, 136

Boswell, James, his censure of Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters of the late Samuel Johnson*, had disapproved of her *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, 174; his interview with F. B. at Windsor, urges her to allow insertion of her letters from Dr. Johnson in his *Life*, 330–3

Boulby, Mr., 223

—— Lady Mary, 223

Buckingham, Lady (Countess of Buckinghamshire), gives ball at Blickling Hall, and presides at Assembly Ball in Aylsham, 320–4

Budé, General, 61, 122; at Windsor when King is taken ill (November 1788), 237
Bunbury, Harry (popular caricaturist), equerry to Duke of York, his talk with F. B. on plays and players, 121–3; marries Catherine Horneck, 191; sees Mrs. Jordan act in Cheltenham Theatre, 223
—— Mrs. Harry (Catherine Horneck), called by Goldsmith "Little Comedy," 191
Burke, Edmund, his interest in *Evelina*, 109; a Manager of the Prosecution of Warren Hastings, 147–8, 150–1, 154; his oration at the Trial, effect of his eloquence on F. B., also on Hannah More, 157–9; his words to leaders of Opposition on their discussions of Regency Bill (December 1788), 258; remarks to Dr. Burney upon F. B.'s trials at Court, 336–7
—— Mrs. Edmund, 161
—— Richard (brother of Edmund Burke), present at Trial of Warren Hastings, 151
Burney, Charles, Mus.D., rejoices at F. B.'s Court appointment, letter of congratulation to, from Horace Walpole, 13–15; accompanies F. B. to Windsor, 17–18, 20; his *History of the Handel Commemoration of 1784*, account of performances in Westminster Abbey, 48–9; personal recollections of Handel, 50–1; his visits to Windsor (December 1786), King's interest in his *History of Music*, 87–90; incident connected with his *German Tour*, 110–13; at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 134; at the Oratorio performances with F. B., 138; appointed organist to Chelsea College, removes with family to apartments in College, his praise of Pacchierotti's singing in *History of Music*, 325–6; consulted by F. B. upon question of her resignation, 328–30; return home of F. B., Horace Walpole's letter of congratulation, 342–4; life in Chelsea College, 345–7
Burney, Charles (son of the above), with F. B. at Trial of Warren Hastings, 151
—— Charles Rousseau, he and his wife accomplished musicians, "their charming concerts" in house in Titchfield Street, 140–1
—— Mrs. Charles Rousseau (Hetty), eldest daughter of Dr. Burney, 8–9; her and her husband's "matrimonial duets," 140–1
—— Edward, his illustrations to Dr. Burney's *History of the Handel Commemoration of 1784*, 48; at concerts in Titchfield Street, 140–1
—— Fanny, with Mrs. Delany at Windsor, sees King, his interest in *Evelina*, her embarrassment, 5–8; presented to Queen, her account of royal interview, 8–9; King's chat on plays and players, 10–11; receives offer of Court appointment (Keeper of the Robes), her misgivings, her final acceptance of post, 12–13; her letter to Charlotte Francis, congratulations from friends, 14–17; enters upon new career (July 17, 1786), reception by Queen, first letter from Windsor, 17–20; apartments in Queen's Lodge, 21–2; her Court duties described, has a wise counsellor in Mr. Smelt, 21–6; her pleasant intercourse with the Princesses, 27–9; suffers from jealousy of Mrs. Schwellenberg, 29–31; removal with Royal Family to Kew, description of Palace, King inspects her rooms, 32–3; her visit to Chesington, 37–9; a "Court day" at St. James's, F. B.'s rooms in Palace, Queen visits them, 43; at a State Ball, 39–44; hears Fischer's performance on the hautbois, 45; attempted assassination of King,

consternation of Royal Family, King's "calm intrepidity," 52–6; birthday fête of Princess Amelia, 60–5; rejoicings at Kew on King's preservation, 65–6; at Oxford, 66–72; Queen's words upon jewelry, the "Great-Coat," 79–82; humorous talk of Colonel Goldsworthy, 83–6; gift from Queen (January 1787), festivities on King's birthday (June 4), 91–3; trials caused by Mrs. Schwellenberg, 94; ditto, 96–8; Mrs. Schwellenberg as a travelling companion, 100–5; Rousseau's *Letters on Botany*, fictitious characters in the *Observer*, 106–8; predicament connected with *German Tour*, 110–13; her illness in 1787, Queen's visit of inquiry, 113–15; the Queen and Prince of Wales, arrival of Duke of York, 115–17; interview with Mme. de la Roche, 118–21; arrival of Harry Bunbury (the caricaturist), receives Mrs. Siddons, Dr. Jacob Bryant, 121–4; her name mentioned in epilogue at theatre, 124–6; intercourse with friends in London, 127; gathering at Mrs. Ord's house, 128–34; at the Oratorio performances, 138; with the Charles Rousseau Burneys, meets Merlin, 140–4; at Trial of Warren Hastings, opening day (February 13, 1788), her talk with Wyndham, 147–56; Burke's oration (February 19), his talk with her, 157–61; Fox's oration, talk with Sheridan, her words to Lord Walsingham, 161–4; intercourse with M. de la Guiffardière, known as "Mr. Turbulent," arrival of Colonel Greville (known as "Colonel Welbred"), 165–73; reads Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters* of Dr. Johnson, disapproves of their publication, 175–6; Baretti's attacks on Mrs. Piozzi, 177–8; meets Lady Bute and Lady Louisa Stuart, trials from Mrs. Schwellenberg, 181–3; death of Mrs. Delany, 184–5; arrival of "Mr. Fairly" (Colonel Digby), *Eloges* of M. de Lalande, 186–93; journey to Cheltenham (July 1788), residence in Fauconberg Hall (Bay's Hill Lodge), 196–201; her visitors, 204–7; mode of life at Cheltenham, 210–12; sees Mrs. Jordan act, 215; intercourse with "Mr. Fairly," 217–20; accompanies Royal Family to Worcester, residence in Bishop Hurd's Palace, attends Musical Festival, 225–32; King's illness beginning (October 1788), alarm in Palace, Queen's "secret terror," harrowing scenes, 234–44; removal to Kew, arrival of Dr. Willis and his son, Regency Bill discussed, 245–59; her adventure in Kew Gardens, 260–6; King recovering, Regency Bill withdrawn, 268–9; prayer of thanksgiving, 271; illuminations at Kew Palace, return to Windsor, 275–9; "Restoration Drawing-room," 280–1; Spanish Ambassador's gift, 285; Royal visit to Weymouth (June 1789), description of journey, residence in Gloucester House, 287–93; loyalty of inhabitants, the Assembly Rooms, 297–300; meets Mrs. Siddons, sees her act, 302–6; western tour, sojourn at Saltram, return to Windsor, 311–14; "Mr. Fairly's" marriage, meets Mrs. Piozzi, 315–18; hears Pacchierotti sing, desires to resign her Court appointment, 325–30; interview with Boswell, 330–3; her health failing, difficulties connected with resignation, 334–6; her departure from Court (July 7, 1791), bids farewell to Queen and Royal Family, 338–42; her welcome home, her tour in south of England, her life in Chelsea College, meets General d'Arblay at Mickleham, their engagement and marriage,

birth of their son "Alex," 343–53
Burney, James (Captain R.N.), at Chesington, 38; known as "Burney of the *Bristol*," desire for promotion, 326–7
—— Mrs. James, at Chesington, 38
—— Richard (of Worcester), 230
Bute, Lady (wife of Marquis of Bute), her conversation described by F. B., 181–3

CAGLIOSTRO, Count, 120
Cambridge, Richard Owen, meets F. B. at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 132–3
—— Miss, 11
Camilla, novel by Madame d'Arblay (Fanny Burney), published 1796, cottage at West Humble named after it, 352
Campo, Marquis del (Spanish Ambassador), his gala at Ranelagh in honour of King's recovery, his gift to F. B., 284–5
Carter, Mrs. Elizabeth, letter quoted, 78; at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133; mentioned in the *Bas Bleu*, praised by Dr. Johnson, 135–7
Cecilia, novel by Fanny Burney, praised by Mrs. Delany, 16; alluded to in epilogue on stage, 125; extolled by Sheridan, 163
Chapone, Mrs., at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133
Charlotte, Queen, at the house of Mrs. Delany, 4; meets F. B., 8–9; offers her post of Second Keeper of the Robes, 12–17; her reception of F. B., 17–18; her daily life at Windsor, 23–8; life at Kew and St. James's, 32–4, 39; her birthday ball, 43–4; consternation at attempted assassination of King, 52–6; fête of little Princess Amelia, 60–5; rejoicings at Kew for King's preservation, 65–6; at Oxford, 66–71; her words to F. B. on State jewelry, the "Great-Coat," 79–82; calls on Dr. Burney in F. B.'s rooms, 88; her connection with Mrs. Schwellenberg, 95–6; her words on "wasting time," reading the *Observer*, 106–8; admires passage in Cowper's *Task*, 109–10; interest in Dr. Burney's *German Tour*, 110–13; her attentions during F. B.'s illness, 113–15; trials caused by Prince of Wales, 115; arrival of Duke of York from Germany, 116–17, 120; present at Trial of Warren Hastings, 146–7; accompanies King to Cheltenham (July 1788), resides at Fauconberg Hall, 196–201, 207; on the "Walks," 210; at Parish Church, 212–14; at Worcester for Musical Festival, returns to Cheltenham, arrival at Windsor, 230–3; King becomes ill, her "secret terror," 234–7; gives audiences to Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt, removal to Kew, 246–9; gloomy life in Kew Palace, 249–50; arrival of Dr. Willis and his son, improvement in King's condition, 254–5; virulence of party spirit, her character not spared, 258; King recovering, allowed to see him, 267; witnesses illumination of London in honour of King's recovery (March 10, 1789), 271–4; illumination of Kew Palace arranged by her, joyful return to Windsor, 274–7; attends thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral (April 23), great procession described, her "Restoration Drawing-room," 278–81; accompanies the King to Weymouth (June 25), sojourn at Lyndhurst, halts at Salisbury, Blandford, and Dorchester, arrival at Weymouth, great ovation from populace, 287–92; resides in Gloucester House, 292–3; at the Assembly Rooms, "the circle," 299–301; at the theatre, 306; visit to Wollaston House, Dorchester, 307–10; the western tour, return to

Windsor, 313–14; disapproves of F. B.'s desire to resign her appointment, 334–6; accepts resignation, settles pension on F. B., 338–9; her parting with F. B. (July 7, 1791), 338–41; visit from F. B. at St. James's Palace (January 1792), 347
Chatham, Lord, at Weymouth with Royal party, 300
Chelsea College, apartments in, occupied by Dr. Burney and family, 325; home of F. B. on leaving Court, 345–7
Cheltenham, Royal visit to (July 1788), its primitive condition and curious customs, 198–204; the "Original Spa" and "Walks," 209–10; Parish Church, the Playhouse, 212–15; departure of King and Royal Family (August 16), 232
Chesington Hall, home of "Daddy Crisp," revisited by F. B. (November 1786), 37–9
Cheveley, Mrs., attendant to little Princess Amelia, 93
Cholmley, Mr., at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133
Clark, Mr., an apothecary of Cheltenham, 224–5
Clubs, London, White's (leading Tory club), grand entertainment at Pantheon in honour of King's recovery (April 1789), Brooks's (leading Whig club), ball at Opera House, Boodle's fête at Ranelagh, described by eye-witnesses, 282–6; Literary, 332–3
Cooke, Kitty, friend of F. B.'s, residing at Chesington Hall, 38
Courtown, Lord, Treasurer of King's Household, 196; with King at Cheltenham, 210–11; at the theatre with Royal party, 223; at Worcester, 226, 229–31
—— Lady, at Cheltenham with Royal party, 223; at Worcester, 226; with Queen during King's illness (November 1788), 246; at Weymouth with Royal Family, 300
Coventry, Lord, Recorder of Worcester, 226–9
Cowper, William, passage in *The Task* quoted, 109–10
Crawfurd, Mr., equerry to Duke of York, 121–2
Crewe, Mrs., at Trial of Warren Hastings, 162
Crisp, Samuel ("Daddy Crisp"), his words to F. B., 353
Cumberland, Duke of, brother of George III., at thanksgiving service for King's recovery (April 1789), 278
—— Richard, fictitious characters in his *Observer*, his jealousy of contemporary writers, 107–9

DAMER, Mr. Pitt, at Wollaston House, 308–9
Delany, Mrs., presents F. B. to King and Queen, 3–6; her letter in praise of F. B., 16–17; present at little Princess Amelia's fête, 89–90; her advice to F. B., 156; her visitors, 181–3; her death (April 1788), 184–5
Delawarr, Lord, with Royal party at Weymouth, 300
Dewes, Mrs. Bernard, meets F. B. at Mrs. Delany's house, 4–5
—— Miss (daughter of the above), 4–6
Digby, Colonel the Hon. Stephen, *see* "Fairly, Mr."
Dorchester, halt of King and Royal Family at (June 1789), 292

ELDON, Lord, King's words to him, 58
Elizabeth, Princess, recovering from illness, 5–6, 52, 61, 84; at festivities for King's birthday, 92; reads Dr. Burney's *German Tour*, 111–13; at Cheltenham, 214, 224; her concern at F. B.'s leaving Court, 339; parting with F. B., 342
Evelina, novel by Fanny Burney, King's interest in, 6–7

"FAIRLY, Mr.," pseudonym in *Diaries* for Colonel Hon. Stephen

Digby, Vice-Chamberlain to Queen, 67; intercourse with F. B., 188–90; with Royal suite at Cheltenham, 196–7; his illness, 217–22; at Worcester, 226, 231; at Windsor when King is ill, 237–8, 244; at Kew Palace, 256–7, 269; his marriage with Miss Fuzilier (Miss Gunning), 315–17
Farren, Miss (afterwards Lady Derby), celebrated actress, 125
Fauconberg Hall (afterwards known as Bay's Hill Lodge), King, Queen, and suite resided in, summer 1788, 198–201
Finch, Lady Charlotte (Governess to the Princesses), at Kew during King's illness (November 1788), 248
Fischer, Johann Christian (celebrated hautbois-player), King's praise of his performance, 46, 49–50, 143
Fite, Mme. de la, announces attempted assassination of King, 52; introduces Mme. de la Roche to F. B., 118–21
Fox, Charles James, a Manager of the Prosecution of Warren Hastings, 159; his oration at Trial, his style of eloquence, 161–2; at Literary Club, 333
Frampton, Mary, on fashions of 1788, 76–7; witnesses procession to St. Paul's (April 23, 1789), 280; at Boodle's fête, 285–6; words on Mrs. Siddons' and Mrs. Jordan's acting, 303–4; present during visit to Wollaston House, 307–10
—— Mrs. (mother of Mary Frampton), her account of Royal visit to Wollaston House, 307–10
Francis, Clement (formerly Private Secretary to Warren Hastings in India), marries Charlotte Burney (1786), his conviction of Hastings' innocence, 149
—— Mrs. Clement (Charlotte), letters to her from F. B. upon Court appointment, 113–6; ditto from F. B. upon visit to Weymouth, her letters from Aylsham, visits to Blickling Hall, &c., 319–24; her letter on F. B.'s leaving Court, 343
Francis, Charlotte (daughter of the above), afterwards Mrs. Barrett, Editor of the *Diary and Letters*, 319–20

GAINSBOROUGH, Thomas, his portrait of Fischer the hautbois-player, 46, 49
Garrick, David, F. B.'s admiration for his acting, 10–11, 142
—— Mrs. David, at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 131; ditto, 139–40; joy on King's recovery, 270
George III., meets F. B., interest in *Evelina*, 3–11; life at Windsor, 25; at Kew, 33–4; his interest in the Handel Commemoration of 1784, 45–6; his early appreciation of Handel, 47–8; attempted assassination of, safe return home, 52–6; interview with John Adam (June 1, 1785), his high sense of duty, 56–9; witnesses rejoicings for his preservation, 60–6; receives ovation at Oxford, 66–72; his abstemious habits, 84–7; talks with Dr. Burney on musical matters, &c., 87–90; festivities on birthday, 91–3; his attitude towards Mrs. Schwellenberg, 95–6; on Dr. Burney's *German Tour*, 112–13; arrival of Duke of York from Germany, 115–17; his words to F. B. on Epilogue incident, 125–6; his visit with family to Cheltenham (July 1788), enthusiasm of populace, residence in Fauconberg Hall, 196–201; mode of life at Cheltenham, 210, 212–14; arrival of Duke of York, visit to theatre, 222–3; attends Musical Festival at Worcester (August 1788), resides in Bishop Hurd's Palace, 225–9; leaves Cheltenham for Windsor (August 16), 232–3; becomes ill at Kew (October 1788), removal to Windsor, his "delirium," 237–8;

his strange conduct, 240–4; visited by Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt, 245–7; removal to Kew, 247–50; arrival of Dr. Willis, treatment changed, his condition improves, 252–5; incident with F. B. in Kew Gardens, 260–6; meetings with the Queen and his children, 267–9; rapid recovery, public rejoicings, 270–2: joyful return to Windsor, 276–7; thanksgiving service at St. Paul's, 278–80; journey to Weymouth, public ovation, sojourn at Lyndhurst, 287–90; resides in Gloucester House, Weymouth, mode of life there, 297–301; at theatre, 305–6; visit to Wollaston House (Dorchester), 307–10; his western tour, 310–13; his kindness to F. B., approves of her pension, 338–9

Gloucester, Duke of (brother of George III.), at thanksgiving service at St. Paul's (April 1789), 278

Gloucester House (Weymouth), occupied by King and Royal Family in summer of 1789, 292–4

Goldsworthy, Colonel (equerry to George III.), on his duties at Court, 83–6, 122–3, 173; with Royal party at Worcester, 226; with King when attacked by illness, 241–2; at Weymouth with Royal party, 310; bids F. B. farewell on her leaving Court, 340

—— Miss (sub-governess to the Princesses), with Queen when King is taken ill, 239

Gordon, Lord George, riots alluded to, 58, 119–20

Grenville, General, 122; bids F. B. farewell on her leaving Court, 340

Greville, Colonel. *See* "Welbred, Colonel"

Grey, Mr., impromptu by Warren Hastings upon his speech at the Trial, 163

Guiffardière, M. de la. *See* "Turbulent, Mr."

Gunning, Miss. *See* "Fuzilier, Miss"

Gwynn, Colonel, equerry to George III., 121–2; marries Miss Horneck, 190–2; with Royal party at Worcester, 226; with ditto at Weymouth, 310, 315; bids F. B. farewell on her leaving Court, 340

—— Mrs., formerly Miss Horneck, known as the "Jessamy Bride," painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, admired by Goldsmith, 190–1; at Weymouth with Royal party, 302

HAGGERDORN, Mrs., F. B.'s predecessor as a Keeper of the Robes, 14, 23; her trials at Court, 102–4, 187

Hamilton, Mrs., inhabitant of Chesington Hall, 38–9

Handel Commemoration of 1784, performances in Westminster Abbey described, 45–7, 48–50

—— George Frederick, George III.'s appreciation of his genius, 46–8, 265

Harcourt, Lord (Lord of the Bedchamber), 67, 71; at Cheltenham with Royal party, 223

—— Lady (Lady of the Bedchamber), 67; at Cheltenham with Royal party, 223; also at Worcester, 226

—— General, Aide-de-camp to King George III., 67

—— Mrs., her *Diaries* quoted, 268–9; etiquette of the "Circle," 300

Hastings, Warren, his attitude at the Trial, 147–50; Wyndham's words upon him, F. B.'s conviction of his innocence, 152–6; his impromptu lines on Grey's speech, 163; verdict of "not guilty," refutation by posterity of every charge brought against him, 164

Hawkins, Mr., 230

—— Mrs. (the "Becky" of the *Early Diaries*), a cousin of F. B.'s, 230

Hazlitt, William, his tribute to Mrs. Jordan's acting, 216
Heberden, Dr., attends King during his illness (1788–9), 242
Herries, Lady, at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133
Herschel, Dr., 118
Hobart, Lady Caroline, at a Norfolk Assembly ball, 322–4
Hood, Admiral Lord, 312
Hume, David, introduced into the *Observer* by Cumberland, 108

IMPEY, Sir Elijah, 156

JACOBI, Mdlle., succeeds F. B. as Second Keeper of the Robes (July 3, 1791), 338
Johnson, Dr., words on Elizabeth Carter, Hannah More, and F. B., 137; publication of his *Letters* by Mrs. Piozzi, 174–7; his letter to Mrs. Piozzi on his marriage (July 8, 1784), 178–80; his "Life" by James Boswell, 330–3; his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 336
Jordan, Mrs. (celebrated actress of comedy), 122; Romney paints her as the "Country Girl," 215–16; in the character of "Rosalind," 304
Juniper Hall, colony of emigrés' residence there, 348

KEW PALACE (the old palace pulled down in 1803) described by F. B., 32–3; gardens thrown open to public, 34; King's partiality for, 37; King there during illness (1788–9), 248–9; illuminations on King's recovery (March 1789), 274–5

LAFAYETTE, General, 348
Lalande, M. de (famous astronomer), his *Eloges* of F. B., 193–5
Lally-Tollendal, Comte de, his words in praise of General d'Arblay, 348
Langton, Bennet, at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133
Le Tessier, 122; his dramatic readings, 141–2
Lock (sometimes Locke), Mr. (of Norbury Park), 348
—— Mrs. (Fredy), letter to, from F. B., 16–17; attends F. B. when ill, 113; F. B. in her neighbourhood, 348
London, general illumination of, for King's recovery (March 1789), 270–4; Royal procession to St. Paul's through (April 23, 1789), 278–80
Lower Lodge (Windsor) occupied by younger members of Royal Family and their attendants, 19
Luc, M. de, holds Court appointment, 102–4, 165
Luzème, Marquis de la (French Ambassador), his gala given in honour of the King's recovery, 284
Lyndhurst, sojourn at, of King and Royal Family (June 1789), curious ceremony, 288–90

MANNERS, Colonel (equerry to the King), his talk, 172–3; bids farewell to F. B. on her leaving Court, 340
Mara, Mme. (a celebrated German singer), her performance in Handel Commemoration of 1784, 49–50; her performance in Worcester Musical Festival (August 1788), 231–2
Marlborough, Duke of, 67
—— Duchess of, 67
Mary, Princess, first seen by F. B., 27, 61; at festivities for King's birthday (June 4, 1787), 92–3
Merlin, John Joseph, French mechanician of genius, his talk with F. B., 142–4
Modes and manners of the day, food, dress, customs, &c., 73–9; the "Great-coat," 80–2
Montagu, Duke of, 61, 122
—— Mrs. (Elizabeth), attacked by Cumberland in the *Observer*, 107–8, 124; meets F. B. at Mrs. Ord's gathering, mentioned in the *Bas Bleu*, 135–7
Montmoulin, Mdlle. (teacher of

fancy needlework to young Princesses), 61; her art in embroidery, 90–1; her sympathy in F. B.'s trials, 182–3
More, Hannah, her letter on F. B.'s receiving Court appointment, 15; letters to her from Horace Walpole, 127, 131; her letter to Dr. Burney, her poem, the *Bas Bleu*, Dr. Johnson's words in praise of her, 134–7; at Mrs. Ord's house, 139–40; her words upon Burke's oration at Trial of Warren Hastings, 159; her words on Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters* of Dr. Johnson, 175–6; on the King's piety, 254, 258; hears news of King's recovery, 270; anecdote of King and Queen, 276
Morley, Earl of (a minor), owner of Saltram, 312
Mount Edgecombe, Lord, announces news of King's recovery, 270
Mulgrave, Lord, at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133
—— Lady (*née* Cholmley), meets F. B. at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133

NICHOLSON, Margaret, her attempted assassination of King, proved to be insane, 52–5
Norbury Park (seat of Mr. and Mrs. Lock), 39, 348

ORD, John, Master-in-Chancery, his house in Queen Anne Street, literary gathering, 128–34, 157
—— Mrs., accompanies F. B. to Windsor (July 17, 1786), 17–18; her literary gathering, 128–34; visit from Susan Phillips, 138–40; her tour with F. B. in south of England, 344–5, 347
Oxford, Lord, with Royal party at Worcester, 229, 231

PACCHIEROTTI, Gasparo (celebrated Italian singer), 142; mentioned in *Cecilia*, 313; his voice praised by Dr. Burney in *History of Music*, 325–6
Palmer, Miss (niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds), 211
Papendiek, Mrs., her journals quoted, 73–6, 77–8; incidents during King's illness, 252; witnesses illuminations in London for King's recovery (March 1789), 272–4; also great procession to St. Paul's (April 23, 1789), 278–9
Pembroke, Lady, with Royal party at Cheltenham, 223; also at Worcester, 226; also at Weymouth, 306
Pepys, Sir Lucas, at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133; at Trial of Warren Hastings, 164; attends King during his illness, 245–6
—— Mr. (afterwards Sir William Weller), at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 131
—— Mrs. (afterwards Lady Pepys), 133
Phillips, Mrs. Molesworth (Susan), F. B.'s first letter from Windsor to, 18–19; starts use of pseudonyms in their correspondence, 30–1; attends F. B. in illness, 113–15; her visit to London, 138–41; writes of her "little Norbury," 183–4; her admiration of Mrs. Jordan's acting, 216; on "Mr. Fairly's" intercourse with F. B., 220–1; introduces General d'Arblay to F. B.; their engagement, their wedding from her house, 348–51
Piozzi, Signor, his marriage with Mrs. Thrale, 175, 178–9; at Windsor, 318
—— Mrs. (formerly Mrs. Thrale), on success of *Evelina*, 108–9; anecdote of Merlin, 143–4; publication of her *Letters* of Dr. Johnson (1788), 174–5; adverse criticism on book, 174–7; Dr. Johnson's letter to her on second marriage, 178–80; publication of her *Tour through France, Italy, and Germany* (1789), 278–9; her meeting with F. B., 318
Pitt, William, visits King during his

illness, 246–7, 258; at Weymouth with Royal party, 300
Planta, Miss (Teacher to the Princesses), 39, 61; with Royal suite at Oxford, 68; words on Mrs. Schwellenberg's conduct, 103, 105, 113, 169, 171; with Royal suite at Cheltenham, 196–7; ditto at Worcester, 226–30; journey to Kew during King's illness, 248; with Royal suite at Weymouth, 293, 298; at the Weymouth theatre, 306; on "Mr. Fairly's" approaching marriage, 315–16
Port, Miss (niece of Mrs. Delany), etiquette of waiting on King, 9–10; at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133; death of Mrs. Delany, 184–5
Porteus, Bishop, at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 132
—— Mrs., at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 132
Price, Major, equerry to the King, 61, 190
Prince of Wales's house (now known as Kew Palace), 31, 34
Princess Elizabeth's House (on Kew Green), now called the "King's Cottage," residence of the three younger Princesses, during King's illness, 251–2
Probationary Odes quoted, 7–8

QUEEN'S COTTAGE (in Kew Gardens), summer retreat of Queen Charlotte and her children, 37
Queen's, or Upper Lodge (Windsor), in which King, Queen, and two elder Princesses resided with their immediate attendants, 19
Quick, John (comic actor), became famous in rôle of "Tony Lumpkin," 304

RAMSDEN, Colonel, bids F. B. farewell on her leaving Court, 340
Regency Bill discussed in House of Commons (winter of 1788–9), 257, 259; Bill withdrawn, 268–9
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 79; his interest in *Evelina*, 108–9; meets F. B. in London, 131–2; at Trial of Warren Hastings, 151
Richmond, Duke of, with Royal party at Weymouth, 300
Roche, Mme. de la, interview with F. B., 118–21
Romney, George, R.A., anecdote of his portrait of Mrs. Jordan, 215
Rothes, Lady (wife of Sir Lucas Pepys), at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, his *Letters on Botany*, 106
Royal, Princess, her attentions to F. B., 28–9, 61; at her first Court ball, 78, 84; at Cheltenham, 213–14, 224, 229, 231; departure from Windsor during King's illness, 246–8; King's words to her on King Lear, 267–8; her ball at Windsor Castle, 281–2; her affectionate parting with F. B., 342

SACKVILLE, Lord, introduced in the *Observer* by Cumberland, 108
St. James's Palace, F. B.'s rooms in, ball given in State-rooms, 39–44; F. B.'s departure from Court (July 7, 1791), 340–2; her visit in January 1792, 347
St. Paul's Cathedral, thanksgiving service in, for King's recovery (April 23, 1789), 278–80
Salisbury, Marquis of, with the Royal party at Weymouth, 300
Schwellenberg, Mrs., Senior Keeper of the Robes, 14, 18; presides at tea-table, 24–6; her violent temper, her pseudonym in *Diaries* of "Cerbera," 29–31, 39, 86; her tyranny and ambition, 94–8; as a travelling companion, 98–105; her *grossièreté*, 182–3, 191–3; at Kew Palace during King's illness, 250, 255, 256–7; King's words respecting her to F. B., 264–6; opposes F. B.'s resignation of her post, 335, 336–7
Selwyn, George (well-known wit), his words on King's illness, 259

Seward, William, meets F. B. at Cheltenham (1788), 211
Shakespeare, William, plays of, criticised by King, 11, 122
Shepherd, Canon, 193–5
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, his play of *The Critic*, 108; a Manager of the prosecution of Warren Hastings, 150, 159; his conversation with F. B., 162–3
—— Mrs. (*née* Linley), 163
Siddons, Mrs., King's admiration for her acting, 10; reads play to Queen and Royal Family, 122–3; her acting of "Rosalind" compared with that of Mrs. Jordan, 303–4; her acting of Lady Townley, 305–6
Smelt, Mr., member of the Royal Household, 13; his friendly counsels to F. B., 26–7; at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133; at the Oratorio performances, 138; his intercourse with F. B., 169–70, 186
Sophia, Princess, anecdote of her told by Queen, 27–9, 61; at festivities for King's birthday, 93; visits Wollaston House, 308–10
Spencer, Lady Caroline, 66–7
—— Lady Elizabeth, 66–7
Stuart, Lady Louisa (daughter of Lady Bute), 181–3; her description of "Restoration Drawing-room," her account of Princess Royal's ball, of "White's" entertainment at Pantheon and of "Boodle's" fête at Ranelagh (April and May 1789), 281–5

THIELKY, Mrs., Wardrobe-woman to Queen Charlotte, assists F. B. in her Court duties, 23–4
Thrale, Mrs. *See* Piozzi, Mrs.
Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, presides at Trial of Warren Hastings, 148, 152; visits King during his illness, 246–7; proclaims King's recovery, 270
Trial of Warren Hastings, opening day, February 13, 1788, described by Macaulay and contemporary witnesses, 145–64
"Turbulent, Mr." (pseudonym in the *Diaries* for M. de la Guiffardière), his intercourse with F. B., 165–73

VALLETORT, Lady, at assembly ball in Aylsham, 324
Vernon, the Misses (sisters of Lady Harcourt), 67
Vesey, Mrs., one of the founders of the Blue-Stocking Club, mentioned in the *Bas Bleu*, 135–7
Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University (Dr. Chapman) receives King and Queen in Sheldonian Theatre (August 8, 1786), 66–72
Villiers, Mr., with Royal party at Weymouth, 300

WALDEGRAVE, Lady Elizabeth, 61; with Queen when King is taken ill (November 1788), 239
Wales, George, Prince of (afterwards George IV.), with Princess Royal at a Court ball, 78; trials caused by him, meets his brother the Duke of York, 115–17; is present at Trial of Warren Hastings, 146; incidents at Windsor during King's illness, 236–8, 243–4, 246; removal to Kew, arrangement of rooms in Palace, 250–2; Regency Bill before Parliament, he sides with Opposition, 269; at thanksgiving service (April 23, 1789), 278
Walpole, Horace, his letter of congratulation on F. B.'s Court appointment, 14–15; his words in praise of F. B., 127; meets F. B. at Mrs. Ord's gathering, 133–4; is mentioned in the *Bas Bleu*, 136; meets F. B. again, 144, 211; his witticism on King's recovery, 270–1; his letter to F. B., 334
Walsingham, Lord, at Trial of Warren Hastings, 164
Warren, Dr., attends King in his illness (November 1788), 243
"Welbred, Colonel" (pseudonym in *Diaries* for Colonel Greville), his advent at Court, 166–73

Wells, Mrs. Mary, comic actress, admired by F. B , 304
Westminster Abbey, Handel commemoration of 1784, in, 45, 48–50
—— Hall, Trial of Warren Hastings in, scene on opening day, described by Macaulay and contemporary witnesses, 145–6; speeches by great orators, 157–64
Weymouth, visit of King and Royal family to, in summer of 1789, 292–4; its Assembly Rooms, 299–301; its Play House, 303–4, 305–6; its old church, 310
—— Lady, with Royal Family at Cheltenham, 207
Willis, Dr. (of Lincoln), summoned to attend the King in his illness (December 1788), his successful change of treatment, 252–5; with King in Kew Gardens, 261–2, 265–6
—— Dr. John (son of Dr. Willis), attends King in his illness, 254–5, 261–2
Windsor Castle, uninhabitable in 1786, State-rooms alone used for audiences and concerts, 19
Wollaston House (Dorchester), Royal visit to, described by Mrs. Frampton, 307–10
Worcester, Bishop of (Richard Hurd), at Cheltenham, 213; lends his palace to King and Royal Family during their sojourn in Worcester, 225–9, 231
—— Bishop's palace in, residence of King and Royal Family during Musical Festival of (August 1788), building now used as Deanery, 225–9
—— Cathedral, Musical Festival held in (August 1788), 225
Wyndham, William, a Manager of the prosecution of Warren Hastings, his conversations with F. B., 151–6; hears Burke's oration, his words upon Philip Francis, 158–63, 332–3

York, Frederick, Duke of, arrives at Windsor after a seven years' absence in Germany, 116–17; hears Mrs. Siddons read a play, 122–3; at Cheltenham (August 1788) sees Mrs. Jordan act, 222–4; at Windsor during King's illness, 243; sides with Opposition on question of Regency Bill, 258, 269; at thanksgiving service for King's recovery (April 23, 1789), 278
Young, Arthur, congratulates F. B. upon her Court appointment, 15

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